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SATURDAY NIGHT

OCTOBER 31, 1942

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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

The Front Page

SHORTLY after we went to press last week Mr. Mitchell Hepburn announced his retirement from the position of Premier of Ontario, accompanying the written statement with one of the most significant and poignant utterances of his whole political career. Asked if he would participate in the forthcoming Winnipeg convention of the Conservative party, he replied: "Emphatically not. I am a Liberal and intend to remain one. What does a person have to do to be believed?"

If Mr. Hepburn had learned, as a result of his now fairly long political career, that the chief thing a person has to do in order to be believed is to maintain a certain measure of consistency between his utterances and his actions, and between his utterances and actions of this week and those of last week, he would have been spared the need for making that inquiry, and his departure from the premiership of Ontario would have occasioned a much more unqualified general regret.

Our readers are not unaware that for several years past we have regarded Mr. Hepburn as a danger to democracy in this province and in this Dominion; and our reason for doing so boils down to precisely this, that he has never known what a person has to do to be believed. In the ten years during which he has been the leader of the provincial Liberal party he has accomplished more reversals of policy than any political leader can ever have performed in Canada in a similar space of time; and a fairly careful study of these reversals has failed to indicate, to our scrutiny at least, any single guiding principle at work in his mind with the exception of unremitting hostility to Mr. King.

Now we do not mind anybody being hostile to Mr. King, and we do not suggest that even a highly placed and responsible member of the Liberal party has not the right to be so. We do not suggest that in some of the conflicts relating to Dominion-provincial relations Mr. King may not have been wrong and Mr. Hepburn right. What we do feel is that hostility to Mr. King is an inadequate philosophical basis for the policy of the Government of a great province; and we can discern no other philosophical basis for the successive attitudes and behaviors of the Hepburn Government since it came to power.

It is our belief that the sovereign power of a community organized under the British parliamentary system ought to be exercised, by those to whose hands it is entrusted, with the utmost possible respect for consistency and continuity. Even after a change of Government we believe that the changes of policy should be limited to those which are necessary to carry out the mandate of the electors; and when there is no change of Government and no new mandate from the electors we believe that a violent change of policy such as has repeatedly been performed by the Hepburn administration is an admission of past incompetence and unwisdom which, with a more politically responsible electorate, would ordinarily be followed by a withdrawal of the confidence of the voters. The Ontario voters have been long-suffering about Mr. Hepburn; but it may well be that a realization that they are near the limit of their patience is at the back of his latest move.

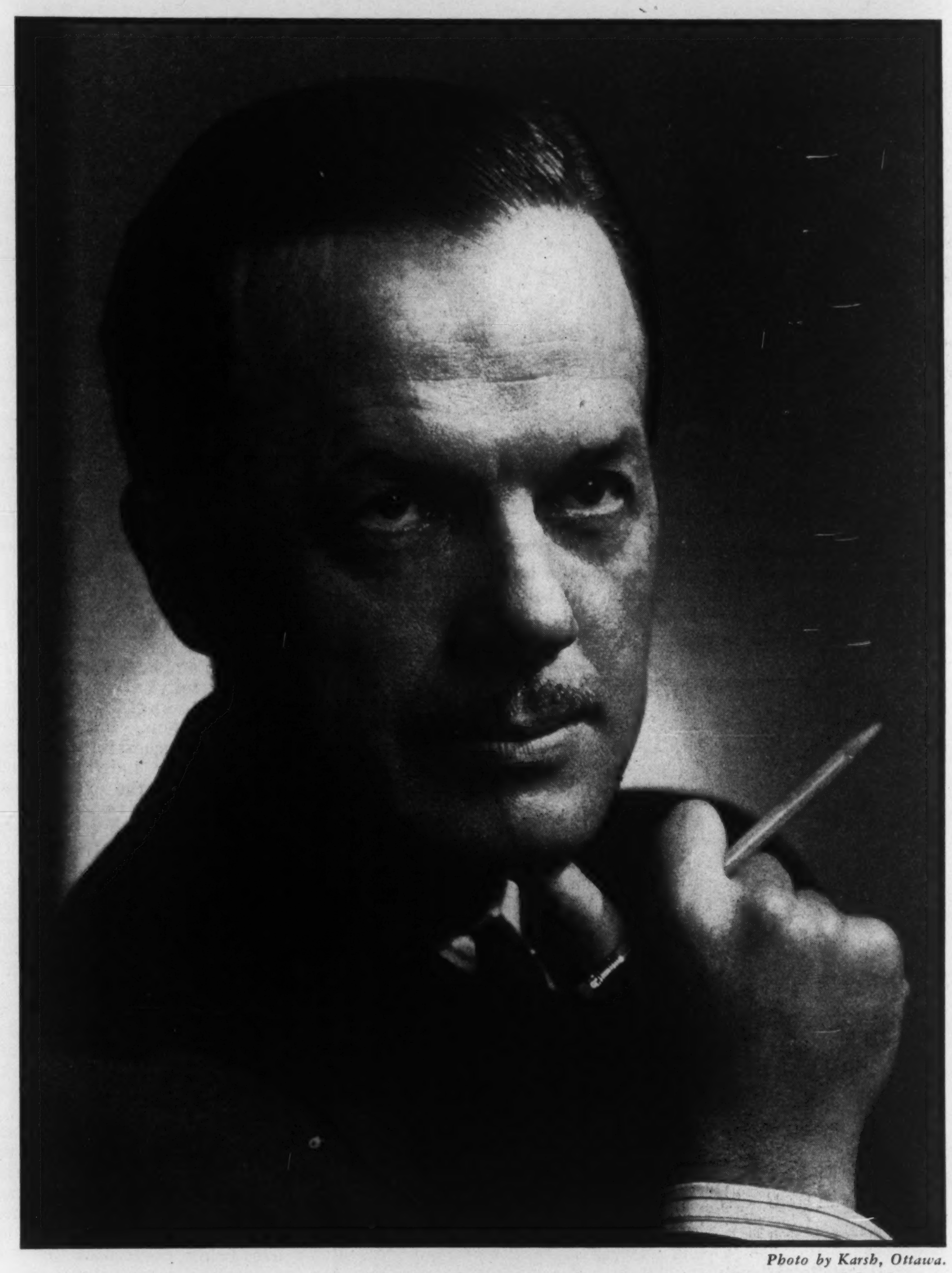

Photo by Karsh, Ottawa.

Charles Vining, Chairman of the Wartime Information Board, has a brilliant record both as writer and as business man. N. A. Benson tells all about him in an article on page 24.

Intention to Retire

THE declaration which Mr. Hepburn wished he knew how to make the public believe was obviously the one at the end of his formal announcement, in which he stated that after retaining the post of Provincial Treasurer for a short time at Mr. Conant's request he intended to retire from public life. For ourselves, we believe it implicitly, just as implicitly as we believe that he will probably change his intention.

One thing which might help him to change it would be a move to "draft" him, as the phrase goes, for the leadership of a new coalition against Mr. King. The people whose occupation it is to engineer such coalitions would only have to persuade him that what would be in any event a pleasant task is also a sacred duty; and they are good at such persuasions. He would not have to attend the Winnipeg convention, and he would certainly not have to cease being a Liberal. The position of being no longer tied down by any provincial duties (for the Treasurership job is obviously temporary) and yet being in no sense out of the public eye makes him more, rather than less, available for the coalitionists' purposes.

To make the Winnipeg convention follow a line which suits the coalition scheme will require a lot of very intelligent work on the part of the coalitionists. But they have one great advantage; they can always threaten to withdraw and disrupt the Conservative party from patriotic motives ("We must defeat Mr. King in order to win the war") if the convention does not do what they tell it. It would obviously help if the convention would put the leadership question in cold storage, but it is not absolutely necessary; a leader who will lend himself to the coalition design would do almost as well, and would not have to surrender his leadership permanently any more than do the leaders of the various parties now cooperating with Mr. Churchill. The negotiating with Mr. Hepburn would be done after the convention.

The only difficulty about all this, and it is a very serious difficulty, is that Mr. Hepburn would be no use to the coalition in any capacity except as its chief. And it may not be possible to make it a good coalition and yet have him as chief. How many of Mr. King's ministers may we consider as likely to be willing to serve under Mr. Hepburn as Prime Minister? How many political leaders in the West, how many even in Ontario, would regard Mr. Hepburn as likely to be able to deliver a really important block of popular votes which the coalition would not otherwise obtain, in the general election which would certainly be necessary before Mr. King could be thrown out of office? (Of course he would be represented as the man who is really "safe" from the capitalist point of view and at the same time can command a large labor vote; but will both, or even either one, of these representations still command much acceptance?)

Hurried Housing

See article by Raymond Card on page 26.

Unenviable Heritage

ANYTHING less enviable than the leadership of a Government which has just been led by Mr. Hepburn we cannot imagine; and we are confident that only a strong sense of public duty could have induced the Attorney General to undertake the task. We do not put much credence in the theory that Mr. Hepburn will continue to run the cabinet from the office of the Provincial Treasurer, for two reasons, first because we do not think he will remain long in that office, and second because we do not think Mr. Conant is the man to accept responsibilities for what are really the decisions of another. Whatever sort of government the province gets for some time to come, it will be Mr. Conant's government, and it will be much more consistent and continuous and predictable than Mr. Hepburn's government. But the control of a party which has just been shaken to its foundations and has no idea what is going to happen to it next will not be easy.

The Big Meeting

MR. JOLLIFFE of the C.C.F. and Col. Drew of the Conservatives spent a lot of last week in what seems to us an unedifying debate as to who should get most credit out of *not* being at the Maple Leaf Gardens meeting at which Mr. Hepburn and Mr. Buck were the chief features. Whether Col. Drew's idea was to discredit his lieutenant Mr. Macaulay, who *was* there, we do not know; but we trust that Mr. Macaulay does not feel in any way discredited. He was in some peculiar company, but he was there for a perfectly proper reason, which he made perfectly clear, and he was actually the only political leader who was there because of a genuine interest in the liberty of the subject. (To credit either Mr. Hepburn or Mr. Buck with that motive is a little too much for even our simple faith.)

Mr. Macaulay as a matter of fact has a good record for support of the cause of personal liberty at times when it has been none too popular among the great ones of his city and his party; and if Col. Drew can associate with Mr. Hepburn in an attack upon the King administration for one policy—as has happened,—we do not see why Mr. Macaulay cannot associate with Mr. Hepburn in criticism of it for another one. It seems to be largely forgotten that all the meeting was called for was to seek the implementation of a report made by a special committee of the House of Commons.

Together to Victory

NOT all of us who witness the efforts of today's taggers in Toronto for a joint Czechoslovak and Polish war charities fund will appreciate the full significance of what is going on. Poland and Czechoslovakia had their rivalries in pre-war Europe, and those rivalries were among the numerous factors which the Germans turned to account in their conquest of the continent. But the war has opened their

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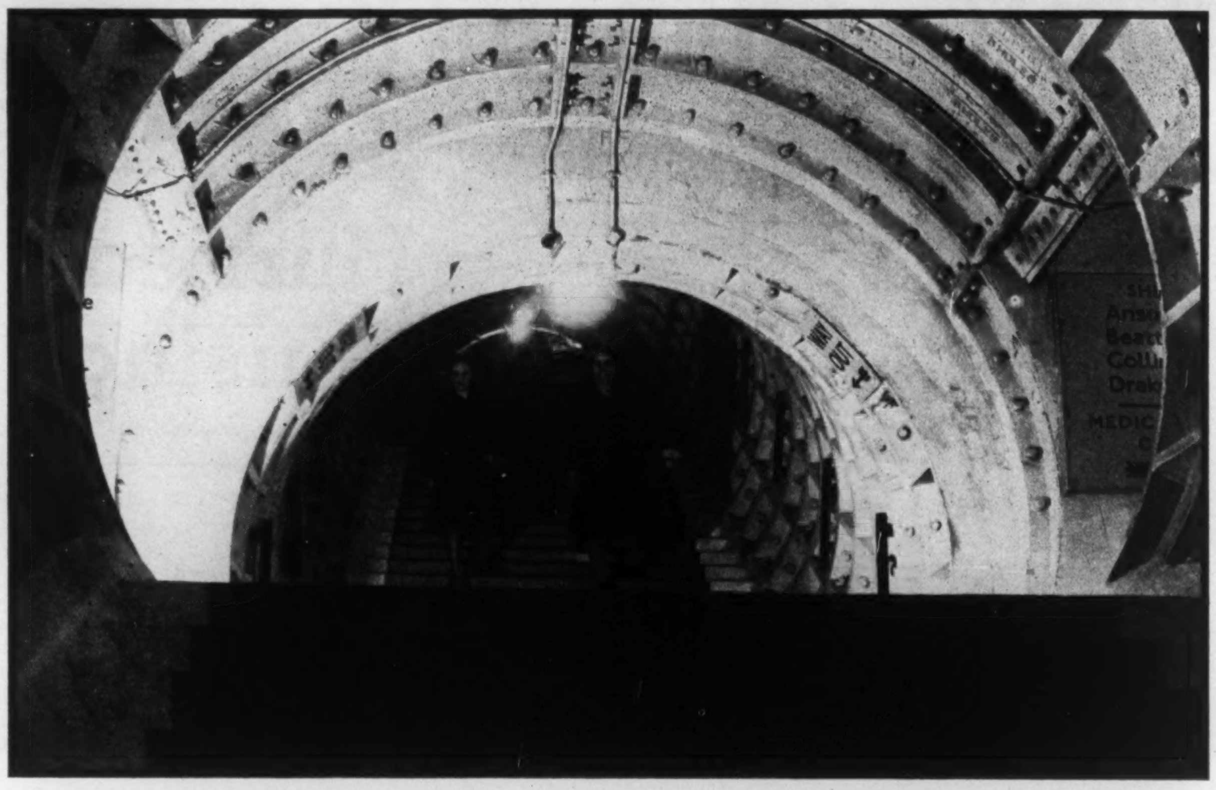

Warned by Winston Churchill that German air action against the United Kingdom this winter "may be heavy and menacing enough to call for everything that civil defense can produce to defeat it," the British are better prepared to withstand such an onslaught than ever before. In London, eight new underground shelter "cities" have been completed beneath tube railway lines. Each will hold 8,000 people and is constructed of two main twin tunnels with cross passages. Above, a shelter entrance.

Part of air pumping plant: this year shelter dwellers will have pure air.

Lavatory facilities are plentiful in the new shelters. Medical aid posts are also placed at strategic points.

Folding bunks (left) become benches for daytime use. Right, one of the numerous canteens is shown.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Total Punishment

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

A RECENT feature article "Total Punishment for Totalitarian Crime" exemplifies the unfortunate prevalence of impractical thinking which exists today both among legislators and the writers who criticize them. In view of the dangerous upheavals which the final peace will bring it is imperative that we guard against being stampeded into attempting any crackpot schemes or cures which will eventually lead to further disaster. Never before has the need been so great for hard-headed practical thinking.

It is quite readily understood that as the crimes and outrages of the Axis strike home a rising hysteria for Total Punishment will sweep the world; and quite justifiably so. But what is Total Punishment? What does it entail? If an individual commits a crime he is punished according to the severity of the offense. Is it possible to deal with a nation in the same manner?

The theoretical mind unhesitatingly answers, "Yes, in the name of Justice, the punishment must be carried out." The practical mind however, answers emphatically, "No! It would be rank folly! It would lead only to future disaster!" And why? Because nations, unlike individuals, *cannot* be successfully punished.

Punish an individual and what happens? In the extreme case that individual will reason and say, "I have committed a crime in the eyes of society and for that I am willing to accept my punishment." But how many offenders adopt that attitude? Not many. More often the individual will justify his crime in his own mind and will protest, "I am being persecuted!" That is human nature. Now apply this to sixty or a hundred million people enduring collective punishment at the hands of the Allies. How many of that number are going to take the philosophical attitude? A few perhaps, but the majority will follow the dictates of human nature and begin to feel sorry for themselves. Gradually they will build up arguments in support of their case and finally convince themselves of their own innocence. Then they will collectively cry out, "We are being persecuted by a foreign power! We will rise and fight for our rights! We will throw off our oppressors and build a new world!" . . . and they will find another paper-hanger to lead them!

In spite of these facts however, there are still those with so little understanding of human nature as to advocate a punishment so severe that Germany will be terrified at the thought of ever striking out again against the civilized world. All well and good. If such punishment is possible, by all means let it be applied when and where it will do the most good. But how does one go about successfully spanking a nation? For centuries nations have been trying to punish one another for alleged misdeeds. And to what effect? Only to breed hate and the desire for revenge: war upon war until now the whole world is experiencing the most deathly sickening back-wrenching jolt it has ever known. Civilization cannot endure such blows indefinitely, although it is doubtful if we can completely eliminate them for centuries to come. However we must certainly do all within our power to prolong, as far as possible, the intervening periods of peace and recuperation if the battered carcass of civilization is to survive at all.

So let us forego all such quixotic suggestions such as Total Punishment and take pains that we are not stampeded into wasting the remaining strength of a victorious alliance in some foolhardy attempt at total punishment of a defeated Axis when that time comes. It is definitely not a solution to the problem. Rather let us bend our efforts towards an intelligent attempt to control those belligerent forces. Let us make some attempt to eliminate those conditions which have so repeatedly prompted the Axis peoples to shove the world to the brink of disaster. Had Britain, France and the United States taken pains to remove the cause of irritation in 1918 we might not have had the vile job of removing the resulting German cancer in 1942.

Rossland, B.C. J. D. McDONALD, JR.

That Distant Past

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

PERMIT me to suggest one or two corrections in the interesting article by Dyson Carter in your issue of October 10. Professor Olmstead's findings are not new with him; at least one other scholar, the late G. S. R. Mead, B.A., M.R.A.S., published several books on Christian origins, one of which, "Did Jesus Live 100 B.C.?" (1903), discusses this specific problem, coming to a similar conclusion that our modern calendar is wrong.

As to those "years between," there are two theories which have support: one that Jesus passed them in training with some community of the Essenes, which is based entirely on similarities between their rules and teachings and His; the other has the advantage of actual records, in the form of rock inscriptions found in Kashmir and Tibet, relative to a revered prophet Issa, which were published in 1907 by the explorer Nicholas Notovich in his "Unknown Life of Jesus Christ."

But Mr. Carter is much more astray in the second part of his article, dealing with the ancient kingdom of Sumer. He says: "Until three years ago archaeologists did not even suspect that a Sumerian culture ever existed." The fact is that back in 1870 Professor A. H. Sayce of Oxford, who was one of the revisers of the Old Testament in 1874-84, published his "Outlines of Accadian Grammar." For many years our early Assyriologists confused the Accadians with the Sumerians, with some reason since in a translation of an Accadian hymn, in 1901, by Prof. Sayce, the reigning monarch is referred to as "King of Sumer and Akkad." In 1910 Professor L. W. King published a "History of Sumer and Akkad," which is referred to by Sir J. G. Frazer in his "Golden Bough," Vol. V, page 7.

The coincidence of the two matching fragments of a clay tablet being found in Philadelphia and in a European museum is mentioned by Professor R. C. Archibald, of Brown University, in an article in *Science* for January 1930, which goes into much detail on the Sumerian sexagesimal

(*Continued on Page* 33)

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THE FRONT PAGE

(Continued from Page One)

eyes, and these two great and highly civilized nations have been among the first to bury their ancient differences and unite their forces in the struggle for a better world.

We hope that many of our readers who may not be reached by the taggers will show their sympathy by sending a contribution to the treasurer, Wilfred W. Parry, K.C., Star Building, Toronto.

The Peasant Mentality

WE CAME across a criticism of Mr. Theodore Dreiser the other day which, though written as far back as 1922, contains so full and valid an explanation of his recent strange outburst in this country that we think our readers will be interested in it. It occurs in a little volume by that very sound critic, Carl Van Doren, entitled "Contemporary American Novelists, 1900-1920."

"Enlarged by genius though Mr. Dreiser is; open as he is to all manner of novel sensations and ideas; little as he is bound by the rigor of village habits and prejudices—still he carries wherever he goes the true peasant simplicity of outlook, speaks with the peasant's bald frankness, and suffers a peasant confusion in the face of complexity." And again, the same

REMEMBER OCTOBER

LET us remember this October,
The flame of maple and sumac's red,
The birches gold, and frost-touched yellow
Of falling leaves on the paths we tread.

Keep in our hearts prophetic sunsets,
As autumn marches across the land,
Trooping Canada's flaming colors,
Assembling the trees to the brisk wind's band.

There's no forgetting the sound of thunder,
The strange storm's threat on the east and west,
And the gray sea shaken away down under,
And the pale sky's burden of winged unrest.

But let us remember this October—
How the land lay peaceful under the sun,
And the trees were God's triumphant army
Beyond all echo of bomb or gun.

Toronto, Ont. AMABEL KING.

peasant quality "may blind him a little to the finer shades of character and set him astray in his reports of cultivated society."

It is significant that Dreiser never wrote the third volume of his Catherwood trilogy, which was to have shown the American piratical financier "extending his mighty foray into London." He is the Gorki of American Literature, capable of the same desperate incomprehensions before anything that is beyond his intense but narrow vision.

And the interesting thing about it is that this peasant mentality—which has absolutely nothing in common with the earlier and mainly Anglo-Saxon (but partly Dutch) pioneer mentality of the American people—is now becoming a large and important element of American opinion, especially in the Middle West. It may in time become an important element in Canadian opinion also.

Housing and Sense

IT IS refreshing to have a little of the cool air of business common sense introduced into the over-heated halls in which discussion of the housing problem has of late been carried on in several Canadian cities, and in Toronto in particular. We therefore publish with a good deal of pleasure the article by Mr. Raymond Card which appears in this issue, and which contains the reminder that if the provision of habitable housing for those who cannot afford to pay for it is an obligation of society, it is certainly not an obligation resting exclusively on the owners of house property.

In years when the total national income is heavily curtailed, as it has been in Canada during the decade 1930-40, the sum which can be spent by the population for the occupation of housing facilities falls below a legitimate return on the capital of the house property owners. This has notoriously been the case almost all over Canada during the decade. The purchasing power of the wage-earning classes, who have no reserves upon which they can draw to maintain their standard of living, is especially reduced, and a great deal of over-crowding takes place even though the total sum paid by the over-crowded still falls short of being an adequate return on the value of the premises used.

With the return of full employment the over-crowded begin to spread out into a larger amount of house space—a tendency which is enhanced by rental controls,—and as they cannot acquire this space in the class of accommodation immediately above that to which they were accustomed, since that class is also in greater demand, they push out into the kind of accommodation a grade lower than their own. The owners of this accommodation, who have been renting it to the poorest and least desirable tenants, are only too glad to put it in better condition in order to get better tenants, even if they are prohibited from taking a higher rent; for it needs to be remembered that the rental rate is not the only consideration which actuates a landlord, and the behavior of the tenant is also a very important factor.

The result is that those whose behavior is poor and whose income is insufficient to enable them to pay an economic rent are squeezed out of their former homes; and the point to be borne in mind is that this is not due to rapacity on the part of the landlord but merely to his natural and proper desire to get the best tenants he can at whatever rent is allowed him.

MOULTING

The Penny Family

A GOOD many non-journalists would probably be surprised to know of the extent to which journalism in Canada, as in many other democratic countries, is a hereditary craft. By an interesting coincidence, Arthur Penny, editor-in-chief of the Quebec *Chronicle-Telegraph*, who will celebrate on December 6 the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to that post, will be able to combine with that event the celebration of the hundredth year of his family's association with newspaper work in Canada. For his grandfather, E. Goff Penny, came to Canada in 1842 and immediately established himself on the staff of the already fairly mature Montreal *Herald*, of which he eventually became editor and publisher, remaining in that capacity until his death in 1881. His son of the same name retained an interest in the *Herald* for many years thereafter, and the grandson acquired as a cub reporter on that paper (along with the present editor of SATURDAY NIGHT) much of the journalistic flair and experience which he has since displayed in the Ancient Capital.

The Penny family has been influential in what may be termed the policy-making side of Quebec politics for the best part of the century, for it has been accepted by its French-speaking fellow-citizens as representing a solid and sympathetic element among the English-speaking population. The present bearer of the name has long lent distinction to the columns of the *Chronicle-Telegraph* by his grasp of provincial, national, and to a notable extent international issues. We wish him many more years of useful activity.

We wish every success also to the *Chronicle-Telegraph* and Mr. Penny himself in their campaign against what appears to us to be one of the most outrageous acts of religious discrimination that have been attempted in Canada in recent years. This is the adoption by the City Council of Quebec of a bylaw prohibiting the erection of any new place of worship in the high-class residential area of Montcalm Ward. There are already a considerable number of places of worship in that area, and there is no present proposal to erect another except for the case of a projected Jewish Synagogue, the prevention of which is the obvious purpose of the bylaw. But the method adopted involves the assumption that a place of worship—any place of worship—may be treated as a nuisance, and subjected to restrictions as such. If the City Council can prohibit the erection of a new place of worship in Montcalm Ward, it can prohibit it all over the city of Quebec, and any religious body not at present provided with a place of worship can be prevented from erecting one in that city, while in the event of an existing place of worship being destroyed by fire its replacement can equally be prevented. The *Chronicle-Telegraph* has done an excellent job in drawing the attention of all the religious bodies to the dangers involved in such legislation.

Unmystified Again

IT IS all right about the two per cent interest on our compulsory savings, and we breathe again, thanks to the kind courtesy of the Hon. Colin Gibson in giving us the explanation of the strange "correction" to which we referred two weeks ago under the heading "Ottawa Mystifies Us."

It appears that the information pamphlets to which this correction was attached were, quite naturally, needed in a great hurry, and the material was sent out to a number of different printers in order that large numbers of copies might be rapidly available. In one of the first shipments to be received it was found that one line had been duplicated and one other omitted, and the correction sticker was printed for attachment to these erroneous copies alone. But the sticker was accidentally attached also to some copies which needed no correction, and it was one of these copies which came into our hands.

We are therefore in a position to assure our readers that what the government desires to tell them is simply that the compulsory savings portion of their tax "will be repaid" or paid back (according to whether you are reading the sticker or the correct original text) "to you, with simple interest at 2 per cent per annum from 1st October 1943, not later than the third 31st March following the cessation of hostilities."

THE PASSING SHOW

BY J. E. M.

VARYING Dr. Johnson a trifle, "Let Observation with extensive view survey mankind from Mitch to Tim Buck too."

•

"Is not an hour of Cabinet Minister-ing," says our Front Page "worth more to the country than an hour of dish-washing?" This is Open Question No. 4,283. For the moment the Ayes have it, but there are low, dark murmurings among the Noes. The hour ought to be specified. If it is the one spent in the Rideau Club absorbing a damp or two and listening to a round of anecdotes, mostly old, from Party heelers, mostly useless, in war or in peace, then look for us among the Noes.

•

A DREAM OF LAWYERS

Saint Peter explained to The Bard (in a dream
When our natural mind was a trifle off-centre)
That he never allowed any lawyers to enter
Whether singly or marching along as a team.

"We have known a few lawyers," we meekly replied,
"As gentle and good as a dappled gazelle.
They lived for their clients and served them so well
That their own int'rests suffered so much that they died."

"I agree," said Saint Peter, "but often we find
That their urge to be arguing does not abate
When they take on this airy, diaphanous state,
This ghostly existence, for freedom designed.

"On the earth they would argue from dawn unto dark,
But then they fell silent; as dumb as a clam;
For they used the night-watches for quiet and calm
Or to go to the movies or bowl in the Park.

"But here," he continued, "they never would rest
They would argue forever, for such is their mind
And make us all quarrelsome, weary and blind,
For night is unknown in our home of the Blest.

"But the Judges," Saint Peter said, "always get by
They have learned to hear argument there as they sit
And pay no attention to any of it."
—Then we woke, with a tender, compassionate sigh.

•

If you grow ivy in an attic under a leaky roof, suggests Brother Foster of Truro, the tendrils project through the holes and an ivy barber is needed. But if you tighten-up the roof the ivy shrivels up and dies. "Similarly, when a man is going to be bald, Nature tightens the sutures of the skull and the hair-crop fails." Simple, isn't it? Maybe if the sutures could be prised apart with a screw-driver say at thirty-five or so—not that we recommend it—but anybody is at liberty to evolve an hypothesis.

•

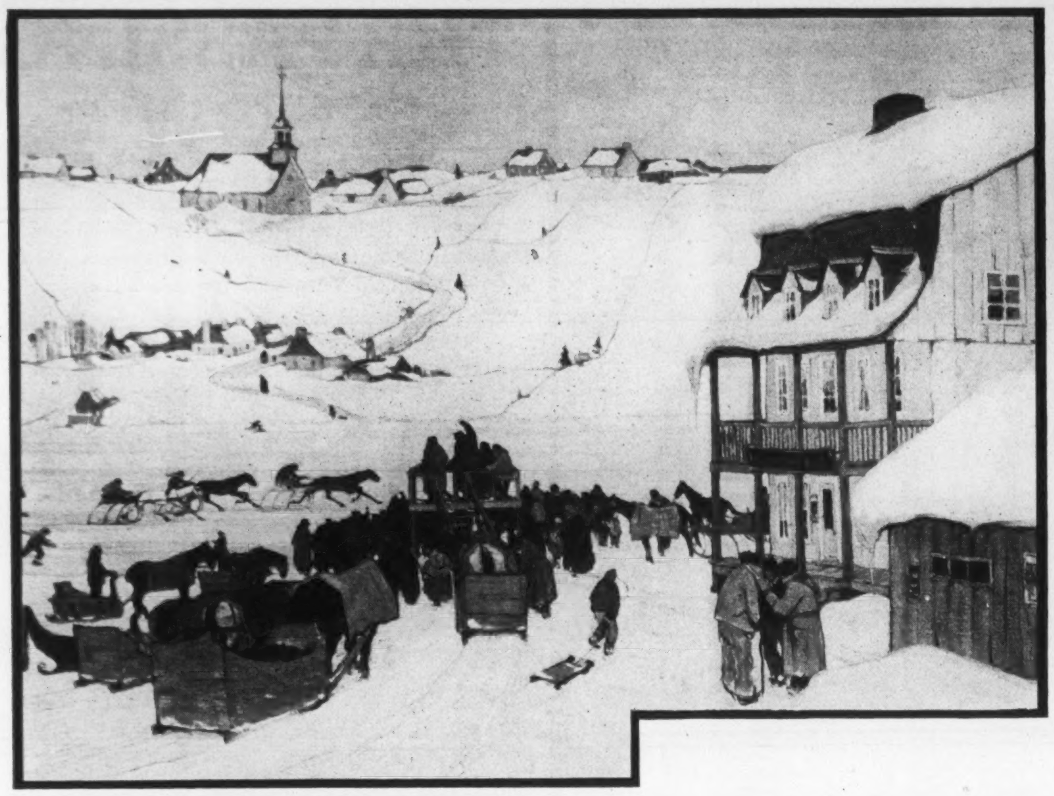
Life has some sunshine even though for the most part the clouds are black. One of the beams shining in our soul is due to the fact that we have never seen a stage presentation of *Coriolanus*. Reading it is toughness a-plenty.

•

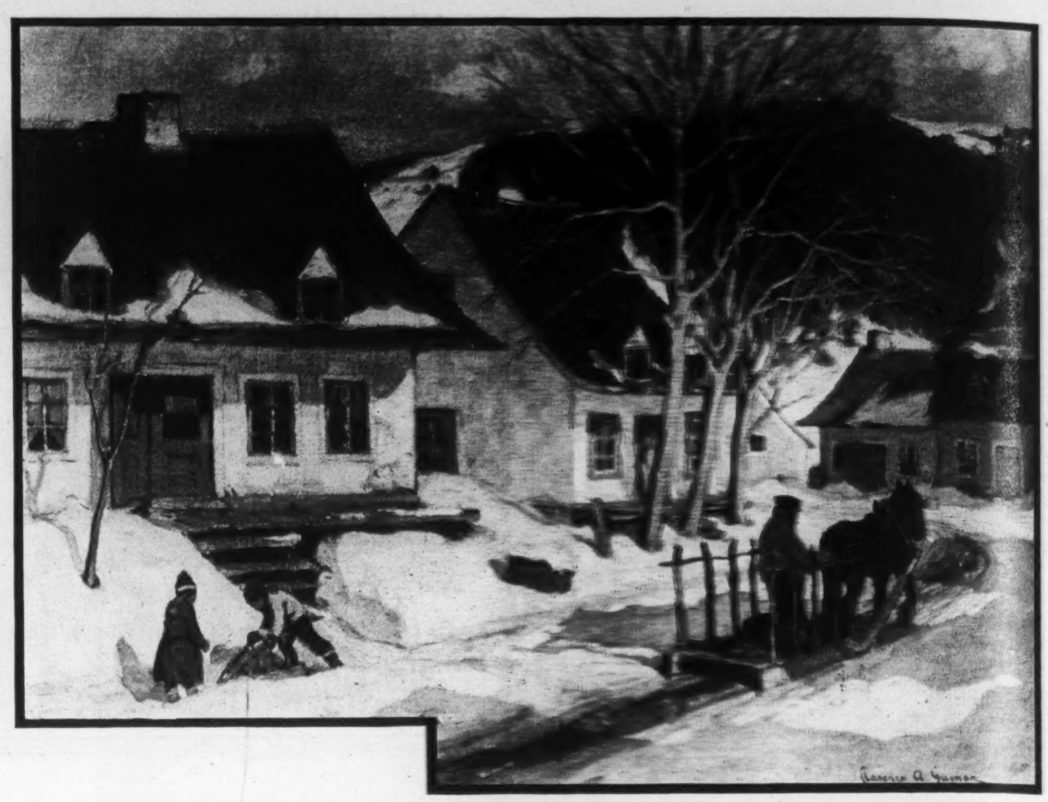
A New York Editor and Publisher mourns over his enforced association with the illiterate bachelors of arts predominating in his environment. But (you are protesting) how can a bachelor of arts be illiterate? That, my child, is one of the mysteries of Education which only one of the McArthur clan can penetrate—or can he?

•

The incurable malignity of a furnace is noticed by every householder. "He only does it to annoy because he knows it teases. Having bought a new ashes-sifter at vast expense we notice now that not a single piece of coal and not a half-burnt cinder can be found in the ash-pit. But before we spent the money—O, my dear!



Gagnon's HORSE RACING IN WINTER was painted in Paris about 1926 from earlier Canadian sketches.



Gagnon's STREET, VILLAGE IN THE LAURENTIANS was done while at Baie St. Paul, Quebec, 1915-1924.

Their Brushes Mirrored Canadian Life and Ways

THIS week the Art Gallery of Toronto concludes its memorial exhibitions of the work of Clarence Gagnon, R.C.A. and J. W. Beatty, R.C.A., O.S.A. As its own tribute to these great Canadian painters, SATURDAY NIGHT here presents a selection of some of their better known works.

Clarence Gagnon died in 1942, J. W. Beatty in 1941. The former was born in Montreal in 1881, studied under William Brymner at the Art Association School and for a short time at the Julian studio in Paris. Later he travelled widely through central Europe and the Scandinavian countries. Outstanding characteristics of his work are luxuriant colour, variety of subjects, tones and moods and what has been described as the "atmospheric quality permeating all his landscapes". In his paintings there is a great range of scenes, European and Canadian, but it is as the painter of snow scenes and Quebec habitant life that he is famed.

J. W. Beatty was born in Toronto in 1869. He left school when still a boy and, on advice of those interested in his marked talent for art, studied his later chosen profession in his spare time. By 1900 he had saved enough money to go abroad to study, where he worked under Jean Paul Laurens and Constant at the Colorossi and Julian studios in Paris. On his return to Canada his work came into notice and he became a member of the Ontario Society of Artists in 1901 and A.R.C.A. in 1905. In 1912 he began to teach painting at the Ontario College of Art where, with exception of a short period during the first Great War, he remained as instructor for nearly 30 years. Through his teaching years he painted many canvases but his chief interest was in sketching the landscape of Ontario and his work of this kind shows a steady development along the lines he set for himself on his return from Europe.

J. W. Beatty

Clarence Gagnon

Beatty's FIRST SNOW IN THE WOODS was conceived while sketching with Tom Thomson in Northern Ont.

Beatty's LAREN INTERIOR which he did in Holland about 1907 reflects his interest in Dutch colour.

A direct contrast with his paintings of French Canada, Gagnon's ON THE BEACH was done in Paris in 1909. Scene is at Dinan and the colour is delicate and warm.

Beatty made numerous visits to Northern Ontario, making sketches from which to later execute his many canvases. BROOKS FALLS, one of his finest, is dated 1932.

A navigator and his bomb aimer examine the course to be taken for the night's target. They are seen in their "workshop" at a Canadian squadron station.

Mounted on a model Heinkel, the instrument above is known as the astro-compass. This is used when steering a course by positions shown by the stars.

Here the RAF Plans Its Smashing Nightly Raids

ONE of the most important members of a bomber's crew is the navigator—the man whose job it is to get the giant R.A.F. bombers to their targets.

In Britain, to enable navigators to cope with the intricate work they must do before going on flight, the idea of a workshop and club for these highly skilled men has been put into practice at a number of Bomber Command Stations. Here, in a one-storey building divided into three small rooms and a large one, with two astro-dromes in the roof, navigators can gather to discuss their problems, plan their flights and practise with their numerous intricate instruments. Here also they can relax during their spare moments and talk "shop" to their heart's content.

When all the crews have been briefed for the night's operation, the squadron's navigators assemble for the more detailed briefing by the Station Navigation Officer. The largest room at the "club" has been finished with tables and forms; a blackboard stands at one end and maps and photographs cover the walls.

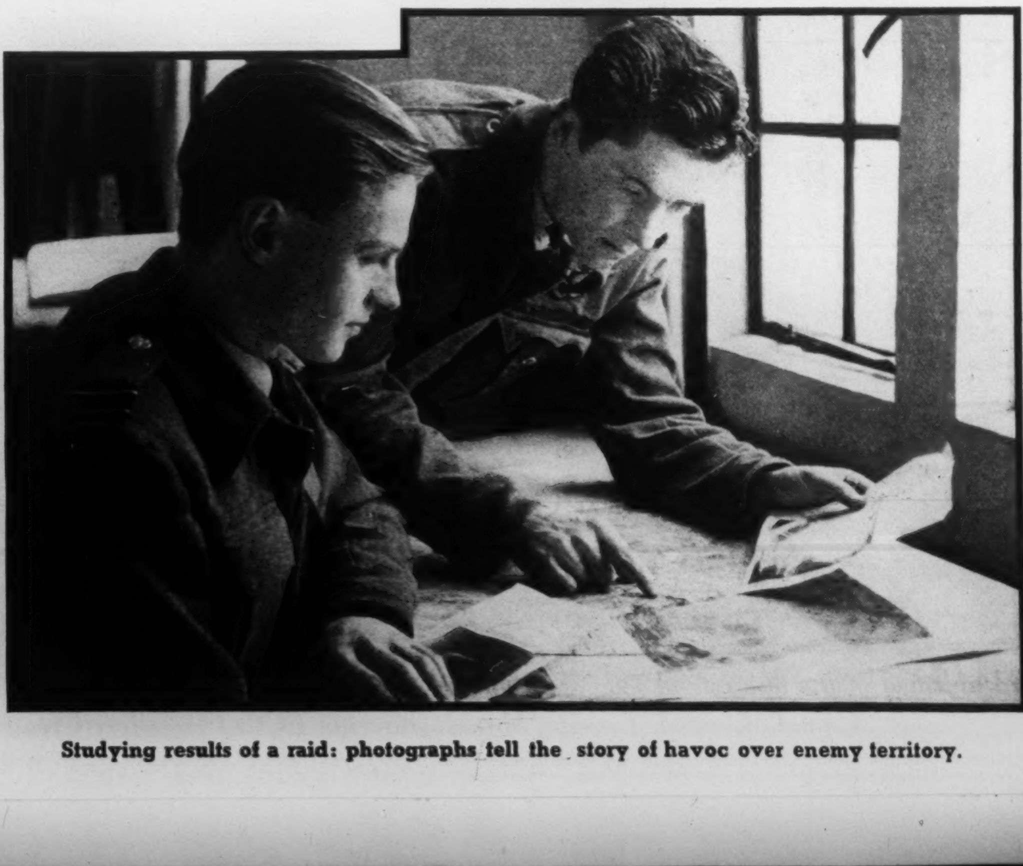
Routes to avoid the searchlight belts and the concentrations of anti-aircraft guns are plotted. On a large map of Germany the Navigation Officer shows the positions of dummy fires which might puzzle an inexperienced hand. Officers, warrant officers and sergeants sit side by side, working out their courses, marking their tracks on charts, jotting down estimated times of arrival over given points.

Hitherto, such work between briefing and the take-off was done individually, by the officers in their own rooms or by the sergeants in their crew rooms. Now in their new "workshop" the navigators can work under ideal surroundings and under expert guidance. A navigator, too, is always learning; his practice on the instruments provided him is continuous. Here in his own club he can use the sextant, protractors and computation gadgets which comprise the constantly improving equipment of his tremendously important job.

Preparing for a night operation: inside his giant bombing plane this navigator checks the sextant.

The navigator carries more gear than anyone else in a bomber crew. Here he arrives after a raid.

In the "workshop" Station Navigation Officer briefs navigators for the coming raid.



Studying results of a raid: photographs tell the story of havoc over enemy territory.

What Kind of a Man is Ontario's New Premier?

BY S. LEVINGTON

Ontario's new Premier has a good record in the Attorney General's Department and is a U. E. Loyalist and a big landowner.

But the record of Ontario Premiers who attained the position by right of succession is not very encouraging, and the Ontario Liberal party is now a very mixed aggregation.

WHEN Mitchell Frederick Hepburn, for eight years premier of Ontario, draped his mantle on the shoulders of his Attorney-General, Gordon Daniel Conant, B.A., LL.B., K.C., U.E.L., he staggered the province, his cabinet, his legislature, and certainly Mr. Conant himself. No Hepburn prototype was on the horizon nor will there be another; but for the ebullient "Mitch" to choose his antithesis constitutes a typical Hepburnian scene in a drama forming a major but probably not a final phase in the extraordinary Hepburn political career.

Working politicians have an uncanny ability in detecting pending political shifts, but the Hepburn resignation and the Conant succession caught them unawares. If the puckish Mr. Hepburn planned to shock the prophets he was eminently successful. They are still gasping. Not a single "I told you so" echoes through Queen's Park halls.

Under Hepburn rule there was a paucity of news but no lack of rumor, and it is freely averred that while Mr. Hepburn may have respected and trusted his Attorney-General—up to a point—they were never intimates. Their names were not joined in anecdotes of the fairly comprehensive extra-curricular capers of the former premier; indeed, Mr. Hepburn probably deemed his successor a bit stuffy.

Time was when Provincial Secretary Harry Nixon could have attained the higher office despite his pallid administratve record, but that time preceded his 24-hour resignation, a facet of the King-Hepburn feud. Mr. Hepburn has not forgotten, and he is always "good pay" in returning favors or otherwise. The slighting of Highways Minister McQuesten, the "solid" man of the cabinet, head of the Ontario Liberal Association, and party regular, is not so easily understood. Perhaps an innate perverseness in Mr. Hepburn's unusual makeup is as good an explanation as any.

Until entering provincial politics, the career of the new premier was that of the moderately successful rural lawyer with a touch of the country squire. Owning a large acreage of Ontario county land held in the family through generations, Mr. Conant delights in roaming his ancestral acres and in maintaining a paternal interest in his tenants. He has served on the local Oshawa boards and commissions, is a Mason, a Rotarian and a member of the United Church. A keen sailor, Mr. Conant has contributed materially to the success of the local yacht club. While not of the rugged type, the new premier is a devotee of the outdoors and is an ardent fisherman when time permits.

Mr. Conant's very charming wife is a daughter of Hon. E. D. Smith, Conservative senator of Winona, Ontario. They have two sons, Douglas, married, a resident of Port Arthur, and Roger, a student at Toronto University.

Following the Hepburn victory of 1934, Mr. Conant won an appointment as local Crown Attorney. His fellow-townsman, W. E. N. Sinclair, K.C., erstwhile provincial Liberal leader, and like Mr. Conant, a former mayor of Oshawa, was re-elected to the Legislature, but failing to gain cabinet rank as a result of a mild Hepburn-Sinclair leadership feud in 1932-34, dropped out of politics in time for Mr. Conant to secure nomination in the 1937 campaign.

Entry to Cabinet

Early in 1937, U.S. agitators streamed into Ontario organizing strong-arm strike activities similar to those paralyzing American industry, and the Hepburn stand against the C.I.O. became the highlight of the election campaign later in the year. Oshawa was, and is, a focal point of C.I.O. activity, and there were continued rumblings over the General Motors strike; nevertheless, Mr. Conant secured a majority of 2,059 votes.

Immediately after election Mr. Conant took over the Attorney-General's post from Hon. Paul Leduc who had acted after the departure of Hon. A. W. Roebuck, dismissed along with Welfare Minister Croll as out of sympathy with Premier Hepburn's anti-C.I.O. stand.

Premier Conant takes the helm today under difficult circumstances. He faces party schisms and he heads a Legislature living on borrowed time. Conservatives hold 21 seats in the House, six seats are vacant, and the remaining 63 are held by Liberals. Harry Nixon has resigned to join Hon. Eric Cross in no-man's land; Public Works Minister Oliver may follow him. Most of the remaining ministers can travel only by virtue of their leader's steam and will probably stay with the ship. McQuesten can be an anchor man if he will; Duncan McArthur, Minister of Education, is in poor health as is Mines Minister Laurier of the blank record; Peter Heenan, coasting along in a department denuded of most of its functions, nears the end of his political trail; Lands and Forests Minister Hipel wrestles with an imbroglio inherited from colleague Heenan; Agriculture Minister Dewan drifts with the tide in his bailiwick; mental hospital problems are due to explode under Health Minister Kirby. As to the Public Works and Provincial Secretary's departments, both are largely sinecures—cozy nooks for favorite sons. Welfare, shifted from pillar to post, reposes momentarily with Public Works. Obviously, a monumental reorganization from cabinet to cabinboy is long overdue at Queen's Park; the new premier might do worse than get on with it.

Record in Office

What is the administrative record of Premier Conant and what is his political inheritance? Certainly he deserves some credit for his efforts to modernize a department regarded as a poor vote-getter, and sheltering in one way or another, a horde of comfortable officials, who view progress as impractical and annoying.

On becoming Attorney-General, Mr. Conant completed a task commenced by his predecessor, a reorganization of the magistracy; local magistrates gave way to district officials serving larger areas. Later, he fathered legislation to fix age limits and to prevent dismissals except for cause. Mr. Conant's capacity for action was demonstrated when he visited a court, located irregularities and dismissed an offending official on the spot.

Mr. Conant urged Ottawa to modify federal blue laws, urging that bingo games, lucky draws and so on should have a revised status in the Criminal Code to terminate certain hypocritical phases of law enforcement. He refused to worry officially about Sunday ski trains and once favored Sunday movies in a patriotic cause.

Conant proposals for grand jury abolition and for inclusion of women on juries failed of implementation but reforms and savings were effected as to petit juries, the serving of summonses and division court procedure. Monopolization of work by chief coroners resulted in abolition of this post in 38 jurisdictions and the number of coroners' inquests was reduced. The medico-legal branch was reorganized and decentralized following the death of the eminent and capable medico-legal expert, Dr. Edgar A. Frankish.

A program for an integration of municipal police forces under provincial control fell by the wayside in the face of opposition to an invasion of municipal autonomy. Mr. Conant guided the organization of the civil guards movement, the air raids precautions bodies and the voluntary constabulary, the latter in aid of police activities. He established a system of public awards for civilians assisting in crime solution. His police administration has been criticized in that the annual salary bill has risen from $600,000 to over $1,200,000 a year. Patrol cars have largely replaced motorcycles on the highway patrols.

Securities Commission rulings are now reviewable by a recently organized appeal body and a strong advisory committee has been appointed to advise the government on revisions of legislation.

The Padlock Law

Friction between provincial and municipal authorities caused Mr. Conant to rule against the use of provincial police in municipalities having local police forces, except on municipal request. At the 1942 legislative session, Opposition Leader Drew made spectacular charges as to the existence of organized gambling, strongly criticizing alleged laxity in law enforcement. Mr. Conant defended his administration with vigor if not undue conviction but almost immediately rushed his padlock law through the House and announced organization of his anti-gambling squad to crack down on gambling whenever and wherever found. His quick change of front was the highlight of a dull session.

Always the Hepburn government was a one-man show, and, to mix the metaphors, the keystone of the arch is gone. Ontario voted for Hepburn, not Hepburn candidates nor Hepburn administration. Conant possesses neither the Hepburn smile nor the Hepburn guile, and he will not be permitted to exercise dictatorship or disregard convention as did the Happy Warrior of 1934-42.

The governmental following includes Hepburn Liberals, Nixon Liberals, McQuesten Liberals and King Liberals, plus Farquhar Oliver in a stage of political metamorphosis, and nary a Conant Liberal in sight unless as an unidentified sub-species. Again, the Conservative opposition may adopt a more aggressive policy in attacking existing abuses.

Ross, Hearst and Henry attained the premiership by the easy road of succession, all to become early casualties. Will Conant follow their example? It is certain that when moving to his new office he will not forget the headache tablets. He knows he will need them.

There's no SECOND PRIZE

NO, indeed! In war you either win or lose—the victor or the vanquished.

Every day makes it more apparent that this is a people's war. Everyone has something at stake. What good will your business or dollars be, if we lose? The nest egg you have treasured will only be good for papering the walls!

For once, we are not extolling the merits of Ecco products. We are trying to sell you something far more important . . . an opportunity to help maintain the freedom you have, the future you have, the future that is here in Canada for your kids.

Today, our dollars have the greatest value in history. The wise use of them is imperative. Put them to work NOW by investing every last cent you can in

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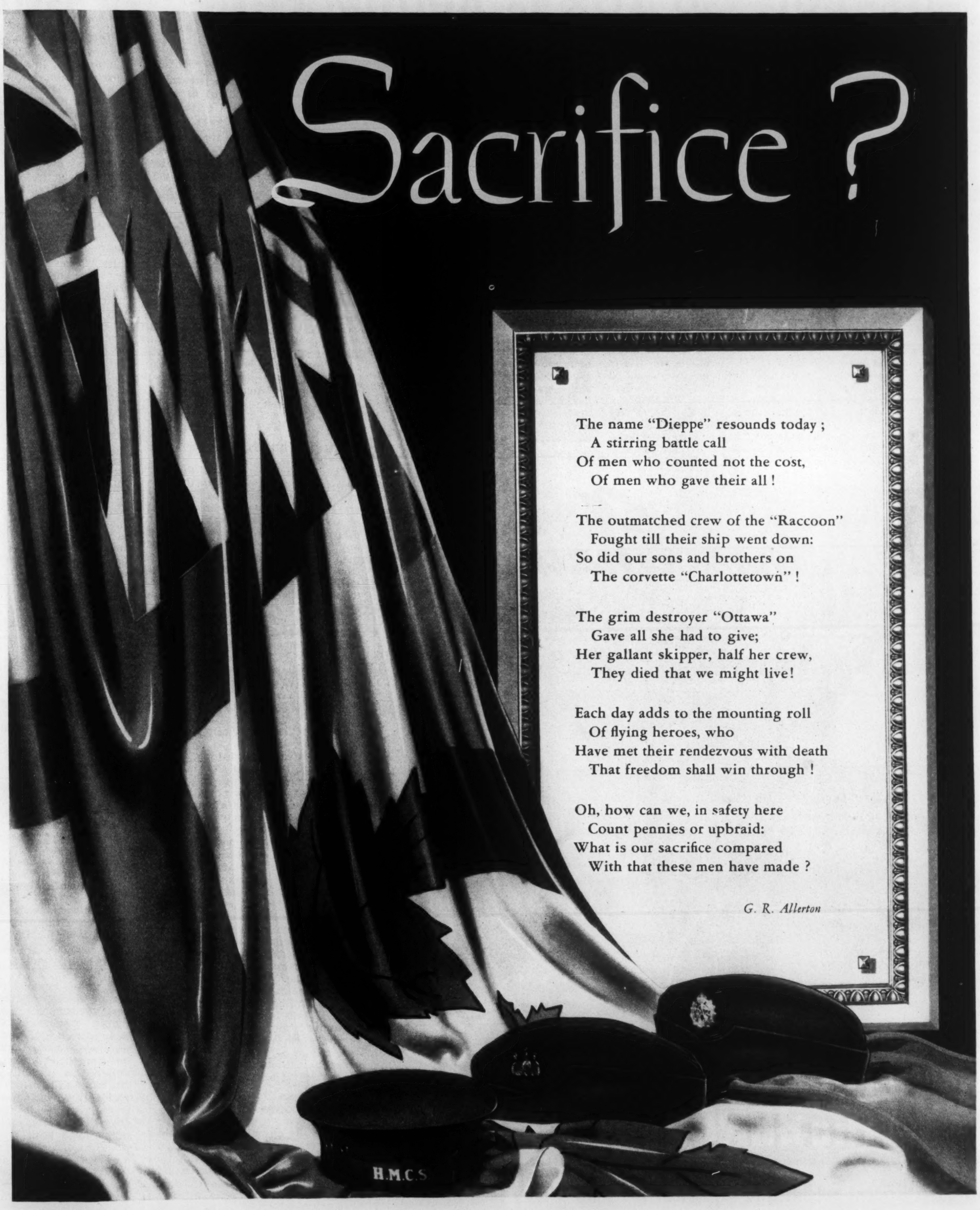
It is one sure way in which you can help our side to win FIRST PRIZE.

Published in the interests of Canada's Third Victory Loan by The Electric Chain Company of Canada Limited, Toronto, Manufacturers of ECCO Jewellery Creations



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Pay-as-You-Go Tax is Really Perfectly Simple

BY B. K. SANDWELL

The Pay-as-you-go income tax is really perfectly simple, and perfectly easy to put in operation. It means calling the tax paid out of September's income a tax paid on September's income, instead of calling it a tax on the first twelfth of the income of the calendar year.

And there are a lot of people who are going to pay income tax henceforth, who just won't have anything to pay it with some day if they don't have it taken from them when they get the income on which it is a tax.

AT THE beginning of September of this year, Canadians subject to income tax began paying, by deduction from their wage and salary payments, about 90 per cent of the income tax estimated to be due from them for this same year, in instalments spread over the entire twelve months from September 1 to August 31. Those whose wage or salary receipts do not amount to 75 per cent of their income have to make a quarterly settlement with the government in the middle of each three-months period beginning at the same date. Both classes will make a final settlement with the government, completing the payment of all that is due to it from 1942 income, by September 30 of next year for the first class, and by April 30 of next year for the second class.

This means that we are almost paying our income tax as we get our income; but not quite. We are paying it actually eight months after we get it. Why should we not pay it *as* we get it? This inquiry was posed in my article of last week on the Ruml Plan, as it is called, in the United States. It will be considered further in this article.

What we are doing, roughly speaking, now is paying the income tax on January's income in September; or, if we are capitalists, on January-February-March's income in the middle of October. We are only doing it approximately, and the degree of approximateness depends on how close is the resemblance between our income of January and our income of September—which is actual figure on which the September instalment is calculated. But the difference is usually not great, and is evened out by a final adjustment at the time of the last payment.

Why should we not call the September payment a payment of the tax on September's income—or more correctly on the ninth one-twelfth part of the whole income for 1942, for the income tax of course depends not on the earnings of any one month but on those of the twelve calendar months taken together? Why do we go on calling it a payment of the tax on the first one-twelfth of 1942's income?

What gain and what loss would be involved in calling it a tax on September rather than on January?

Well, of course, if we had to pay the taxes on January, February, etc. up to August before we could call the September payment a payment on September, the blow would be terrible. You realize of course that what we paid in August was really the tax on last December, or more properly on the last twelfth of 1941's income. If we had to clear up the eight months' taxes in one fell blow in the same month as we paid the ninth month, most of us would be being sold up by the sheriff. But that is not what is proposed. What is proposed is that the government should forgive us the tax on that eight months, in consideration of moving up the tax on the ninth month so as to collect it in the month in which the income comes in. It makes no difference to the government *at the moment*, but it saves us from the position that we are now in, of always owing the government eight months taxes, which we shall ultimately have to pay *after we have ceased to have any income to pay it out of*, which is an awkward and unpleasant thing to have to do, both for us if we are alive, and for our heirs if we are dead. Also, not only is it an unpleasant thing to have to do, but it may often be an impossible thing, in which case the government will never get it. Many of us do not leave enough to pay eight months' income tax after we are dead.

Taxing What Is Gone

Then, take the case of the man who had a good professional salary or income until August of this year, and then gave it up to join the army at a much lower income. Remember, until September he had never paid any income tax on anything later than his 1941 income. His payments from January to August were payments on account of 1941. In September he joins the army, but out of his reduced income he has to pay income tax on a 1942 income two-thirds of which was at the old high rate and only one-third at the new reduced rate. That is going to be pretty hard; and it is going to be still harder if he gets killed in April next, leaving little or no estate, and the government has still to collect from his widow a big chunk of the tax on that January-to-August higher income.

(It is all very well to say that he should have put aside the money to pay the tax while he was getting the income, but you know perfectly well that nobody does, and anyhow prior to June nobody knew what the rate of the 1942 tax was going to be.)

The benefit of the new system is, then, that from the moment it is put into effect we are all practically clear with the government (except for the annual adjustment which cannot be made until we know what the year's total income has been) as we go, from month to month or from quarter to quarter. When we die we owe the government nothing. When we quit earning we owe the government nothing. When the government changes the rate of the income tax on us, it begins collecting the changed rate immediately, and does not apply it, as now, to eight months income which we received while we were paying a lower rate, and which we spent without making provision for paying the higher one.

When Income Increases

Nor is the change altogether bad for the government. True, the government is presenting us with that unpleasant little asset that it now has, namely the right to collect taxes on eight months' income after we have stopped having an income; but it is gaining something also, at any rate at the moment. It is gaining the right to collect taxes on any increase in our incomes as soon as the increase takes place, and not eight months later. And in these days there is a pretty large and steady general increase of incomes going on, and the tax on September's incomes is pretty sure to be a lot fatter than the tax on last January's incomes. (Of course that works both ways, and when our incomes start decreasing again the decreased return to the government will also begin sooner; but that in itself will make the tax much easier to collect.)

It is the irregular-income people to whom these considerations are most important. In the case of income arising from government bonds, it makes little difference whether you say that the tax collected this week is a tax on the current coupon or on the coupon of half a year ago. But the way it works with the irregular-income people was well exhibited the other day by the *Wall Street Journal*, which strongly favors the new plan. Said the *Journal*:

"Until something like a year ago, this man, whom we will call Jim, went from one job to another with some long pauses in between and with a trail of small debts following him wherever he went.

"Jim is neither lazy nor unskilled. He is a trained building tradesman and he can turn his hand to any number of things. He never drank. The quantity of his performance was uneven but in short spurts he could turn off prodigious amounts of work. But he was so temperamentally constituted that he resented even suggestions and an outright direction he interpreted as an insult. So he was a marginal worker.

"In the last year Jim's trade has boomed. He has probably earned about $5,000. Almost certainly he has none of it left, although his only dependent is a wife. He has not squandered all of it because long needed dental repairs were quite apparent and both he and his wife were more trim and self-confident. But it is a safe bet that if his job stopped today, he would have to have a new one by next week at this time or be broke.

"There will come a time when wartime building will not keep its present pace and it may stop abruptly. Then Jim's earnings will drop; in fact, unless he has changed his ways, they will cease. Jim will be owing the government quite a sum of money for income taxes. He will have spent all his money. He has no property, so the only thing the government can then take from him will be his current earnings, which are likely to be small or non-existent. Incidentally, with Jim's experience in dodging bill collectors, we do not envy the tax man assigned to the job of pursuing him.

"When Jim called on us two young men were with him. He told us that they were in his construction crew and earning $75 a week apiece. Like Jim, himself, their earnings will cease some day and undoubtedly the tax man will be looking for them.

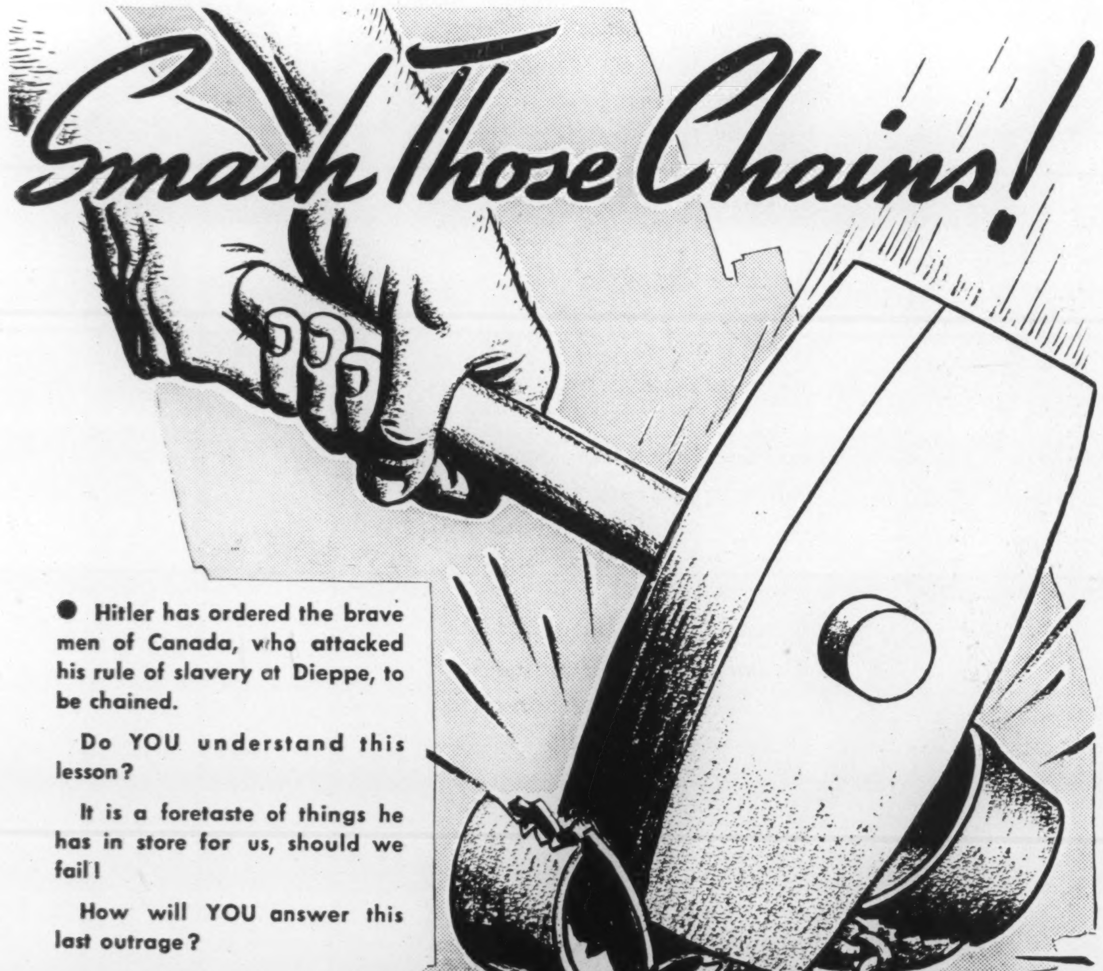
"When the discussion of a new tax bill begins, it just seems like the sensible thing for the methods of collection to be geared to the situation of Jim and his two helpers. They can pay while the money is coming in. In the majority of cases, they cannot pay, indeed cannot even be found, when the money ceases to come in. They can pay as they go and hardly feel it. They cannot pay on money earned but spent.

"Does the Treasury want the revenue from these war inflated incomes or does it want a great batch of worthless IOU'S?"

TO BRIAN

WE, TWO, should die together,
Guarding smilingly the outposts of the world,
Besieged by men and destiny together,
We, two, should die fighting to the end.
No bitterness,
But in strange comradeship big without a name,
We, two, should gaze in each other's eyes and laugh
Our challenge to a curious world,
Marvelling how between you and her,
Whose body is beautiful as the singing earth,
There must always be wars and time and space.
And between me and my desire,
The sheer ramparts of my self, inevitable destiny.

DIANA SKALA.



Smash the BONDS of SLAVERY through the BONDS of VICTORY

This advertisement published in support of the Third Victory Loan by

Munitions Division

Bata

SHOE COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED

Batawa, Frankford, Ontario

You've Got to Make the War a Personal Thing!

Here's a man who has the right idea about the war.

For every dollar he spends on necessities he buys a 25 cent war savings stamp; he puts a brake on his spending for pleasure; he wears old clothes. The savings go to the Government.

For him, as for the people of Britain, the war has become a personal thing.

BY ALEXANDER TAYLOR

THE financial burden of this war is a major problem. This year, it is estimated, each Canadian will pay $278 in taxes. Something like seven times as much as we would during a peacetime year. It is figured that directly and indirectly we will pay out of our salaries five times as much as we would in a pre-war year. This is, I think, what every sober-minded Canadian expected; some, I know, expected this tax to be even heavier. However, our government has tried in every way possible to spread this raising of money so it will cause the least amount of hardship. Now, we will still have something like $1,170,000,000 to be raised by the sale of bonds and war savings certificates.

It is a national duty for everyone to buy as many bonds and certificates, as he possibly can. It is only in democracy that this is left to us, to decide what portion (individually) we will take (dictators take everything—including our freedom).

For a long time we have been dollar crazy, most of us. We have been placing values on money, rather than freedom.

Oh, yes. We'll all have to admit it, it is time we buckled down, to get along on less money and luxuries than we had a few years ago. And we'll have to put up with it, until our freedom is safe once again.

We cannot all get in the armed forces, and to many of us falls the lot of having to carry on with our jobs, but beyond our jobs, we can at least do everything possible to help the man behind the gun.

My work is classed as an esssential industry, and I have somewhat grown up with the job; if I leave it now, to do some other work, there are times it would require several men to handle an emergency, whereas, after years I have everything at my finger tips. With a shortage of help, I am now on call at any time, day or night. It's a job that can be considered necessary.

No Pleasure Driving

My car, a business coupé, is used for moving men and material from job to job. The first thing I did, when gasoline rationing came into effect, was to give up all pleasure driving. The car is now used strictly for business calls, and I group them as best I can, to avoid any unnecessary trips. I gave up my week-end fishing trips; this was a hard decision to make, for they were my chief pleasure. But I do believe the gasoline, oil and rubber used by pleasure-driving motorists this year is to be regretted. For it will be we who are largely to blame, if our fighting men run short of the materials with which to defend us. As a people we are still in a peace time atmosphere, studying the headlines and listening to the news broadcasts as if we were spectators.

To me this mere working is just plain egoism. Quite true, I am putting a percentage of my wages in war savings certificates, I have subscribed to the victory bond drives, and a portion is taken by compulsory taxes. Still it just doesn't seem enough when men in the different theatres of war are dying, that we Canadians can have our freedom. I have given a pint of blood, and plan to keep on giving it regularly, in the hope that it may save a life. But still I wanted to do something more, something concrete, something that would be a more direct sacrifice, towards the war effort.

At last I have found a solution. I buy a 25 cent war savings stamp, with every purchase of less than a dollar, if over the dollar, two stamps and so on. A ten dollar article would cost me twelve dollars and fifty cents, the two-fifty being in war savings stamps.

This twenty-five per cent on top of my other war savings and taxes is quite a load. As a result I have had to give up many of the things I would otherwise purchase.

My work shoes were in pretty bad condition. I just couldn't manage to raise the five dollars for a new pair. I had a patch put on the uppers, and new soles; this cost a dollar and fifteen cents, a dollar sixty-five with the stamps, and now maybe they'll do me until the war is over.

Home Meals, Laundry

I live in a bachelor apartment and have a well equipped kitchen, but still I used to spend a lot of money at restaurants. Now I take most of my meals at home, and feel a lot better too, this of course, has no reflection on the restaurants.

I never buy canned vegetables when I can get fresh ones of some variety; by this I am helping to conserve tin.

Formally, I crammed all my washing into a bag and let the laundry look after it, but of late with a shortage of help and delivery difficulties, I decided to do up the work shirts and under clothing myself. I must admit for the first few weeks my skill with the iron was not of the best, but now, I am really proud of my endeavors.

When I make a purchase, I am very careful to make certain that it will last. This question always enters my mind, "can I get along without it?" Too often, in the past, I would purchase something which, after the novelty had worn off, I wished I hadn't bought.

I would have liked a new suit this fall, instead I had the tailor repair the lining and cuffs on the old one. After the war has been won, I'll buy these things I need.

With careful study one can discover a great waste in one's easy way of doing things. If we will refrain from wasteful expenditure and buy only for our dire needs, and work, lend and sacrifice for our country, there can only be one answer—freedom.

We're making the stuff you need son,

AND WE'RE BUYING IT, TOO!

Yes, son, the men of Anaconda are working as they've never worked before! Every minute, every hour, every day, they're stepping up production . . . more Copper for cartridge cases, for essential parts of guns, tanks, planes, ships and all those other tools you need.

And they're buying the stuff too. Yes, son, more and more of their money is going into **Victory Bonds. In the last loan their purchases of Victory Bonds averaged $125 per employee. Believe me, son, for you whose risks they cannot take . . . they're making the stuff you need to win this fight . . . and they're helping to pay for it too . . . by again buying Victory Bonds to the very limit of their ability.**

LET'S ALL WORK—SAVE AND LEND!

NOTHING MATTERS NOW BUT VICTORY

ANACONDA Copper and Brass TRADE MARK

The Workers of Anaconda

FROM THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

Cleaning up the Desk

BY B. K. SANDWELL

CLEANING up the reviewer's desk is one of those jobs like spring and fall cleaning of the home premises, which have to be done but which nobody enjoys. My heart bleeds for myself and for the authors and publishers who have to be cleaned up in this column but there is no help for either of us.

I am very grateful indeed to Macmillans of Canada for Kaufman and Hart's "Six Plays" ($3.50). I have seen all but "The American Way" on various Toronto stages, ranging from the Royal Alexandra to Hart House Theatre. Kaufman and Hart are unquestionably the Great American Playwright, and it is proof of the Greatness of the American Drama that it takes two persons to be it. They have vigor and intensity and wit and observation. They are masters of the American art of dexterous exaggeration. Take the little matter of the cinema actress who is seeking to establish a record for the number of her lovers: "Every time they break a door down they find *her!*" Or, as a matter of action rather than dialogue, take the Grand Duchess who cooks the blintzes for the Sycamores in "You Can't Take It With You;" or the terrific finale in "George Washington Slept Here." American gusto, that is what it is; and if you have enough American gusto you can say to hell with probability.

* * *

Jawaharlal Nehru, Brahmin by birth, Socialist by political faith, revolutionary by instinct, and often a political prisoner because of his activities against the government of India, has written from prison about 500,000 words of letters to his young daughter on the history of the world, which Longmans have now published as "Glimpses of World History" ($5). Studiously refraining from passing any explicit judgment on events, his whole selection and presentation of them is designed to show that men who obtain power over others always use it for evil purposes; yet he finds little hope in democracy, the political system which seeks to retain as much power as possible in the hands of the people themselves, for he thinks that "There must be something in modern conditions of life which does not fit in with the formal democracy of the nineteenth century." He seems to regard capitalism and imperialism as synonymous, and finds that one of the two greatest factors in world affairs today is the rivalry between Britain and the United States for capitalist-imperialist dominance of the world. The chapters on the treatment accorded by European nations, such as France and Britain, to the helpless Oriental nations of the nineteenth century are well worth reading for their evidence of the amazing ignorance of, and contempt for, the ancient Oriental civilizations shown by Occidentals when there was a chance to make a profit. The index is very inadequate, but as the book is by no means a scientific treatise perhaps that does not matter.

* * *

In "The Riddle of the State Department" (Oxford University Press, $2.50) Robert Bendiner seeks to show that the power of the permanent officials of the diplomatic organization to ignore and even overrule the elected representatives of the people exists even in Washington. The truth probably is that it exists even more strongly there than in Britain, since the elected representatives are in three different places—White House, Senate and House of Representatives—and are provided with powers which largely countercheck one-another. The State Department staff has been Appeasement-minded for twenty years, and this book examines its personalities and what they have done in the last ten years in great detail, ending with a demand that Congress undertake a housecleaning.

* * *

Sir John Orr, one of England's great humanitarian scientists, outlines in "Fighting For What?" (Macmillan, 85 cents) a world food policy based entirely on need rather than ability to pay. Sir John is an internationalist. "If every family in all countries had a decent standard of living and were free from the fear of being conscripted for war, it would not matter so much on which side of boundary lines they lived."

* * *

"A Democratic Manifesto" by Emery Reves (Macmillan, $2) is a concise and able argument of the case against national sovereignty and in favor of "preventive war"—that is, the readiness of an organized group of peace-loving nations to wage war to prevent aggression. It concludes, however, with a rather amazing proposal for the establishment of sub-governments based on racial nationality, several of which shall function, each for its own nationals, in the same territorial area, in such parts of the world as the Balkans, and shall administer cultural affairs for their own people while military and commercial affairs are attended to by a superior general government.

Recorded statistics are as ancient as Babylon, but prophetic statistics are, we suspect, something new. In "The Economics of 1960" (Macmillan, $2.75) Colin Clark, Financial Adviser to the British Treasury, undertakes to calculate what will be the requirements of new capital of the major countries of the world in the year named. He gives Canada in that year a "working population" of six millions as against 4.3 millions in 1938, and thinks she will need about 22 per cent more capital per worker than now. Britain will need less capital owing to shrinkage of population; the great increases of capital will be in the U.S.S.R., the U.S.A., India and Japan, in that order.

Mention of Japan brings us to "Year of the Wild Boar" by Helen Mears (Longmans, $3.50), a most informing study by an American woman of the psychology of the people. Years, it seems, are named after animals, and Wild Boar designates a time of desperate and daring adventure. The Japanese hold that if they had been peaceful they would have been dominated and exploited by the Occidentals like all other Oriental races, and that only their military strength has kept them a free and self-determining nation, and the claim can hardly be dismissed with a shrug. This is a most important book.

* * *

The family life of a cultured Boston group during the last fifty years—and especially during the first part of that period—can hardly fail to be interesting if told by an accomplished pen, and Agnes Rothery, author of "Family Album" (Dodd Mead), is one of the most practised and accomplished writers in the United States. This is the record of an exceptionally interesting family. The author's mother was born in Illinois of pioneer stock, but was early associated with Wellesley College; and the author's father was a Boston insurance man of extreme probity and equally extreme frankness, whose last word, or nearly, was an instruction to his children to tell their children that he "never robbed a bank or voted for Franklin D. Roosevelt." His own father was in 1851 the owner of a farm on Fifth Avenue, New York, which he swapped for a house in Newark—a financial error, but who knows whether the Rotherys have not been much happier in consequence.

Cecile Chabot has written in French and illustrated a charming booklet entitled "Legende Mystique," which has been published by the Société des Ecrivains Canadiens. It tells, in terms of fantasy which are designed for children but are not without their charm for grown-ups, of the first mass on the slopes of Mount Royal, Montreal, in 1642.

The World Citizens Association, Chicago, has published Henri Bonnet's "The United Nations," which advocates the immediate formation of a permanent United Nations Council whose powers, at first advisory, are expected to grow with time.

George J. McLeod has published ($1.35) a collection of the famous broadcasts of Frank Laskier, spokesman of the merchant sailors of the United Nations, under the title "My Name is Frank." They have even in print that quality of vividness, of direct personal appeal, which made listeners sit up in their chairs and breathe quicker when they came over the air.

* * *

One of the most useful booklets for those who are studying, whether collectively or alone, the problems of Canada in 1942 is "We Discuss Canada," obtainable from the Ryerson Press or the National Council of the Y.M.C.A. (75 cents). It is a collection of study outlines for seven groups of special problems, in which we note gladly that civil liberties are included, and each group has an extensive and up-to-date bibliography. President Sidney Smith, who writes the Introduction, warns that the booklet "should not be read by any person who is seeking for ready-made solutions."

The Ontario Publishing Co. has produced a brochure by Frederick Griffin, with a Foreword by Sir William Mulock, in tribute to the late Major-General Sir Henry Pellatt, who died in 1939 at the age of eighty, and whom Mr. Griffin not inaptly calls the most spectacular citizen Toronto has ever known. He was a man who took neither gains nor losses seriously, and Mr. Griffin's most characteristic story about him is of his falling asleep at a meeting of bank directors which had been called for the express purpose of discussing what was to be done about the lamentable state of his account. Boyish, indomitable and lovable to the end, he will no doubt be remembered long after the bank directors have passed to oblivion.

We Speak of the Home—

We speak now, not of the steam engine . . . the printing press . . . the telephone . . . the motor car . . . the radio . . . nor of any of the other wondrous things which have helped to create the Canadian way of life. WE SPEAK OF THE HOME.

No genius created the home. . . It was created by all of us. . . Together man and woman made it . . . from toil, thrift, loyalty, love and the laughter of little children. . . It is a place of hope, consolation and courage. . .

So imagine if you can a state where home is but a place of habitation. Imagine a mob world peopled by roving, robbing semi-beasts—where our civilization would be but a dream of the past.

This fight is to avert it and to preserve the home way of life in Canada and all over the world.

Before you go to sleep tonight ask yourself this question:

AM I DOING ENOUGH?

AM I DOING ALL I CAN?

Published on behalf of the Victory Loan campaign

By

SATURDAY NIGHT

73 Richmond Street West

TORONTO, CANADA

The men who made this map many years ago conceived the North American continent as one economic whole

The full production of Algoma Steel goes to the Service of Canada at War. This Company is convinced that an all out effort by this Nation is essential if Canada is to take her full share in winning back freedom on the high seas and throughout the world and in preserving democracy on this North American Continent. We must furnish our Government with the funds for the task and so answer this appeal for a Victory Loan.

BUY VICTORY BONDS

ALGOMA STEEL CORPORATION LIMITED

SAULT STE. MARIE CANADA

The Ottawa Letter

Is Profit Pooling in the New Picture?

BY G. C. WHITTAKER

DONALD GORDON'S preliminary outline of the curtailment program for non-war industry and trade, given at Moncton, contains little if anything that has not been or could not have been foreseen. So precisely is this the case that the one point in his statement of immediate interest to those who have been filling in the curtailment picture for themselves in advance of official information is a negative one: his admission that the plan is and of necessity must be lacking in definite lines at this stage and will be adjustable to developing conditions. To business in line for the impact of curtailment this may seem somewhat surprising in view of the large way in which some other regimentation heads have been talking about what was to be done to enterprises that were not making direct contribution to the war effort. But if these talkers and their hearers had stopped to think they would have realized that even the temporary fate of an insignificant non-war industry cannot properly be determined in detail very far in advance of the actual war need to which it must be adjusted.

Mr. Gordon's broad outline of program is susceptible of logical amplification, however. He says (1) that the use of human and material resources for the provision of goods and services for the civilian population will be systematically reduced to the minimum required for health, efficiency and morale; (2) that curtailment will be orderly and progressive and as far as possible without discrimination; (3) that first moves will be against non-essential production; (4) that the program includes a maximum degree of simplification and standardization; (5) that the curtailment organization will consider the advice of industry itself in determining its actions; (6) that production for export will have regard for Canada's commitments and moral obligations to the United Nations or other friendly countries; (7) that extension of consumer rationing is likely to be necessary for the equitable distribution of consumer goods the production of which is to be curtailed.

The Pivotal Point

Our amplifications of this skeletonized picture of what is ahead would be concerned mainly with the proposed elimination of non-essential production and services, because this is the pivotal point in the whole program. Everything else hinges on how that proposal is construed by those charged with its execution. It is of primary interest, therefore, that the officials in immediate charge of the program recognize that every industry and trade or service contains elements of essentiality. Even the manufacture of such confections as candy and chewing gum and such aids to feminine charm as cosmetics and perfumery are admitted to have a connection with the morale of war workers. It follows that if no industry or trade or service is entirely non-essential none will be entirely displaced at this stage of total war mobilization, nor until the stage is reached when even essential things have to be given up.

What is in view, then, is the elimination of non-essentiality and waste in all non-war enterprise. These, as the curtailers see them, consist largely in production in excess of minimum requirements and consequent excessive distribution, in competitive sales promotion to stimulate unnecessary consumption, and in some other elements. Quite a sizeable force of manpower has been employed by the breweries, for example, in promoting the sale of beer competitively beyond what the consumer demand might be if not so stimulated, and the curtailment order limiting the use of malt in beer production in any quarter from November 1 to the amount used in the corresponding quarter of the previous year is designed to eliminate the volume of consumption and production of beer which is attributed to this sales promotion and to release for essential work the manpower employed in the sales effort, in the extra production and the extra distribution.

If production is reduced to minimum consumer requirements and if production and distribution are simplified and standardized to the utmost it is quite likely two or more producing plants and two or more distribution units will find themselves operating on a volume of business that could easily be handled by one, and these thinned-out operations are likely to involve waste and excessive overhead costs which would react against price control. So concentration of production and distribution is in the nature of things. Although an entire industry or trade will not be displaced, units of every industry and trade may be. The curtailers have so far foreseen this that Wartime Prices and Trade Board administrators working on curtailment, in conjunction with advisory committees from the various industries and trades, are reporting to headquarters, under instructions therefrom, as to what units in these industries and trades can be closed down without too much dislocation.

Operate for Others

One manufacturing or processing plant will be required to take over the curtailed operations of two or more plants in its own line. And as the volume of consumer goods is reduced to bare requirements, one distribution unit may be able to handle the business of two or three in the same line of trade. Neither in manufacture nor in distribution does this concentration prospect point only in the direction of less important or small businesses. The meat packing business is just as likely to be telescoped as the chewing gum industry.

Few if any lines of civilian enterprise are being overlooked in the surveys being made for the purposes of the curtailment program. Price control officials are bound to see in it an opening for relief from the distress they have endured in contemplating what they consider to be the pressure exerted against their price ceilings by the wide-spread proportions of the wholesale and retail trades. Surveys have shown that these proportions have not been reduced by the effect of the ceilings. Mortality in the trades has been no higher this year than in normal times and replacements are just as high. Control officialdom cannot regard this state of things with equanimity and something will be done about it. One thing that is pretty certain to be done is the closing of these trades to new entries, but that will not be the end of it.

From the itemized summary of the points in Mr. Gordon's outline of the curtailment program we omitted one point in order to reserve it for special consideration because it is the most provocative and interesting point of all, with angles that challenge more than casual speculation. This is the proposal for profit pooling in contracted industries and trades. It is particularly provocative in the way in which Mr. Gordon is reported to have presented it: "It may be necessary for the Board to effect a scheme of pooling profits. . ."

Britain Did It

Profit pooling in war-curtailed business is not new. It was inaugurated in Britain when the government first ordered the contraction of important industries. But over there it has been, for the most part at any rate, a voluntary arrangement brought about by the various contracted industries themselves. Mr. Gordon's statement would appear to imply that he is at least considering a plan for dictating pooling to affected business, although he added that British experience indicated the possibility of pooling arrangements being carried out by the industries concerned.

A profit pool plan has been adopted for the Canadian newsprint industry, and there may be a nice question as to whether it can be said properly to be voluntary or whether there is an element of compulsion about it. It was devised by the former newsprint administrator of the Gordon Board and carried through by his successor (both of them prominently connected with the industry) in consultation with the industry itself through a committee. The bulk of the industry is understood to have welcomed it, but some elements in it, notably certain consumer-owned enterprises, do not like it, regarding it as a circuitous method of imposing on them the pro-rata production plan which they managed in the past to escape.

However that may be, the Gordon Board, through its administrator, will have responsibility for enforcing the plan, which provides that in the redistribution of newsprint production for the release of electric power to war industry, where a company is assigned a production scale in excess of the average of production in relation to capacity throughout the industry at the time the plan was adopted it must pay into a pool the cash profit on its volume of production in excess of the average and the company that is displaced or contracted to a point below the average is paid out of the pool an amount equivalent to cash profit on the volume of production by which it is below the average.

But possible ramifications of the proposal do not stop here. Mr. Ilsley is taxing excess profits of business 100%. Is he going to collect that tax on profits of a non-war enterprise that is assigned under the curtailment plan to operate at capacity and which is required under a profit pool plan to pay over a fixed portion of its profits for the compensation of enterprises in the same industry which are suspended from operation? Will such pool payments be allowed exemption from the profits tax? And if they are, what is going to become of the excess profits tax revenue (or the revenue from business income tax for that matter) from civilian business? If all non-war enterprise is to be contracted, and if curtailed and displaced units are to be compensated out of the profits of units that are allowed to carry on, and again if the pooled profits of the latter are to be allowed as exemptions from the excess profits tax, how can non-war business continue to be a source of revenue under that tax?

SHE: What do you mean, dear?

HE: *I've seen fellows who were paid big money for getting out of strait jackets . . . and that's child's play compared to getting into one of these shrunken shirts.*

SHE: Oh, that reminds me. Speaking of magic, I learned a little myself the other day.

HE: *What's that?*

SHE: Well, Marge was telling me about the "Sanforized" label. She said shirts that carry it *can't* shrink out of fit because the fabrics they're made of have already been shrunk all the way down to 1%. Marge said a *hundred* washings wouldn't make them shrink out of size.

HE: *Is it true?*

SHE: Absolutely. I went into a store and said 'I want some shirts with the "Sanforized" label,' . . . and presto . . . the clerk smiled and said, 'I see *you* know how to buy shirts, Madam. These will never shrink out of fit.' So from now on it's nothing but shirts with the "Sanforized" label. And you'll find some right there in your top drawer.

• Today, clothes have to last longer. There just won't be as many of them. So to make sure you get full service from the washable garments you buy, insist on the "Sanforized" label. They'll never shrink out of fit. IF YOU INTEND TO WASH IT . . . BUY IT WITH THE "SANFORIZED" LABEL.

•SANFORIZED•

Reg. trade-mark

Checked standard of the trade-mark owner

The "Sanforized" trade-mark is used by manufacturers on **"Compressive Pre-Shrunk"** fabrics only when tests for residual shrinkage are regularly checked, through the service of the owners of the trade-mark, to insure maintenance of its established standard by licensed users of the mark *Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

Victory? Not Yet!

For more than three years, we and our Allies have been, *and we still are,* fighting desperately for sheer self-preservation.

All too few civilians realize this. War hasn't touched us, except that many of us have prospered while our men overseas have sacrificed.

To be worthy of this sacrifice; to *deserve to survive* as a free people, we must put all thought of self aside, and consecrate our persons and our money to the service of our country.

Our duty now is to buy Victory Bonds to the very limit of our resources.

INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS MACHINES COMPANY LIMITED

"so he may soon come home again."

In thousands of homes, when night falls, thousands of tiny voices whispering against the coverlets, pray for daddy's return.

Thank heaven, they hardly know the meaning of war.

But their mothers do.

And their fathers . . . shivering on the deck of a hunted convoy . . . driving through blinding sand . . . charging across bullet-riddled beaches . . . their fathers know.

And we know.

But each one of us can help to "end the war up quick," as a child would say.

Each one of us can add a little of our dollar-power to the man-power and the munition-power that will be needed before the absent fathers, sons and brothers can come home again.

It will take millions of dollars to win the war.

It will take more millions of dollars to shorten the war.

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VICTORY BONDS

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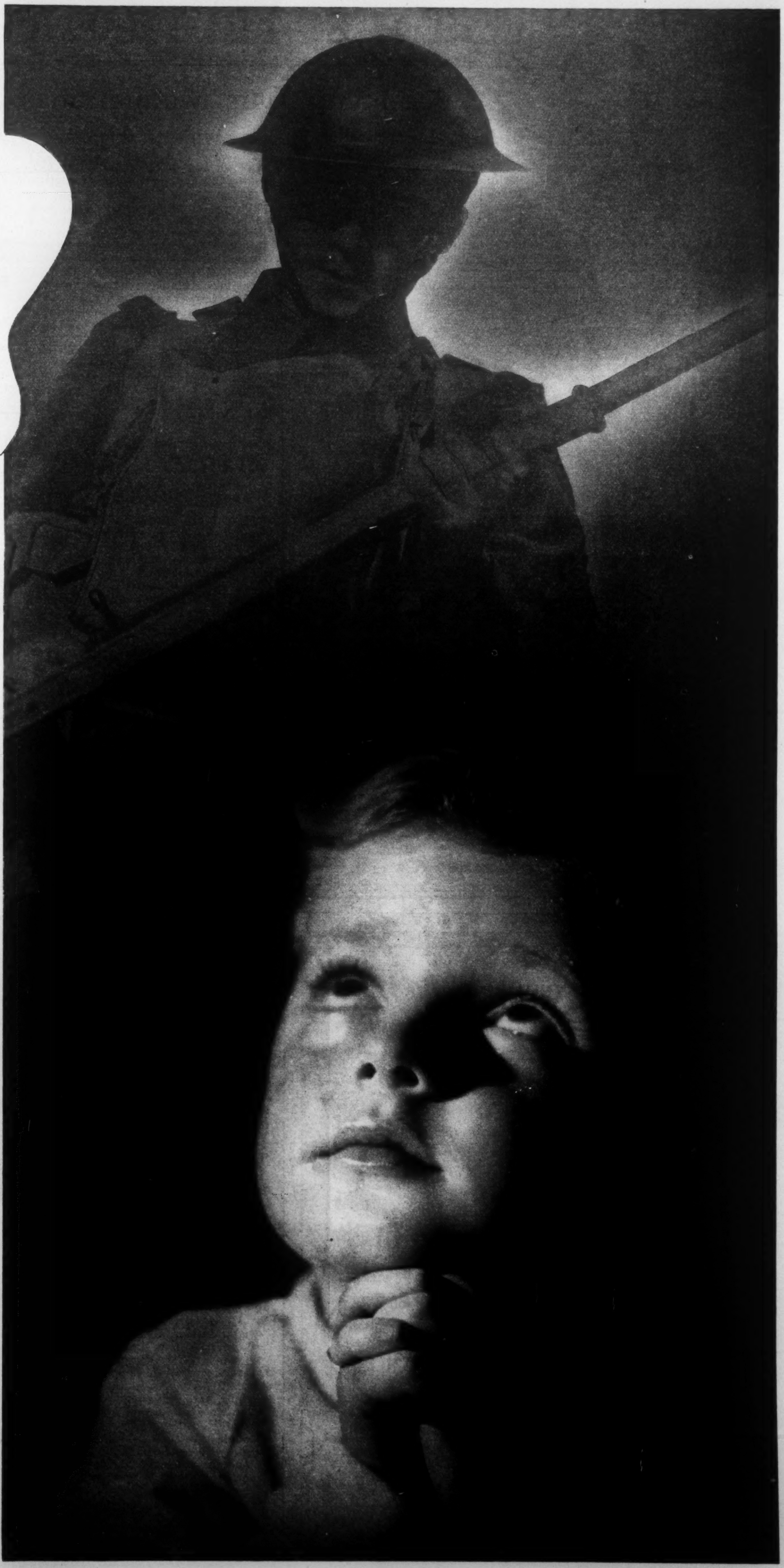
GENERAL MOTORS OF CANADA LIMITED



THE HITLER WAR

Beginning Our Mediterranean Offensive

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

ROMMEL had, in any case, to be driven back from the doorstep of Alexandria. But this third Western Desert offensive of ours appears as part of a far bigger plan than either of the others. Both of these aimed to destroy the Axis armies in Libya and extend our control of the southern Mediterranean shore as far as Tripoli. This time it looks as though—after destroying Rommel!—we planned to occupy the entire southern Mediterranean shore as far as Gibraltar, then to develop an offensive which would take Italy out of the war and open up Germany's "soft" side, and finally to turn our heavy bombing power in this theatre against the Axis Balkan satellites and perhaps move into the bridgehead which Mihailovitch has been holding so bravely.

The preparations which Vichy and Berlin insist we are making for an attack on Dakar, which would almost certainly be followed by a move into Vichy North Africa, the heavy bombing of Italy and our offensive in Egypt all tie in with such a broad plan, designed as a preliminary to our "victory drive" against the German Channel positions sometime next year. As I understand the trend of thinking among our command this final offensive is to be a *drive*, a 1943-style blitz, and not just the opening of another front, to consume men and materials endlessly. That is why we are waiting until we have accumulated a heavy superiority in armored and aerial forces.

In comparison with that climactic effort this desert offensive is fairly small potatoes. Yet all accounts stress how much greater it is than any of our preceding desert offensives; and that means that it is by all odds the greatest effort launched by the western Allies in this war. How different is this drive, with its thundering artillery barrage and enormous concentration of aircraft, from that first brilliant campaign of Wavell's, barely two years ago!

Wavell's 35 Hurricanes

Sir Arthur Longmore, the RAF commander of those days, has since revealed that there were available for this campaign just 10 air squadrons, including only two of Hurricanes, (the rest of the fighters being Gladiators) after two fighter and two bomber squadrons had been sent to support the Greeks. With just exactly 35 Hurricanes Wavell began his push against Graziani on December 9, 1940, and after Cyrenaica had been won and lost, and the show in Greece was over—but the ordeal in Crete still before us—we had just over 40 Hurricanes left in the whole of Libya, Egypt and Crete.

Well, things are different today. Those people who talked as if the British were just too stupid to provide air support for their navy off Crete, and those, like our good friend Ralph Ingersoll, who declared that the only thing to do was to get out of the Eastern Mediterranean and "cut our losses", ought to take note of the mighty assembly of Allied air power now gathered in that area. Obviously the lesson that the chief role in the defence of this region had passed from sea power to air power was learned very quickly, and the decision to build up a powerful air force here carried out resolutely.

For all the enemy's facilities for hopping in air reinforcements via Balkan and Cretan aerodromes, we have developed our African air ferry service to such a pitch that, aided by the German preoccupation in Russia, we have been able to build up an apparently unchallengeable air power in the Middle East. It may not be appreciated that thousands of planes have now been delivered across the African ferry route, and that flights cross here now daily.

Air Superiority

Thus, although Rommel is known to have received considerable air reinforcements in recent weeks, our planes hold an unquestioned superiority over the battlefield, a factor which is bound to have a strong influence on the fighting, and particularly on Rommel's supply system, though it is worth recalling that the enemy put up a very tough fight against us last year and eventually thrust us back to Alamein, without ever possessing air superiority.

Can Hitler, now that the campaigning season is tapering off in Russia, divert powerful air support to North Africa? As we have said, the route is short and convenient. Undoubtedly he can spare some squadrons. Yet his air forces which have been through the gruelling Russian campaign will need rest, and a certain amount of refitting is necessary for desert operation.

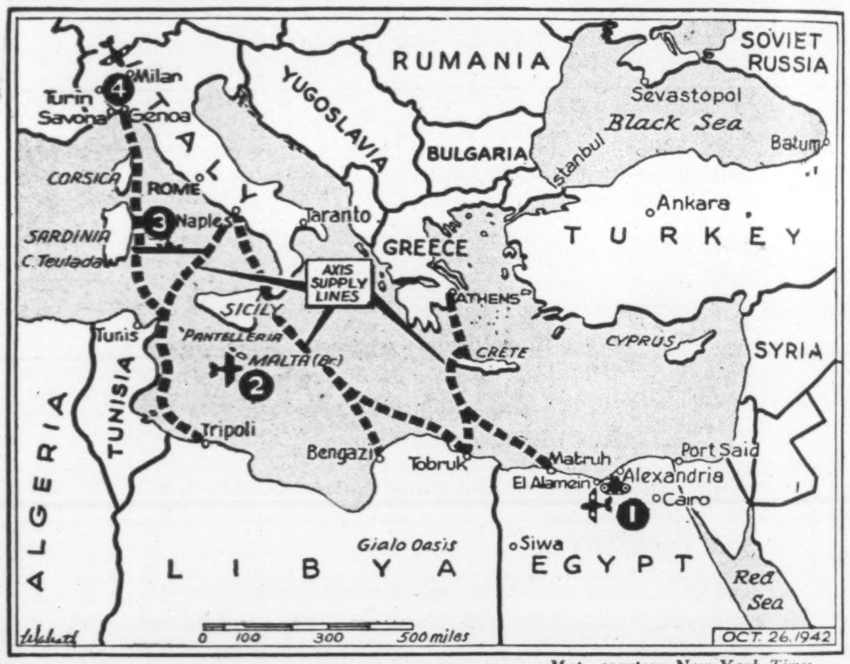
He is forced, besides, to divert increasing numbers of planes for night fighter duty at home. Our bombers report enemy night patrols thicker than ever over Western Germany, and have lately encountered Focke-Wulf 190's, Messerschmitt 109's and 110's, Junkers 88's and even old Heinkel 111 bombers adapted to this work. Finally, Hitler must look ahead to the great campaigns of next year: if the Luftwaffe is to be equal to the challenge of the Anglo-American air forces then, it must be rested and built up for it during the winter.

Have to Compromise

Therefore it seems probable that he will be forced to compromise, and send only limited German air support to Rommel, while scraping up as much Italian as he can. There is, in any case, a much lower limit to the number of air squadrons which can be maintained in the waste of Axis Libya and the Western Desert, with their fuel and ammunition supply line constantly harassed by our planes and submarines, than there is to the air power which can be maintained in the Nile Delta, Palestine and Syria, with the oil resources of Suez (there are many wells in the canal region) and Iraq, and the depots built up over three years in a populous region, behind them.

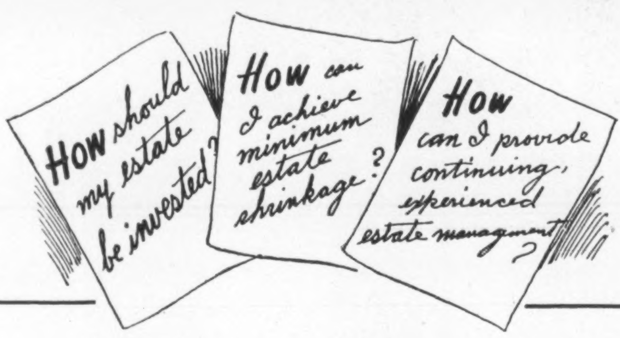
The whole question of supply holds out one of the best auguries for this campaign, I believe. As a matter of fact we are in a better position for launching and maintaining an offensive today, with our backs to the Delta, than we were last year, starting at the Libyan frontier and carrying on most of the fighting around Tobruk. If our objective is to destroy the Axis armies and not just to regain miles of desert sand we ought, therefore, to have a better chance this year than last, except for the initial difficulty of breaking the short, strong Alamein line.

Although the Axis holds the "inside" supply lines to this theatre, while we have to send our materials the long way round, *within the theatre we hold the inside position,*



Map, courtesy New York Times.

Early this week near El Alamein (1) United Nations forces had broken through Rommel's line; Axis planes had raided airdromes at Malta (2) and off Sardinia (3) an Italian convoy was successfully attacked. Meanwhile RAF blows continued on Milan (4) Axis supply point in Italy.



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MEETING TAXES, making investments, planning the management of estates—these are big, vital matters today and the answers are not easy. Are they your problems too? If so, perhaps we can help by explaining how other men with families and property have utilized our Trust services to meet situations similar to yours. Please call or write and we'll arrange a meeting. No obligation, of course.

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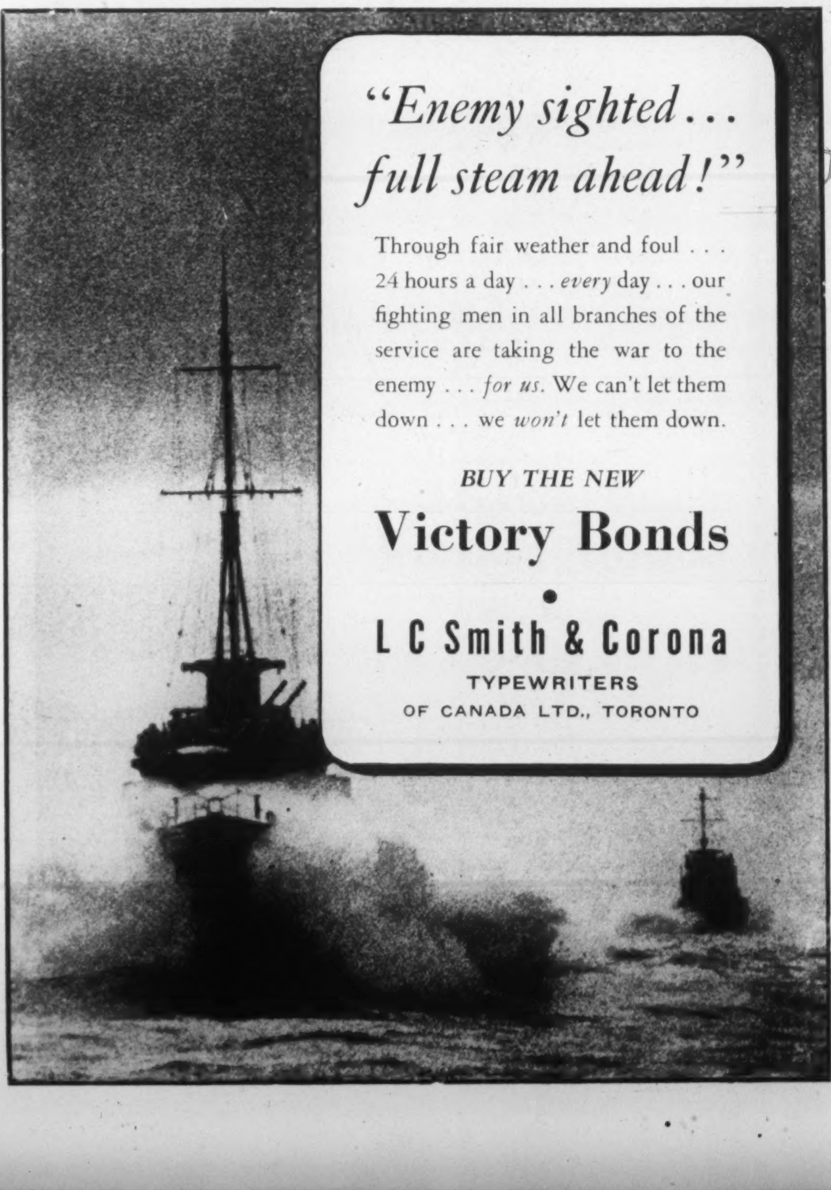

"Enemy sighted... full steam ahead!"

Through fair weather and foul . . . 24 hours a day . . . *every* day . . . our fighting men in all branches of the service are taking the war to the enemy . . . *for us.* We can't let them down . . . we *won't* let them down.

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Victory Bonds

L C Smith & Corona

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OF CANADA LTD., TORONTO

BUY MORE VICTORY BONDS and WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

Let's go places, Canada!

Canada must not falter in the ever-increasing production of guns and shells . . . of ships and planes . . . of tanks and trucks. So far the record of achievement has been impressive. But, if we are to keep on "going places" there's one potential bottleneck that concerns us all. Let's be sure that our government is supplied with the *working* capital to buy these essential war materials. Let's be sure that every last dollar we can possibly spare is put to work for Victory. *Let's invest in peace!*

McBRINE BAGGAGE

McBRINE

THE *Baggage* WITH CHARACTER

and for the duration of an offensive we have the advantage in quickly shifting about such forces and supplies as we have available. In one important field of supply, however, Rommel has a big advantage. He has a much better developed air supply service, which recently carried through the feat of transferring the German 164th Division from Crete, in Junkers 52 transports and glider trains.

According to *Aeronautics*, the Gotha 242 glider, carrying 23 fully-equipped troops, reduces the speed of the Junkers 52 towing machine by less than 15 miles an hour. It is no longer a secret that Britain almost wholly neglected transport plane construction, first to concentrate on fighters, and later on heavy bombers. It now seems that a small percentage of big plane production in Britain might have been diverted to transports, with a net gain to the war effort.

20% as Air Transport

Fortunately the United States has planned about 20 per cent of her multi-engined plane production as transport, and is filling in this gap. Waiting on the mass production of the fat Curtiss Commando, the old reliable Douglas DC-3 bears the main burden of the trans-African service, with increasing numbers of transport Liberators coming into use. But there is a real bottleneck in planes able to carry a useful load across the ocean hop from Brazil to Freetown.

If our air support is more massive in this offensive and our whole air position in the Middle East more solid than it has ever been, there are also striking improvements in the Eighth Army's tanks and guns, and interesting developments in its tactics. There have been hints that the American M-4 tank, to which President Roosevelt lately admitted production had been changed over from the M-3 or General Grant type, has reached Egypt in numbers since the last campaign.

The M-4 has a cast hull and turret similar to our Canadian Ram tank—to which it is said to owe many features—and its high-velocity 75 mm. gun will turn full around, instead of depending on the steering of the tank itself, as in the awkward General Grant. Probably numbers of the Churchill tank, which had its baptism of fire at Dieppe, will also be tested in this battle. It mounts our new 6-pounder, or 57 mm. gun.

Rommel's PZ-3 tank mounts a 50 mm. gun; and the PZ-4, which has caused us so much grief in the past, has a 75 mm. which far out-ranges the 2-pounder gun carried by British tanks heretofore. It may be useful to compare the weight of shell, calibre and range of these guns, as well as our 25-pounder field gun and the famous German 88 mm. anti-tank and anti-aircraft gun. Our 2-pounder gun has a calibre of approximately 40 mm., our 6-pounder is 57 mm., and our 25-pounder is 87 mm.

Opposing Fire-Power

The German 50 mm. tank gun fires a shell weighing about 4½ pounds, while both the German and American 75 mm. tank guns fire a shell of 14-15 pounds. The German 88 mm. (3½-inch) shell weighs approximately 20 pounds. The German PZ-4 tanks used to open fire at about 2200 yards, and could penetrate our tanks at around 1500 yards, while our 2-pounders couldn't hope to penetrate at less than 700 yards, and had to race in to that range under the enemy's fire.

While our fine 25-pounder field gun, supplied with armor-piercing ammunition (as it was not in the beginning) has given us a defensive weapon almost comparable to the German 88 mm., we have now over-trumped this latter with a long-barrelled 4½-inch (112 mm.) gun, which looks like the anti-aircraft gun used on our aircraft-carriers. An official British source said in mid-summer that there were three regiments of these in the desert, and pictures have appeared in the *London Illustrated News*. Our standard anti-tank gun, however, will be the new 6-pounder, which is now available in hundreds to our troops in Egypt and has won their acclaim.

Our new tactics send the infantry ahead of the tanks, and not the other way about, as formerly. Nor do we any longer send tanks against enemy gun nests. That has proven an unequal contest in the past, and no British commander is likely to forget that terrible 15 minutes at Knightsbridge, last June 13, when 115 of our tanks were wiped out by the German 88 mm's.

Attacking a narrow, deep defensive position like the Alamein line, we began last Friday night with a heavy artillery barrage. As this crept forward the infantry followed behind, clearing out the surviving enemy machine-gun nests, mortar batteries, **and anti-tank guns, while sappers cleared the mine-fields which it had been the duty of the enemy machine-gunners and mortar-men to cover. Mines are cleared with an electrical wand, which gives a buzzing warning. During all this our anti-tank guns go forward to protect our infantry and sappers from German armored counter-attack.**

New Tank Tactics

Our new tank tactics call for an advance in strong formation as soon as a broad gap has been cleared in the mine-belt. It is not their primary job, but that of our guns, to check an enemy armored counter-attack. When the enemy has been stopped and has turned for home, our tanks then swing into action. This worked very successfully when Rommel made his big bid on the southern sector of the front in the first days of September. According to Willkie, he lost about a third of his tank strength in that brief and little-publicized, but fiercely-fought engagement.

This battle, too, will be fiercely fought. The Alamein line will be a tough one to break, and this task, much less the destruction of the Axis armies—that elusive goal—will not be accomplished in a few days. But General Montgomery is a hard fighter and something of a fanatic, the spirit of our men is said to be higher than ever, they have the arms, and we *must* win.

Perhaps the best omen from the battlefield so far (I write early in the week) is the report of the perfect precision of our moves, the perfect timing of the air support, and the lack of that confusion which was so much noticed in the conduct of our last big offensive, in November 1941. With dearly-bought practice we are learning the art of modern war.

"Nothing Matters Now But Victory"

Victory and our survival. . . . Our survival and all the things our way of life has meant for us: Our fighting faiths, our traditions, our freedoms, our memories and hopes.

And our homes. The homes that were built of a thousand tendernesses, a thousand prayers, a thousand acts of loyalty. Our Canadian homes.

The eyes of envious and merciless enemies now scan our ranks. Eyes that long to see bewilderment, despair. Eyes that long to see us weaken, and falter, and grumble and complain. Eyes that long to see us quit.

We whose forefathers built up our liberties sword in hand and christened them with their blood; we whose forefathers dared venture into a vast hostile wilderness to create a nation; we whose forefathers transformed an unknown continent into a land so great in abundance and so great in heart that the world has seldom seen or dreamed its like before; we who now give our sons to perpetuate that handiwork . . . shall we betray our heritage and falter in this hour?

Our sons and daughters have offered their all to the great cause of liberty. Surely we, at our country's call, will give freely of our labours, our money, our worldly goods . . . Let self-denial be the crowning glory of every home.

Arthur B. Wood

President and Managing Director,
Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada.

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The Surprising Mr. Hepburn

BY F. D. L. SMITH

In this article the former editor of the "Mail and Empire" recites some of the more picturesque and amazing reversals of policy and right-about-facings of attitude which have signalized the career of the now retired Premier of Ontario in the last ten years.

"A congenital genius for surprising his fellows" has long been, and probably will long continue to be, a large element in Mr. Hepburn's make-up.

THE Hon. Mitchell F. Hepburn has long been the most incalculable man in Canadian public life. Always in the spotlight, he is nevertheless difficult to assay, analyze or pin down. One can never be sure where he is going or what he will do next. That is possibly one of the reasons he attracts people and has kept on being Premier so long. Most men and women like mysteries and crossword puzzles. A congenital genius for surprising his fellows constitutes a large element in his make-up.

Yet the surprises which he springs are not always deliberately sprung. Early in his career he confessed to a friend:—"My tongue works faster than my brain." So it often happens that he suddenly goes into reverse. In an early election campaign Hon. George Henry advised him to think before he spoke. Mr. Hepburn's retort courteous from the platform next night was:—"Well, Mr. Henry's thoughts travel by slow freight". The crowd didn't mind the impudence and howled with delight. There was no come-back. The incident was closed and the standard of public life lowered to some extent. The subject of this sketch did not care. A wisecrack had flashed into his mind and he had used it to increase his popularity.

The public man who honestly sees that he has been wrong on an important issue, who tells the people so, and who brings forth fruit meet for repentance, sometimes gets credit for so doing. It was on the road to Damascus that St. Paul found he was wrong and for the rest of his life he lived up to his conversion. Mr. Hepburn appears to get on the road to Damascus every little while. He is forever seeing a great light and changing his attitude on public questions. He has been on both sides of nearly every important issue since he became Premier. His whole political career consists of a series of conversions, right-about-faces and quarrels with his past. He glories in and thrives on his inconsistencies. But don't forget that some of his conversions are genuine and permanent thus far. He has travelled a long way since 1934.

Take his attitude toward England and the British. Shortly before his first provincial victory at the polls, he said that Britain was no more to him than a spot on the map. He boasted that during his eight years as a Member of Parliament at Ottawa he never once crossed the threshold of Rideau Hall, the Governor-General's official residence. He counted that to himself for righteousness in the eyes of the back-township farmer and the man in overalls. He early threatened to close Government House in Toronto.

But his dislike for high society in Canada did not prevent him from accepting entertainment at Government Houses in Nassau and elsewhere. For several days he was the guest of His Excellency Governor Clifford in the Bahamas, even going so far as to disport himself in shorts on the Government House tennis courts. On returning home he and his fellow Ministers ostentatiously rejected invitations to Chorley Park. At this juncture the Montreal *Standard* asked why he took the trouble to wear a collar and the press all over this province became critical of him. Even Journalists prefer some dignity in affairs of State.

Closed Chorley Park

His action in closing Ontario's Government House must have embarrassed him when the King and Queen visited Toronto in 1939 and had to live on their train at the Union Station instead of going into residence. This inconvenience probably helped to curtail their Majesties' stay in Ontario's capital city. About this time Mr. Hepburn got on the road to Damascus again. Perhaps he began to see the value of British traditions and institutions and to put a proper estimate on the place of the Monarchy in a parliamentary democracy. At any event he tried to make up for his earlier mistake by leading the whole populace in enthusiastic homage to the King and Queen who have so profoundly commended themselves by their lives to liberty-loving people all round the world. We credit Mr. Hepburn with a genuine conversion in this respect.

It will be recalled that on first achieving office he cavilled at the formal dignity with which the opening of the Legislature was carried out. He declared that there would be no more cannon firing or bugle blowing or fuss and feathers in Queen's Park. We almost expected him to abolish the mace, strip the Speaker of his cocked hat, and cut out the prayers at the opening of each day's session. He afterwards learned about the historic significance of the ritual observed by Governor and Legislature in getting down to business and decided to leave well enough alone. The soldiers, the buglers and the cannon re-entered the scene. This was to his credit. He proved that he could learn and was therefore no Bourbon.

During the first session of the House under his leadership he encouraged friends and admirers in the galleries to cheer his rude jibes at the Opposition. The crowd applauded with particularly loud laughter when the Premier referred to a prominent front-bench Conservative as "so small that he could walk under a freight car with a silk hat on". But it was not long before Mr. Hepburn realized that he had made another mistake and began to co-operate with Mr. Speaker in curbing the galleries and in restoring the proceedings to their normal dignity.

The Power Contracts

Back in 1936 he struck at the sanctity of contracts by cancellation of the Quebec power agreements with widespread loss to thousands of innocent bondholders. In so doing he set a precedent in confiscation which Premier Aberhart afterwards carried to great lengths in Alberta. The London *Times* having suggested that such repudiation of contractual obligations was damaging Ontario's credit, Mr. Hepburn retorted that the English should mind their own business and that they might begin paying their war debt to the United States before criticizing him. This unwarranted insult he repeated perhaps a score of times in public.

Mr. Hepburn long ago regretted his unfairness to the mother country in that connection. Since then, and

This war has yet to be won. We could lose it.

The time has come to fight with everything we have . . . with our hearts and minds . . . with our working energy . . . with our DOLLARS. We MUST buy Victory Bonds. We must dip into our savings to buy them—pledge our future earnings to buy them—pare down our living standards to buy them. We are fighting for our lives.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

BUY VICTORY BONDS

especially since his visit to Australia and Their Majesties' tour of Canada, Ontario's Premier has kept right up at the head of the Imperial procession. No Canadian has been more whole-souled in his support of Britain in this war or more zealous in his efforts for fuller participation in the battle against the Dictatorships. His condemnation of Mr. King's plebiscite is a case in point. He does not hide his contempt for what he considers the Federal Prime Minister's casual leadership in the war. The Ontario Premier blames the Federal Prime Minister for what he regards as his persistent effort to avoid his obvious responsibility to furnish Canada's oversea forces with adequate reinforcements. In so doing he points to the critical battles which undoubtedly lie ahead.

Another Turn-About

One cannot leave the cancellation of the Quebec Power contracts without noting another recent turn-about. Everyone remembers that Mr. Hepburn once launched a judicial inquiry into Mr. Meighen's conduct as a Hydro-Electric Commissioner and that a Board of his own choice issued a clean bill of health to Mr. Meighen. But that did not prevent him from continuing to denounce Mr. Meighen on the public platform. The road to Damascus now comes into the picture again. In the South York by-election last February Mr. Hepburn placed the weight of his influence behind the new Conservative Leader, stating that he himself had been wrong in voiding the power contracts and that he had been misled into doing so by his own Attorney-General, whom he later dismissed from office. He added that this was the reason he had renewed the contracts in the face of an approaching power shortage—lately accentuated by war-time demands as indicated by Dr. Thomas Hogg. In the light of his later knowledge Ontario's Prime Minister withdrew the charges of bad judgment and malfeasance which he formerly brought against the previous Ontario Government and against the former Hydro-Electric Commission and staff. Mr. Hepburn's second thoughts were right again—after the damage had been done.

Mr. Hepburn has taken both sides on Labor issues. In one general election he assured a radical audience:—"I swing well to the Left." He helped to eliminate Section 98 from the Criminal Code. He stood behind his Attorney-General at a barricade in Queen's Park when the latter cried out to a crowd of so-called hunger marchers: "Go back home and organize until you are strong enough to return here and compel any Government then in power to do your will." In Opposition Mr. Hepburn had praised riot leaders at Stratford as "red-blooded" men. He talked against the power barons and advocated putting the printing presses at work turning out paper money. He suggested partial repudiation of provincial and federal debts.

Hepburn and the C.I.O.

But about this time a difficult general election in the province loomed before him, and when the Committee for Industrial Organization entered the picture Mr. Hepburn saw his chance to divert attention. Strikes occurred at Oshawa and elsewhere, and the Premier, changing his attitude overnight, became the foremost champion of law and order, demanding a detachment of Dominion Police from Ottawa, and drilling a new police force of his own in the basement of the Queen's Park Parliament Buildings. The effect of this spectacular move was to secure him a handsome majority in the elections.

Nothing worse in the way of legalized governmental confiscation has been seen in this country than Mr. Hepburn's administration of the Succession Duty legislation, with its many cases of revision of the duties on estates long since settled and disposed of by his predecessors. So drastic for a time was the operation of this law that widows and other relatives have been subjected to humiliation and sometimes to impoverishment by the authorized agents of the Provincial Treasury.

It will be recalled that during the general election which first brought him to power Mr. Hepburn promised on achieving office to start an exodus of civil servants from Queen's Park that would make the Orange Twelfth of July procession look like thirty cents. After being sworn in he lost no time in putting this threat into effect. He dismissed Conservative office holders by the hundred. Some of the unfortunates were told to "get out and get out quick." Others found new appointees at their desks when they turned up for work one morning. Others learned of their execution through the press. Often Liberal party workers were provided for at the expense of returned soldiers. On the other hand we have heard of individual cases where the Premier has acted in a very generous manner towards Conservative office holders. Nevertheless the guillotining of the Ontario civil service had the effect of tearing the system to pieces and reducing its efficiency for a long time. Even judges, magistrates and deputy ministers were deprived of their places in a contemptuous manner. One magistrate was actually on the Bench hearing a case when he learned that he was no longer empowered to act.

Prior to one general election Mr. Hepburn promised separate school supporters an increased share of the public revenue. He hesitated about implementing his pledge for nearly two years. Finally in the dying hours of a session he introduced a separate school taxation measure which precipitated a revolt of about half of his followers. In spite of opposition from both sides of the house he forced a badly framed bill on the statute books. Public indignation against the Act grew during the recess. At the next session under Opposition pressure the Premier asked the House to repeal the Act, which went into the waste-paper basket never to be heard of again.

But we have to add that Mr. Hepburn possesses courage, a strong flair for carrying the voters with him, and a driving power that enables him to get things done. There are many people in both the Liberal and Conservative parties who would have been glad for this reason to see him in charge of one of the war departments at Ottawa, without abating any of their dislike for his crudities.

And now "Mitch" has thrown another bombshell into the political arena by doing the most surprising thing in his whole amazing career. He is "out," but there is a practically universal feeling that he is not "down and out," and a profound curiosity as to the direction in which he will travel next.

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LIGHTER MOMENTS

It Should Be Hard to Vote

BY HUGH SHOOBRIDGE

MY UTOPIAN visitor tossed one of our esteemed newspapers to the table and registered dissent; he pished and he tushed.

"This," he remarked, "is a supremely silly editorial; it seems there is an election pending and here they are urging, exhorting and pleading with the electors to go and vote; they call it a duty and deplore that only fifty per cent voted last time. Why, in Utopia, we feel easy if our normal seven per cent are polled but if the figure climbs to eight or nine we view with alarm; if ten per cent ever voted we would do something about it".

Now this view, so out of line with Lord Bennett, was surprising, for the Utopian Government is generally conceded to be excellent. Only in Utopia are Charlatans, Comedians and Popularity Hunters consistently relegated to the bottom of the polls, and only in that happy land does it seem unprofitable to flatter the electors by telling them what noble and intelligent fellows they are compared with their leaders. It was once said that in Utopia the energies of Statesmen are concentrated on their proper tasks for they are spared the need to be politicians.

"The Fathers of my Country," explained my visitor, "had long observed the workings of Parliamentary Democracies and they knew what they wanted. What they wanted was an *informed electorate*, so they considered with care the essential qualification. This was not education, for a man with a university degree may be just as deeply buried in his own specialty or affairs as any day laborer; in fact there seemed no criterion which had anything to do with social status, wealth or even intelligence. No. The real test was *interest*—that continual and persistent interest which keeps people familiar with events and personalities and gives them a political memory and background so that they can assay the issues and weigh the men. Such electors are proof against canards and immune to slogans.

It was evident to the Fathers that these electors would be on hand to record their votes come Hell or High Water, and the only problem was *to keep away the others;* those others who become politically awake only at election time, those who view the contest in a purely sporting spirit, and those who are bored by the whole proceeding but are herded to the booths by limousines and canvassers; all the voters, in fact, who can be manipulated or stampeded because they have no political convictions.

So the Utopians made elections dull, stealthy, and continuous. They banned parades and mass meetings, confining the campaigning to the cold printed word with a limited number of radio addresses, to the end that argument should count for more than charm. To avoid the alternation of apathy and excitement which follows on recurrent general electoral convulsions, the two hundred and sixty seats in the Utopian Legislature were regularly vacated at the rate of one a week so that the whole House was renewed every five years. This served the added purpose of keeping the Administration in touch with the trend of opinion, so that they could guide or heed it as seemed requisite.

The discouragement of would-be voters was effected by a flat ban on *aiding* or *urging* the voter on his road to the polling booth—and a meaning was imparted to this edict when it was arranged that no citizen was assigned to a booth less than three miles from his home; then when he got there he had to present an identity card and finally affix a stamp to his ballot.

"Yet," said my friend, "we Utopians insist on equal political opportunity for all; the polling always takes two days, and half of the electorate has a full holiday with pay on the first of these while the other half takes the second. A full six hours during which the polls are open is time enough in all conscience, but there is no thought of stigma on the people who use the holiday for other purposes. The citizen who would rather go fishing than vote is a good citizen if he goes fishing; they also serve who only go to the ball game, and we claim that Utopia has achieved Government of the People, for the People, by some of the People — without invidious distinctions or hard feelings."

"In a real Democracy," he concluded, *"it should be hard to vote."*

Ballad of Bond Week

I HATE the armchair critic,
Who "knew it all along."
And I detest the pessimist
Who moans when things go wrong,
But most of all I hate the man—
The sanctimonious sneak—
Who boasts of buying Victory Bonds
And turns them in next week.

JOHN LASKIER.

Life Lines

O TOMMY, cease your shooting at
the minions of Rommel;
O Airman, do not drop that bomb to
blow Cologne to hell;
But listen to the voice that cries
above the battle strife,
The pontifical pronouncements of the
editors of LIFE.

Tall Rockefeller Centre has not so
far been attacked,
And all LIFE'S precious principles
are practically intact,
But the sordid British citizen who's
lost his home and wife
Can't attain the exaltation of the ed-
itors of LIFE.

Please remember, feudal Britishers,
one sin LIFE can't forgive
Is fighting for your Empire . . . or
the part on which you live.
You, Guardsman, pause before you
fire. Commando, stay that knife,
Lest you lose the moral sanction of
the editors of LIFE.

For their principles are noble and
their motives are sublime,
They're written in the book of Life
and stand the test of *Time*.
So, when you march to battle, kindly
use the drum and fife,
But leave the trumpet-blowing to the
editors of LIFE.

Hamilton, Ont. ED. FERRIS.

The Current Jest

"We predict," says SATURDAY NIGHT, "a very considerable modification of C.C.F. ideas, a growing recognition of what is practicable and an increasing skill in the manipulation of the electorate." If they can develop that last one the others won't matter.—T. D. F. in Ottawa *Citizen*.

•

One evening, when moving pictures were shown in a Norwegian theatre of a German ship unloading food at an Oslo pier, one man could not restrain himself.

"Stop the machine," he shouted. "You're running the film backward."

... if you can't GO across...

You can COME ACROSS

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Julia

This is the story of lovely Julia, wife of Ian Duff. It is a simple story that might never have been told. Yet for real heroism and quiet, unassuming courage, it should take its place among the great annals of our struggle for freedom.

Julia is a steel worker, the daughter of a steel worker. Her father has been with Dofasco for over a quarter of a century. She lived close to the heart of steelmaking from babyhood, so it was to be expected that when the time came for her to work, she followed her dad, joining Dofasco five years ago. In the fullness of womanhood she chose the man she would marry from the men with whom she worked.

Julia and Ian planned to live their lives together long before rumours of war disturbed the world. They lived that happy period of betrothal with hearts overflowing with things to be. They dreamed of a home, and children, and days spent together in the building of their new lives. They were young, Julia just twenty and Ian twenty-four.

How quickly the dreams of young folk can be shattered. The clouds of war darkened the world. Ian, with some inborn sense of duty, felt the call to enlist. We were loath to let him go. He was a chemist in our laboratory, and quite important to war production. More than this, he was a likeable and dependable man.

But in nineteen-forty Ian joined the Air Force. They made hurried preparations for the wedding. Three weeks into which Julia and he crowded a lifetime of happiness. A bitter-sweet honeymoon, that held both hope and fear. Then Ian left for England and Julia put away her wedding dress and donned Dofasco work clothes, to take up her job again.

These few glimpses of the lives of Julia and Ian do not, however, tell the real story. It is hidden deep within their hearts. It is not for others to see and read. Yet we know some of the story, piecing together the fragments that came from Julia's trembling lips, and from the sadness in her eyes, as she, like a brave little soldier, goes about her work. None but the lonely heart can know the yearning of girls like our Julia who, unafraid, calmly face what fate sends to them, and carry on in their sincere yet humble way.

Her days are filled with longing to hear from Ian, for mail is often delayed. When letters arrive he says little of what he is doing, of his responsibilities in this struggle for Victory. But Julia knows that he is fighting for their happiness. Instead, he talks of home, of the plant, of their friends, of simple things that once touched their lives.

Ian's letters scarcely mention war, except to tell of the various promotions as he won his way to the commissioned rank of Pilot Officer in the Royal Air Force. His letters do not mention war. They talk rather of peace, of what he and Julia will do when Victory is achieved and he can return and, with her, begin to build the home and the new life they planned so long ago. Ian has learned to know life by comparison, for he too is lonely, as Julia is lonely. His letters are poignant with his longings to be with us, and to enjoy the security we enjoy. He knows the emptiness that can come to a man in the service of his country, who is deprived of the fullness of life . . . of returning to a home at the end of a day . . . of finding an eager welcome awaiting him . . . of having a comradeship that gladly shares his sorrows in as great a measure as his joys.

Julia and Ian are giving their all unstintingly. Every pay day since Ian went away, Julia has invested part of her earnings in War Savings, a simple act that seemed to us to complete the self-sacrifice they are making. If there is a reward for such souls, and we know that there must be, in happiness and contentment in the years to come, we know that these two people will win that reward.

The story of Julia and Ian makes us a little ashamed as we sum up the total of sacrifices we have made, and we are inspired to do what little we can to insure their sacrifice be not in vain. You too, perhaps, may find an inspiration in their story, if your heart has understanding.

DOMINION FOUNDRIES & STEEL LIMITED, HAMILTON, CANADA

Sunshine or Shadow for Conservative Party?

BY HENRY LYNN MARSHALL

Mr. Marshall, who has been the author of several articles recently published in "Saturday Night" and severely critical of the behavior of both the Government and the Opposition in the Ontario Legislature, here expounds the view that unless the Conservative party can make itself a competent Opposition it can never manage to make itself a Government, either in a province or in the Dominion.

GROUNDHOG Day this year falls on the 9th of December, when the Conservative party breaks its prolonged entombment and decides whether it shall fit itself into a changed and rather terrible world, or whether it shall return permanently to its necropolis.

Two factions of the body of working Conservatives will be in evidence at Winnipeg. Comprising the first are the oldsters, still bewildered that governmental machinery can and does function without their faltering hands at the controls; certain younger elements will bed down with this palsied group because they are infected with the defeatism of the oldsters. Licking the wounds of electoral battles of recent years, mumbling destructive criticisms, and reminiscing on the glory that was Greece are the normal occupations of this unhappy coterie.

Vigorous and healthy-minded party members comprise the second group; they are determined to overcome the frustration engendered of the cowardice, ineptitude, inanition and doddering of the older faction.

Should the defeatist section dominate the Winnipeg scene as it has dominated too many Tory conclaves of recent years, then the party can call in the receiver, for in such case it is through. It is a grave occasion for the party, probably for Canada, for, unless the Conservative party becomes forthwith a living, driving force in Canadian affairs, the government of this country may soon be a government of radicals.

Further fumbling and bumbling in party management will not do. Earl Rowe saw a sample of it first hand in the Ontario provincial election of 1937. Two months before election date his chances of becoming provincial premier were better than fair. As the voting date neared, the C.I.O. issue became paramount. Mr. Rowe, guided by an incompetent group of floundering brain-trusters, adopted a course of being all things to all men. Vital issues were overlooked, and Mr. Rowe's speakers came to regard Magna Charta as the safest subject for platform discussion. Results of the Ontario Conservative debacle of 1937 are history, and while today the preservation of charter rights and the restoration of civil liberties are indeed momentous issues, yet Conservative leaders must move farther along than Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, the Gordon Riots and the life and times of Sir John A. Macdonald if they are to play a major part in Canadian affairs.

The Rout of 1940

If the 1937 defeat provided an insufficient lesson, the federal rout of 1940 should still be fresh in the memories of party strategists. Hon. Dr. R. J. Manion, now making his professional rounds with a commission under the hand and seal of Mackenzie King as chief of Canada's volunteer firemen, followed, federally, a course designed to give the least possible offence to all elements in the country. Well he learned the futility of fighting the astute Mackenzie King with the latter's weapons! Even in choosing an organizer his strategists were motivated solely by the imaginary necessity to "do something" for a party regular, bankrupt in executive experience and sales ability.

Today the greatest single need of the Conservative party is an injection of realism. Canada's future and the future of every democratic nation depends on the outcome of the war, in which Canada's part, barring some major and unpredictable political shift, will be determined for some time to come by the King Government. Mr. King has a huge parliamentary following; he can survive the bolting of a substantial bloc and still command a working majority. His limitations as a national rather than a party leader will continue to be overlooked by his following in the light of his ability to keep his party in power, which is, in practice, the first concern of any government.

Mr. King will head no national or coalition Government; he has long since indicated his aversion to the presence of any potential backstabbers in his cabinet. Further, applying those life-time principles which have served him well, he will gamble on a policy of waiting out the war as he waits out all problems. Moreover, Conservative members willing to join Mr. King face an excellent chance of being read out of their party, while those commanding party respect want no part of any Government headed by the present premier. They have had their fill of frustration within their own ranks.

But there is nothing to prevent the Winnipeg delegates from doing some house-cleaning and making internal party preparations against the day of the next federal election. Most citizens are nursing some grudge or other against the Government. Bureaucratic controls are irksome, no matter how necessary in wartime, but fumbling with housing, selective service, the beef supply, and so on, have engendered a critical mood likely to be reflected when the ballot boxes are again opened. Conduct of a major war is an acid test for any Government and with billions being spent under the aegis of hastily contrived organizations, there are always possibilities of a major scandal developing. These elementary practicalities should not be lost sight of at Winnipeg.

Vision of Tomorrow

In the selection of a leader, the new chief must not only know the "today" of his country, but he must master the detail of "today" in relation to the multitudinous phases of public business. He must have the vision of "tomorrow". For him, a study of leadership lessons of the past should prove profitable.

Sir James Whitney and G. Howard Ferguson were obscure country lawyers when entering politics. Both served long apprenticeships before achieving high office; both understood Opposition functions and both acquired wide Opposition experience. Their excellent Opposition records were major factors in their later electoral successes. Both possessed color and an excellent sense of news values, assets lamentably absent in most Conservative leaders of today. Both these successful Conservative chiefs acquired an encyclopaedic knowledge of public affairs as related to the Governments they were to head. Both were experts in bringing before the electorate those specific illustrations necessary to drive home the problems, abuses and issues of the day. Today the Government leaders are permitted by weak Oppositions to becloud the costly blunderings of current administrations because the key members of the Oppositions fail to master the detail of the subjects they essay to discuss. Neither generalities nor axioms are satisfactory substitutes for facts when public matters are under discussion.

There is no need to enlarge on the importance of Oppositions in the British parliamentary system; which leads to a consideration of what the Conservative Opposition at Ottawa has accomplished. Notwithstanding the assurances of Hon. P.J.A. Cardin, it is likely that public sentiment has been a more potent driving force than the feeble banalities of the cataleptic group led by Hon. R. B. Hanson. Opportunity wastes her time knocking on the door of the Conservative Opposition as now constituted at Ottawa—and in certain provincial legislatures.

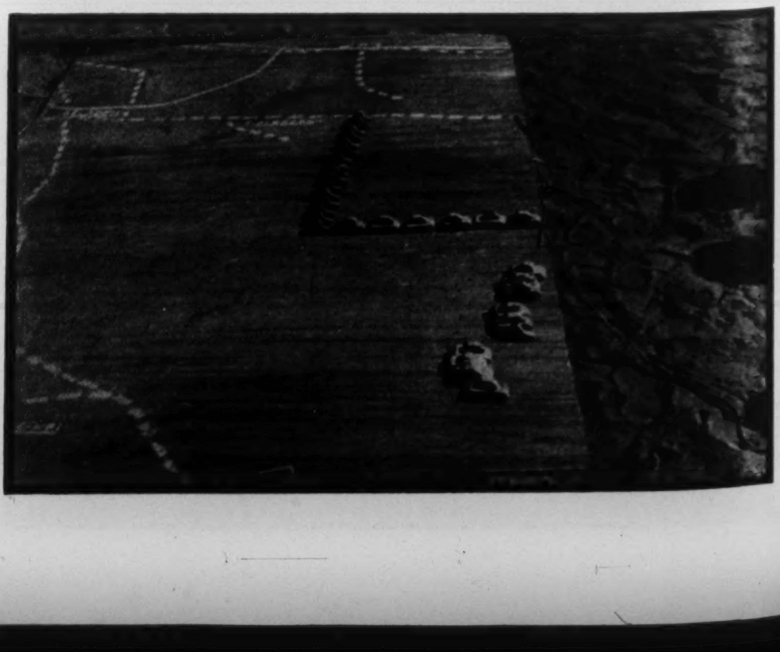
Hong Kong Episode

Opposition futility was well illustrated in the Hong Kong episode. First, the government was able to stall off discussion until the final days of the session. When the item was reached the debate revolved about secret and not so secret documents, the sanctity of the judiciary, the necessity of despatching the expedition, and so on. Now, there were two Hong Kong charges, first, that numerous soldiers were inadequately trained, and second, that vital mechanical transport items were missing. Both charges were proven; they were admitted by the Royal Commissioner and the Minister of National Defence. Admission of the deficiencies should have led to an enquiry in the House as to whether the handling or mishandling of this small enterprise afforded a proper index as to the handling of Canada's armed forces in general. But throughout, the Opposition permitted the government to hide behind successive smoke-screens obscuring the real issues involved.

An efficient Opposition is the most important single check on the free-spending proclivities of patronage-minded Governments; more important still is its function of modifying the extremes of proposed legislation. In both these matters the Ottawa Opposition has failed miserably. Its guerilla tactics will win neither battles, wars nor elections. A hopeless minority amongst the members of this Opposition displays either industry or intelligence or even an occasional flash of statesmanship.

It is not at Ottawa alone that there is Opposition futility. In Ontario, normally a Conservative province, the Hepburn government held office for eight years—and the Liberal leader still kept the remnants of the defunct Henry regime on the defensive. Nimble Comrade Hepburn skipped with amazing agility from his flirtations with labor and capital and communism to discussions of his feud with Mackenzie King. Between times, he served as a bureau of general misinformation on Canada's war contribution, the imminence of a Russian collapse, the doings of the American navy and the grand strategy of the Allied commands. As the end of the brief legislative session approached, his broadsides on every conceivable subject except his administration of

Now that the British 8th Army has opened its large-scale offensive in the Middle East, many a tank officer will have opportunity to put into practice lessons in desert warfare learned at sand tables such as the one shown here. It is 8 feet square and on it are reproduced to scale in miniature all geographical characteristics and features of adjacent combat areas. Small model tanks are employed for instructional purposes and experiences of past battles are drawn on to explain future movements. In the top picture an instructor is seen arranging models for a demonstration while below a close-up of the same models appears.



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the affairs of the province of Ontario had bemused and befuddled the lackadaisical Opposition to the point where its members languidly joined the Government to vote, in an hour or two, the outrageous sum of $120 million to keep the administration in pocket money for another twelvemonth. Many Opposition members can well recall when $5 million sufficed to run provincial affairs for a year.

In Ontario, six assembly seats have been vacant for long periods, years in some instances. Mr. Hepburn took the stand that an expenditure of $50,000 out of the $120 million he was spending yearly would not be justified in relation to by-elections. Strangely enough, this scandalous negation of democracy and flouting of Ontario law, leaving 170,000 voters without their electoral rights, failed to draw the fire of the Opposition.

A Winnipeg "Must"

Formulation of a constructive and far-sighted policy is a "must" of the Winnipeg conclave. This policy must not involve the sacrifice of the solid accomplishments of the Canadian people to pursue socialistic will-'o-the-wisps, nor must it involve foolish attempts to outbid rival parties in efforts to buy the people with their own money. And equally important is the scrapping of the existing policy of the die-hards, "We mustn't do this; we can't do that." No party seeing a lion under every bush is going far; Conservatism can neither succeed nor serve while harboring the timorous mentality of a chain-gang fugitive.

Thousands of Canadians are truly Conservative in belief and outlook. While believing in progress they also believe in holding fast to hard-won accomplishments and rights. They are ready to assist the well-being and happiness of peoples by evolutionary rather than revolutionary methods. Conservative-minded people generally must play their parts in the party rejuvenation. They will do so when party affairs are directed by strength and resolution rather than by the timidity of die-hards forever facing to the rear. Party management at the hands of men still thinking in terms of tariffs, the full dinner-pail, the Chinese exclusion bill and like issues of the days of the bustle and the crinoline, must cease.

There is little basis in fact for a current theory that electors are not politically minded in wartime. They are impatient at mean partisanship, but a majority of Canadians is displaying a real interest in the conduct of public business. When Conservative leadership is determined and a meritorious policy outlined, there will be no lack of response if leader and program are backed up by hard and intelligent work. There is scant interest evoked by the banalaties and the generalities of recent Opposition programs but there is a real concern as to the activities of Governments on which Oppositions seem so notably ill-informed.

Should Canada presently turn from King Liberalism to left-wing socialism, the experiment may be a costly one. If the Conservative party selects a leader motivated by desire and determination to serve, if it contrives a policy worthy of its great and historic past and in keeping with modern progress, and if it evolves an organization committed to hard and intelligent work, it will continue its part in shaping national destiny. Already there are indications that the stone-age men of the Albany Club are about their old occupation of learning nothing and forgetting nothing, refurbishing their platitudinous patter and vague generalities for a last display at Winnipeg. It is not too late to check them, but if by any evil chance they dominate the Winnipeg convention, the Conservative party can write finis to its career next Groundhog Day. In Canada, the Conservative party, with its long and honorable record of service to King, Empire and Dominion, stands at the crossroads.

They're as capable in the air as any man—or so they think! At any rate British WAAFS now go aloft in RAF service planes for test purposes, thus relieving many a male mechanic for other service. Here one of them goes aboard her ship.

Tax Revenue from Distillers Large

Last year in the U the taxes paid by the dustry to the Governme $1,360,396,721.00.

In these days of multi-figu sum may not impress you. But look at it in terms of war power is what it would pay for: 50 big craft carriers of 20,000 tons each 1,000,000 tons, an invincible armad built complete from keel plates to trial run. Or, in more personal terms, it would pay the income tax of 68,019,836 persons whose income is $50.00 per week and who are married and have two children.

In Canada, the taxes paid by the distilling industry are comparable to those in the United States, per capita of population.

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Industrial Alcohol Needed for Success of War Effort

In times of peace few of us realize that each of us daily uses, from infancy to old age, countless things the fabrication of which depends on Industrial Alcohol. But it is in times of strife that Industrial Alcohol really plays a vital role, as it is an indispensable ingredient in making everything from munitions to medicines, plastics to rubber, in helping to make powder and shells, guns, tanks, planes, destroyers and battleships needed by our armed forces.

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Yes, it is true that our Dollars turned into Daggers are going to win this war. But it must not be just the Dollars that are left over after luxuries have been purchased—it must be every single Dollar that is not absolutely necessary to our existence. Only by this "all out" investment can Victory be ours.

But our "all out" effort must not stop at lending money—we must travel less in our cars, be more careful at our work, produce more of the weapons of war and forget for the time being our peace time pursuits.

Our peace time equipment at Hiram Walker-Gooderham & Worts Limited has been completely converted to war time equipment. Some of our plants have been engaged in war work since the beginning of the conflict, and within a few days every hour of our distilling effort in all our plants in Canada and U.S.A. will be devoted to making Industrial Alcohol for the United Nations.

We are proud of our contribution because Industrial Alcohol plays such an important part in the war effort. It is an indispensable ingredient in making everything from munitions to medicines . . . plastics to rubber . . . in helping to make powder and shells . . . guns . . . tanks . . . planes . . . destroyers and battleships needed by our armed forces.

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CANADA OVERSEAS

Churchill and These Urgent Times

BY L. S. B. SHAPIRO

DEBATE in the House of Commons is growing increasingly bitter. On every current problem—conduct of the war, food, fuel, army pay, India—the Treasury Bench is being violently assailed from all directions. The attacks are directed by arch-Tory and militant Communist, by Cunningham-Reid and Willie Gallacher, by Conservative, Liberal and Labor. This activity is proof abundant of the virility of British democracy after three years of life in the shadow of a totalitarian continent.

The content of venom in the attacks may foreshadow changes in the Government. The British people like changes, and if it is inconvenient for them to effect changes by a general election in war-time they have ways and means of applying pressure on the Government to effect changes within the executive structure. Perhaps this is because the British people tire easily—even of efficiency.

Whatever happens in the near future, however, it may be stated with certainty that Mr. Churchill's position will not be affected. He is a unique figure even among British prime ministers of modern times. He is so commanding a personality in the war-time way of life in these islands that he may be said to stand aloof from the currents and whirlpools of politics. His position is so distinctive that he will some day make the basis of a brand new chapter in the constitutional history of Great Britain.

IT IS difficult for us in America to assess the true character of Mr. Churchill's position in Britain. One must live among these people, know their manner of thought and realize to the full the nature of the miracle of 1940. For Mr. Churchill is part of that miracle and cannot be separated from it. He is an epoch in the history of Britain. Quite patently he is a unique figure in British constitutional development because in a nation so practical and politically-minded as Britain it is not the custom for a prime minister to be either a miracle or an epoch.

For the purpose of assessing public esteem, Mr. Churchill may be compared with the King. When His Majesty's Government is assailed, there is no thought of assailing His Majesty. Similarly, when Mr. Churchill's administration is attacked in the Commons or in newspaper leaders, there is no intention of unseating Mr. Churchill. By a popular consent unprecedented in modern times, he is above and beyond the spray of political storms.

The British people have a prodigious sense of history. And at this time they cannot conceive of any other man occupying No. 10 Downing Street because Mr. Churchill is sound and symbol of everything they feel at this crossroads of world development.

THE difference between Mr. Roosevelt's succession to office by popular consent and Mr. Churchill's is written in the manner of their attainment.

The machinery by which Mr. Roosevelt became President was thrown into gear in 1928. For four years he was cleverly peddled to the Democratic organization by the astute Jim Farley. The opposition to him was gradually undermined, his political strength slowly developed to reach a climax at the Democratic convention in Chicago in June, 1932. Every stratagem of democratic politics was invoked.

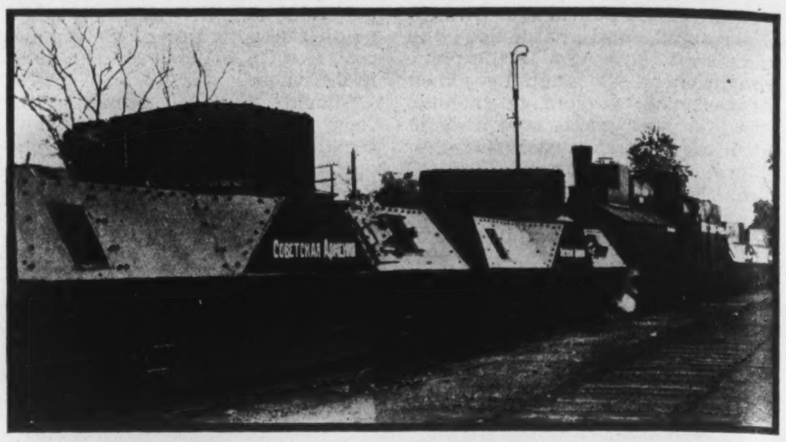
Mr. Churchill had no Jim Farley to tack the carpet on the staircase of his accession to power. During the years before 1940 he was considered a rebel by the Tories, he was hated by the Laborites and distrusted by the Liberals. By his own confession he felt that his political career was behind him. Early in 1939 his star of fortune began to flicker once more, even as the dust of Munich was making bitter tears in the eyes of the British people. But no prophet however brave would have given more than tuppence ha'penny for Mr. Churchill's political future. The shadow of Gallipoli was long and the power of the machine Conservatives great.

THEN came the thunderclap of May, 1940. The British people moved out of the realm of politics and asserted once more their sense of history. The mark of destiny had returned to them. They thought no more of MacDonald, Baldwin and Chamberlain. This was the atmosphere of Drake and Wellington and Disraeli. And it came to them as though by instinct that Mr. Churchill should be prime minister. There was no choice. He was a creature of history. Without machinery, without orthodox political backing, he moved to the leadership as naturally as a new year follows on the midnight of December 31st.

For more than two years Mr. Churchill has been the leader. They have been years of frustration and bitter disappointment, more than enough to discredit any other man in the eyes of a people so vibrant with change and politics. But Mr. Churchill remains firm in the seat of power, and his personal right to power is never seriously challenged in a Commons in which he has never had a large bloc of machine support. The character of the time and the character of the man are too closely enmeshed. The drama of this Armageddon is too powerful for the intrigues of everyday politics.

HOW long will Mr. Churchill remain in this unique position? Only, it would seem, so long as his sense of history continues to match more closely than any other single man's the British people's sense of history. At this writing he remains firmly individual in this respect.

But the test approaches with the bend of the winter. The British people feel more and more vividly that the destiny of this war is bound up with Russia. They have full confidence that Mr. Churchill knows this growing sense of urgency and that in concert with Mr. Roosevelt he will match this sense of urgency with a display of action. If Mr. Churchill lets them down, he will have lost the magic by which his unique position in British political life is maintained.



A factor in maintaining communication lines between Russia's fighting forces and her workers in the supply centres are armoured trains like the one shown here. This one was built in a Moscow shop from materials bought with funds supplied by working people of the Armenian Republic.

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In Memoriam, M. J. C. M.

The author of these verses, a Pilot Officer of the R.A.F. who has served on many fronts in this war, is a son of the distinguished Canadian author, Alan Sullivan. The brother officer to whom it is dedicated was drowned in the Elbe in February, 1941. The poem seems to us a remarkable expression of the strange new chivalry of the modern knighthood of the air.

PICTURE an airman, masked in metal bird,
Armored deep against the cold, and visored
Duellist fashion round his steady eyes.
He holds, within this sinister disguise,
A constant hammer-arm all poised to strike
Fear into the anvils of resistance,
Two thousand metres underneath his glance.
Creeping across the dial of map, he like
A pirate raids the searchlight cliffs, where showers
Of searing metal climb at him.
Such hours
Of private danger, stolen silently,
Are affirmation of his mastery.
For this each time he ready risks his life;
That he may test the keenness of his knife-
-Edge standards—the uncompromising truth
That death is better than quiescent youth.
For he can set apart his hours for death,
And live them gladly, cheerly drawing breath;
While for the rest he still can contemplate
What in this life is peaceful, good and great.

BUT see him when he sheds that hideous mask
Outside the chilly orbit of his task!
Here is no myrtle-browed adventurer,
But artist, scholar and philosopher:
Writer of verses, dipped in history,
True lover of his country's literature.
Yet, though a gallant, bred in chivalry,
No self-appointed knight-at-arms is he,
Nor can be, for his strange unbidden foe
Lies herded up in cities far below—
A coward's quarry for heroic man,
Obedient to a so-called Master-plan.
(As if a Master-mind could give this order
And plan to cause the maximum disorder!)
He understands the simple human fear
In honest homes that lie awake and hear
The approaching scythe and arc of engine noise:
He knows the smudging shadow that destroys
The hope of old that they shall die in peace,
The hope of young that they shall have increase,
The faith of each that all the others feel—
The same beliefs are false, the same are real.

MICHAEL, you were unhappy in your age,
For paved with ill intentions is this stage
Of history for the individual man,
Who scruples about doing what he can.
Caught in your quest for action by the need
Of war to sanction every inhuman deed,
And stifle eager pity at its root,
You summoned up that noble attitude
To death, that the Elizabethans taught,
And others like the Greek and Spaniard sought,
That man must make his action absolute,
Spurning the limits that are set by thought.
Thus did your delegated deed of war
Become a work of art as few before,
Since death alone leaves unimpaired the fact
Of simple satisfaction in the act
Of perfect daring.
This you knew, and so,
Giving your hostages to wind and foe,
And risking all on the mechanic's skill,
You strode about the chancy sky until
The earth grew jealous, gathered you to sleep
Painless forever in a river deep.
We must accept you are what men call dead:
Eager Time has torn your uncompleted
Life apart from ours, yet it may be
That we are joined by the great fundament
Of mortal feeling that is eloquent
Of immortality.

MICHAEL, you loved the tales of gallantry,
And we weep not, remembering how you bore
Yourself when breath was sweet, for long before
It was bestowed your badge of courage hung.
They say the gods love those who perish young,
Which surely means the love we bear them still
Reaches them—and ever will.

BARRY SULLIVAN.

"Hello, CANADA!

"It's JACK, . . . We're thinking of you folks back home.

"Since Dieppe there's no holding our boys . . . they're in high spirits and in great fighting trim.

"All the same, it takes ships and planes and tanks and guns . . . a constant stream of them . . . so keep 'em rolling.

"You save our lives and we'll save yours!"

"Hello, JACK!

"Tell the boys we are backing them up . . . all we have is theirs.

"The people here will roll out their dollars for the Victory Loan . . . so you'll have all the tools you need . . . to bring you home sooner . . . to bring *more* of you home.

"Here's our slogan, Jack . . . *'Nothing matters now but Victory'*.

"It's our pledge to you and WE WON'T FAIL YOU!"

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AFTER THE WAR

Towards Health Security in Canada -- I

BY S. ECKLER

HEALTH security now, as well as for post-war Canada, occupies a leading position in the inner circle of Canada's planners. It is in the forefront of every Canadian's picture of a better post-war Canada. A Gallup poll recently showed that three out of every four Canadians were willing to forego a small part of their incomes every month for necessary medical and hospital care.

Health security is compounded of three fundamental elements: the raising of the general health level of every Canadian, the prevention of sickness and accident, and the prompt cure of sickness after it has occurred. These three elements are inextricably linked. A higher general level of health cuts down the incidence of disease. The prompt cure of a cold may prevent pneumonia.

Perfect health is an ideal, not a reality. A normal healthy Canadian could always be healthier; physically, morally and mentally. This is the significance of the first element. Superficially unrelated measures, such as a national fitness campaign, a nutrition program, the promotion of recreational and cultural facilities, all combine to raise the general health level. The second element attempts to wipe out, or at least drastically curtail, the main human scourges, some of which are tuberculosis, venereal diseases, mental diseases, maternal and infant diseases, and accidents, by preventive action engaged in on a wide front. The third element, involving the prompt cure of sickness, is essential to alleviate pain and return the sick as quickly as possible to productive work.

The present status of health security in Canada can best be appreciated by regarding the questions:—how healthy are Canadians, and what are the existing and projected health facilities?

It is extremely difficult to draw an accurate or complete picture of the health of Canadians. For such a picture requires, on the one hand, the actual physical and mental condition of every Canadian and, on the other hand, some objective standard of what constitutes good health. Only when health security becomes the active concern of society will it be possible to even know the facts of the actual health situation in Canada.

Health Outlines

We are compelled to use various streams of statistics in order to grasp the general outlines of Canada's health. The 1931 census showed that Canadians of most ages may expect to live from one to two years longer than Americans and Englishmen of corresponding ages. Even though Canada had the advantage of the better than average health of large groups of virile immigrants and of the larger proportion of rural workers, our general over-all health is not much better than that of the United States or Great Britain.

Of much more significance in understanding Canada's health status is a study of the causes of deaths of Canadians. Because here the contrast is stark between the actual situation and what medical experts insist can be achieved. The following table dramatically engraves a fraction of the number of largely preventable deaths in Canada during 1941:

Cause of Death	Number of Deaths
Tuberculosis	6,051
Pneumonia	5,941
Infantile diseases	6,260
Accidental deaths	7,396
Influenza	2,408
Syphilis	914
Puerperal causes	893
Whooping cough	437
Diphtheria	240
Scarlet fever	117
	30,657

In 1941 there were 254,483 babies born in Canada. Out of this number 15,197, or 60 out of every thousand born alive, died before their first birthday.

Vigorous public health offensives and immediate and thorough medical care can drastically cut down a large portion of the above deaths which, unfortunately, occur so often amongst the younger Canadians.

The situation in regard to mental illness is grave. In 1941, the average daily population in mental institutions in Canada was 45,273, while the normal bed capacity of these institutions was 40,115 and there are long waiting lists for admissions to mental hospitals. In general public hospitals in 1940, there were 55,479 beds, with an average daily patient population under care of 30,093. From the above it may be seen that for every day in the year there are more patients under care in mental hospitals than in public hospitals for all other types of sickness.

It has been very roughly estimated that, on the basis of American figures, there should be about 180,000 cases of chronic disability in Canada, exclusive of heart disease.

The 1931 census of Canada examined the days lost by wage-earners on account of sickness and accident. Applying these results to our present population, we find that on any one day about 165,000 Canadians are laid up because of sickness or accident. Or expressed another way, every Canadian may expect about five to six days of disability in one year.

Up to October 2nd 1941, only 56% of those called up under the Conscription Act were classed in Category A. The majority of the rejections were for comparatively minor dental and visual impairments which interfere only slightly with a man's normal work and efficiency. Although this rejection proportion is probably no worse than in other countries, it does indicate a far from ideal general health level. Dietary surveys conducted under the sponsorship of the Canadian Council of Nutrition during 1939 and 1940, in leading Canadian cities, disclosed remarkable vitamin and mineral deficiencies in the diets of a large percentage of the Canadians studied.

Can Be Improved

The above pot-pourri of figures does suggest a health level in Canada that can stand marked improvement. If the preventive and fitness elements of health security are stressed and greatly expanded in Canada, certainly the number of sick, mentally ill and chronically disabled, will become greatly curtailed.

What are the facilities in Canada for promoting health security? The Grauer Report on Public Health, prepared for the Sirois Commission, and the Study by the Canadian National Committee on Mental Hygiene on the Distribution of Medical Care describe in detail Canada's health facilities. Both paint a pretty dismal picture of the inadequacies of the existing facilities in relation to the best public health and medical practice. In very broad outline, the story is as follows.

The Dominion, provincial and municipal governments all participate in various public health activities. Certain serious menaces which require concerted public action for their removal are singled out. That is why

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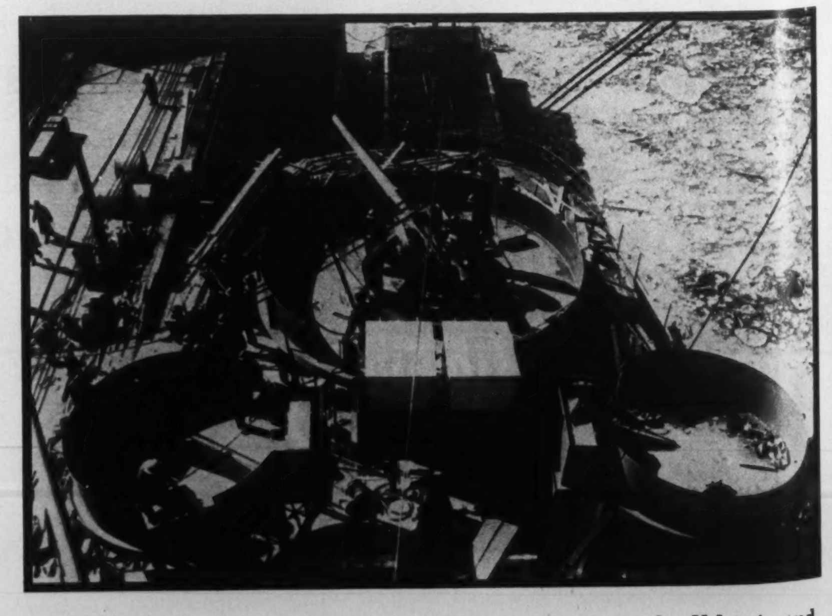


More and better "teeth" for merchant vessels to use on the U-boats and dive bombers is an important aim of the British Admiralty which is now fitting cargo ships with fast-moving guns like these undergoing test.

the provincial governments run tuberculosis and mental clinics and sanatoria. Venereal disease control was financed and supported by the Dominion government until 1932, and some provincial governments are now devoting picayune sums for this purpose. Maternal and child welfare services have been mainly a local responsibility. And very few municipalities can afford adequate services in this field. This explains to some extent the disgracefully high infant and maternal mortality rates in certain sections of Canada. All communicable diseases are of course the responsibility of provincial and federal health departments.

Projects to diminish nutritional deficiency and to improve the health of war workers have been initiated by the various governmental health departments. Mention must be made of the immensely useful public health work done by the numerous voluntary health agencies such as the Canadian Tuberculosis Association, the Victorian Order of Nurses, the Red Cross, etc.

Public health measures are of extreme importance. For they stress the two most vital aspects of health security—the raising of the general health level, and the prevention of sickness. Toxoiding cut the number of deaths from diphtheria in the fourteen largest Canadian cities from 458 in 1927 to 59 in 1936. It costs less than $1000 to treat a patient from tuberculosis in its early stages and anywhere from $2000 upwards for a patient with advanced tuberculosis. So that early treatment and prevention are money-savers as well as life-savers. Some authorities have estimated that insanity could be reduced by at least 40% if preventive and early treatment measures were instituted.

Inadequate Finances

Canada's budget for all such activities has been woefully inadequate. The famous United States Committee on the Costs of Medical Care, made up of eminent sociologists and doctors, suggested that at least $2.00 to $2.50 per person per year is necessary for a full public health preventive program. In contrast, the Grauer Report estimated that the provincial expenditures on the preventive aspects of public health were 24c per person during 1936. This 24c figure does not include the expenditures on preventive measures by the Dominion and municipal governments, but these are relatively insignificant.

Most of Canada's health facilities are directed towards the cure of illness. Health personnel, including doctors, dentists and nurses, hospitals and drugs, constitute the major groups on which funds are expended for the provision of health care. This care is provided largely on an individual basis. The great majority of Canada's medical personnel pursue private practice. Group clinics and group medical care are quite rare. Conversely, most Canadians pay for their medical care on an individual basis; that is, they pay for their medical and hospital care when the necessity for such care arises. It is this situation in the production and consumption of health care which brings about in Canada the great emphasis on cure rather than prevention, and the totally inadequate health care when sickness does strike.

Health security is naturally an elastic concept. Its various elements can be indefinitely expanded. The practical limits of profitable expansion depend on the benefits and better health derived from the final units of expenditure. The above discussion shows that Canada is far below these limits. In relation to the best practice of modern medical science, the health of Canadians is deplorable. The reasons for this situation are the inadequate private and public funds devoted to health security, and the antiquated methods of distributing health care. Cure rather than prevention has been emphasized. The methods of paying for medical care, even for certain curative aspects, result often in incomplete and delayed treatment. The complexities of modern medical technique with its array of specialists and expensive equipment make group or community health centres the most economic method of distributing complete health care. Yet individual practice is still the general rule.

The Health of Women Workers Must Not Be Hurt

BY ANNE FROMER

The health of her women workers is among Canada's most important wartime problems. Today they are the Dominion's munitions makers. Tomorrow they will be its mothers. And in war industry lies a crucial threat to their well being — the threat of occupational illnesses and accidents, of too-long hours and unsuitable jobs, of over-work and lowered resistance to disease.

"Absenteeism" is the first symptom of the "suffering". National supervision of industrial health is the treatment prescribed.

CANADA must face two ways as she calls her women to war work. She needs, is making strenuous efforts to enlist, almost half a million women into munitions factories. But as a nation with as great a future as any in the world, she must take into account the fact that the majority of those women and girls she needs now as tenders of her munitions-making machines are also the mothers of tomorrow's Canadians, and nothing must happen to them in today's emergency that might harm the citizens of tomorrow.

So behind the great expansion of war industries, the governments of the dominion and the provinces, wrestle with the problem of setting up the most elaborate and far-reaching system of industrial health protection the country has ever seen. Its objective is two-fold—to maintain the efficiency of these women as immediate producers of war material, and to guard against mass ill-health among half a million persons—one in 24 of the population—who will be needed as key citizens when the war is won.

The immediate task—and almost as important it is as getting this vast number of women converted from housewives and waitresses and shop-girls into munitions workers—is keeping them at work. Government officials do not hide their concern about the effect of "absenteeism". The loss of 3,250,000 working days in Canada's war plants was enough to have turned out 377 tanks, or 370 bombers, or 70 corvettes. And women were absent twice as often as men in proportion to their numbers.

The greater part of absenteeism is not the fault of the women, though "unpatriotic" stay-aways constitute a significant proportion—those who, because they make more money than they ever made in their lives before, simply take an occasional day off to enjoy the fruits of their labor without pausing to think of the guns or bullets that will not be produced that day because they are not at work.

Border-Line Cases

On the border-line are the cases of girls who take a day off because their working hours do not permit them to shop, get permanent waves and manicures, and attend to all the hundred and one feminine functions, and women who take a day off to catch up with their housework or care for their children.

Most prevalent absenteeism is the result of illness or fatigue, caused by preventable factors, and the elimination of these is the objective of a large part of the government plan.

In peacetime, industrial health matters were left almost entirely to the provincial authorities, but, with large numbers of factories doing work for the federal government under contracts which provided that the contractor supply sanitary and medical supervision, the matter of industrial hygiene moved into the realm of things federal.

Jumping-off point of the program is order-in-council P.C. 1550, passed this year, containing in its rather generalized phrasing the pattern for the betterment of workers' health, with federal and provincial governments, the employer and the individual worker all given important parts. Key to the federal government's role is contained in the clause which empowers the minister to require employers "to maintain a record of sickness and accidents . . . and to keep said records available for inspection by the department at any time".

What this means is that federal inspectors—already a quartet of Harvard-trained Canadian "industrial hygienists" have been stationed at Vancouver, Winnipeg, Ottawa, and Quebec city—will be able to get a quick picture, merely by examining a plant's records, of the particular health and fatigue problems of that factory.

Aircraft factories, for example, are plagued by half a dozen major hazards to workers' health, some of them new to industry. Dopes consisting of nitro-cellulose dissolved in solvents such as ethyl and butyl acetates, butyl alcohol, benzine and toluene, give off harmful fumes when drying, and strangely enough, these affect women more than men. The alcohols have a narcotic effect when breathed, in effect "drug" the worker. Benzine fumes affect the nervous tissues and blood-forming structures, lower resistance to disease, may even cause death if breathed over a long period.

Benzine Poisoning

An examiner checking the sickness records of a plant which contains a benzine hazard might find a number of workers with benzine poisoning symptoms—frequent headaches, nausea, pallor, bleeding gums and nose, dizziness, weakness. The examiner knows where to go—to the departments which use solvents. He takes a sample of the air at the level where the worker breathes, sends it to a laboratory for a benzine content test, and if it contains more benzine than medical standards rule to be safe, may order one of two remedies: the use of a less harmful solvent as a substitute, or, more practical, specify control measures—improved ventilation or the wearing of respirators where exposure is for short periods. If these measures are not carried out, the employer may be prosecuted.

Women are also particularly susceptible to harm from handling poisonous metals—mercury, manganese, lead and petroleum. There is special danger in them to pregnant women, doctors warn, and lead used in industrial paints and in welding may cause a miscarriage.

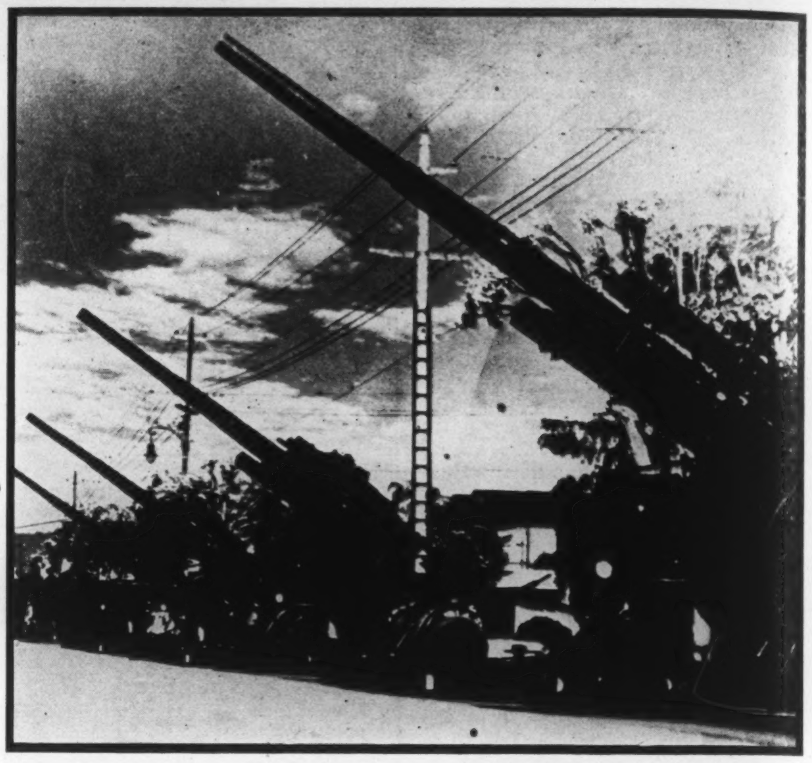
Plant records may show an unusually high accident rate, and this puts the inspector on the trail of fatigue, caused by over-long working hours, monotonous tasks, inadequate rest periods, excessive noise, overcrowding, or women workers required to lift too-heavy weights.

Relation of the length of working shifts to both quality and quantity of production and to absenteeism is considered by Dr. C. F. Blackler, head of the federal Department of Industrial Hygiene, one of the most important facts to be determined. There is still a difference of opinion as to the ideal length of the working shift to ensure maximum production, but Dr. Blackler recommends a shift of 40-45 hours a week for women and 45-50 for men.

In a report drawn up by the department of industrial hygiene, it was pointed out that when working hours were stretched beyond a certain point, not only was production not increased, but the workers actually worked little if any longer over a period of weeks, simply because they were ill or absent more often. One study disclosed that women working on fuse bodies on a 63½ hour week actually produced less than when they were placed on a 55½ hour shift. Of last year's 1,217 fatal industrial accidents, the department suggests as high as 25 per cent may be attributable to fatigue.

The department would like to see all war factories give women workers two ten-minute rest periods per shift, points out that increases in production as high as 8 per cent have resulted from these brief "pauses that refresh". "And during that rest period," comments Dr. J. J. Heagerty, head of the division of industrial welfare, "the girls should be allowed to relax in whatever manner they see fit—including smoking". This applies especially to girls engaged in monotonous tasks.

The clatter and bang of a busy war plant is a self-contained hazard.



Now that Dakar and French West Africa loom larger in the international scene as offensive bases for Nazi air power, Brazil like other Western Nations faces threat of raids to come. Some indication of how well she is prepared to withstand assault on her cities is given in this photo of Brazilian Army anti-aircraft batteries located near Rio de Janeiro.

Constant din frazzles the nerves of workers, especially women, and tires them rapidly. Dr. Blackler is interested in experiments with music in factories, which is said to have the dual effect of overcoming fatigue, and speeding up production. Even in noisy plants it reduces rather than adds to the noise, since workers can attune their ears to the pleasant sound and shut out the unpleasant. In Britain there are special programs broadcast for war workers, including a late night session listed as "Music While You Work".

Our examiner may check, in his hunt for fatigue factors, the matter of weights that women workers are required to lift. Dr. Heagerty reports that the exact weight a woman worker should be required to carry is a matter of the individual. "A lift of 15 pounds might be accomplished with ease by one, while it would tax the strength of another. There is also the problem of repetition—to lift 15 pounds once or twice is different from repeating the effort 20 or 30 times a day."

In determining the optimum load, most investigators recognize that numerous factors beside sheer avoirdupois must be considered. These include the duration of lifting, the distance to be carried, the type of surface traversed, the levels at which the load is picked up and deposited, the pace of the work and the temperature and atmosphere in which it is performed. Then there are more ways than one of lifting—experiments have shown that the best method of lifting a weight is by a shoulder yoke, the worst the "hip lift".

Incidentally, the United States Women's Bureau reported that a survey showed women engaged in lifting heavy weights in defence industries were in danger of contracting bone defects and deformities which might have serious results at childbirth, that miscarriages were higher among these women than among the normal population. British and U.S. standards call for women to lift not more than 35 per cent of their own body weight.

Care During Work

To implement its measures the government recognizes as a prime need of the moment the provision of adequate medical and nursing care and social welfare workers with the plants to carry out a plan of pre-employment medical examination, care during work, adjustment of tasks for individual workers to ensure that women are not called upon to do jobs for which they are physically or temperamentally unfitted.

In providing what they consider adequate medical and nursing care, plants across Canada differ widely. One plant employing 3,000 persons has only one part-time doctor—he conducts his private practice on the side. That, according to government standards, is utterly inadequate. Another large plant with 8,000 employees, has two doctors, 10 nurses.

Government officials admit that the problem of providing professional staffs for plants is a difficult one—the drain on the ranks of doctors by the armed forces and the rapid expansion of plants—but they insist that the order-in-council requirements of "satisfactory medical, surgical, nursing and preventive services" be provided and believe it can be done.

The department's idea of the ideal set-up is this: "All plants, irrespective of size and number of employees should have a first-aid room with all facilities, stations with protective equipment, adequate nursing assistance, and safety personnel. . . No plant with three thousand employees or more can expect one part-time physician to give his best to the plant and attend to the demands of a private practice. Such plants need two full-time physicians with at least six nurses.

"The needs of small industries are not less great proportionately. Ten plants with one hundred men require medical supervision just as much as one plant with one thousand employees. More often than not the smaller plant lacks many features of the larger, such as adequate washing and toilet facilities, rest rooms, proper lighting and ventilation.

"To add to the effectiveness of the service one or two nurses should be detailed for home visits so that psychological and environmental factors in the home may be given their proper perspective. Emphasis will be on the study of home environment, embracing as it does the health and welfare of the family unit, financial worries, and insecurity, for the business of living is a complex problem not always discernible in the casual contact in plant or workshop. Other home influences include late hours and insufficient sleep. There is even a danger of overdoing one's play, for all recreation is not restful and much energy is poured away wastefully."

So the government has recognized that casualties in the factory are little if any less important than wounds on the battlefield, that less illness means more ships and guns and planes, that each step to make women more happy and healthy at their machines will mean fewer casualties at the front.

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F34

Charles Vining Has a Big Job, But He's Big Too

BY N. A. BENSON

Nearly all the Big Men of Canada know Charles Vining. The millions who are not Big Men do not know him as well as they should, for his best work—and he is a brilliant writer—was done anonymously or over invented initials.

A private and a corporal in the last war before he was twenty, Charles Vining at forty-five is today himself a Big Man, with a Big Job. Mr. Benson, who knew him well throughout his newspaper career, thinks that even the Big Job of Chairman of the Wartime Information Board will not be too big for him.

THERE are few tougher jobs in Canada than the one which the Right Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King recently handed to Charles Arthur McLaren Vining. To Mr. Vining has been assigned the Herculean labor of serving as Chairman of the Wartime Information Board.

Mr. Vining might, therefore, be more directly called Canada's new Minister of Propaganda. He and his Board will have charge of all Canadian news and publicity, and he will direct the psychological war against the Axis—who also have a propaganda director of no mean proportions in the person of Dr. Joseph Goebbels. The latter is such an effective propagandist that he has made himself the third best hated man in the world today. A measure of our Mr. Vining's success should properly be the speed with which he can make himself detested in Axis countries. The faster he gets into Hitler's Black Books, the higher his name will rank in our good ones.

Last July President Roosevelt appointed the brilliant newspaperman, Elmer Davis, to the office of Director-in-chief of America's Bureau of War Information, a position comparable to the present one of Mr. Vining. Mr. Davis also had not pulled his punches in criticizing *his* government's fumbling of the propaganda policy. He said: "The whole government publicity situation has everybody in the news business almost in despair. We have agencies in the government that are capable, but there are too many of them. Under one head *with real power* they might *get* somewhere! There are perhaps some people in the administration who dislike propaganda . . . but the enemy is using it very effectively. To refuse to use it against him makes about as much sense as refusing to shoot at the enemy for fear you might hurt him. Anyway, there's nothing wrong about propaganda itself."

We strongly suspect that Mr. Vining might have said something like that in his famous (but private) Report of the Canadian publicity situation made to the War Committee of the Cabinet at the request of our Prime Minister. That same Report was discreet yet powerful enough to win Mr. Vining's present job for him. It was decisive enough to impress the Rt. Hon. Mr. King considerably. Mr. King himself has been a publicist of no mean order; he likely inherited this talent for influencing the public mind from his maternal grandfather, Mr. Wm. Lyon Mackenzie, who was probably the most effective and courageous propagandist this country ever knew. As a propagandist, Mr. Mackenzie invariably worked without gloves on, and at a pitch of burning enthusiasm. He enjoyed the confidence of Canada's working and voting people as no man before or since. He was "sold" on his job and he sold Canadians on it so effectively that some of the best men in Upper Canada tramped the boggy roads to die for a dream of freedom when the Family Compact had its own Gestapo. The shadows of Mackenzie's men still rise out of Canada's past, gleaming and unshakeable. . .

A task of that same size and seriousness, not an atom smaller, confronts Mr. King and Mr. Vining today. It is a task of colossal magnitude, and it demands three qualities —courage, initiative and imagination.

The Right Man

I sincerely believe that Mr. King has chosen the right man for this all-important job, a man who has all of those qualities, plus judgment and integrity. His career, that of a man who has been something of an architect in its design, has been one of steady ascent as well as brilliance.

Charles Vining was born in Winnipeg on September 4, 1897, son of an eloquent Baptist minister, the Rev. A. J. Vining. His family moved to Woodstock and he received his early education there in public schools and later Woodstock College. Shortly after his 18th birthday he enlisted as a private in the famous Princess Pats. He served in France from September 1916 to November 1917, when he was wounded at Passchendaele. He was a corporal when hostilities ceased. At twenty he returned to Toronto and worked like a Trojan to make the grade in Second Year Political Economy. He was handsome, ambitious, clever in a quiet gentlemanly way, and a very good student. Along with his B.A. in 1921, he received the McKenzie Scholarship.

This latter was all the more notable when one realizes that in his latter days at Varsity Mr. Vining was one of a band of rash wits who, as undergraduates, ran that very funny magazine *The Goblin.* His confrères were a gay and care-free set—the poet Joe McDougall, publicist Jimmy Cowan, "Hawk" Harshaw, the late Allan Crawford who died in '23 on the Wrangell Island Expedition, and Dick Taylor, now a cartoonist of continental renown. Like all clever Canadian publications, *The Goblin* had a small circulation and a short life.

Interviewer, Editor

After college Vining thought of entering Osgoode Hall, and took a summer job on the Toronto *Star* as a reporter. He has always been distinguished by a well-groomed and competent presence, and the *Star* boosts such men if they are properly docile and know their stuff. Charles Vining's first *Star* scoop was a "forbidden" interview he got with the arriving Governor-General, the late Lord Byng. This catapulted him into the recognition always given in Canada to one who can achieve vice-regal proximity—one who does that can

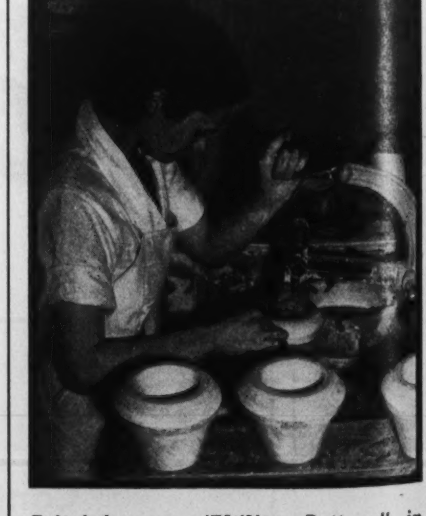
"So long Canada!

I don't know how soon I'll be back ... there's a big job to be done over there. And with your help we will do it. It is going to take a lot of men, tanks, planes, guns and supplies, but it MUST BE DONE."

Thousands of these young men, in addition to offering their lives that we may live, are lending their savings to the government through the purchase of Victory Bonds. They know how absolutely necessary it is that the money be raised so that there will be no let-up in our war effort, and they expect everyone at home to buy Victory Bonds to the limit of his or her ability.

THE MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA

NOTHING MATTERS NOW BUT VICTORY



Britain's new "Utility Pottery" in the making: first consignments will go to relieve shortage of crockery in canteens and restaurants in the "blitz" areas. Afterwards British housewives will be allowed to replenish depleted domestic stocks.

Overtaken and smashed, this German tank lies helpless on the Egyptian desert while its victor, a U.S.-built "General Grant" drives forward.

do almost anything, even become Chief Interviewer of Personages for the *Star*. In this, the youthful Vining preceded the effulgent R. E. Knowles, but which learned from which in the Atkinsonian school of interviewing must forever remain an unsolved problem.

However, Mr. Vining kept his interviews short and pithy. He instituted the use of the fifty-word "copy-block" paragraph as conducive to higher readership. He interviewed Al Smith, Coolidge, Ford, Margot Asquith, Big Bill Thompson and Herbert Hoover.

Someone on the *Star* also showed Charles Vining how to run a newspaper—or perhaps he just watched Mr. Atkinson or Mr. Hindmarsh or the late John R. Bone at work. At any rate, when the *Star* bought the London *Advertiser* he was sent there as managing editor—no mean feat was that, twelve months from reporter to Top Man. But Mr. Vining does things like that—not once but frequently.

Once on his own in London, he functioned so efficiently that he had enough leisure to become lonely, and there he married Miss Doris Belton in November 1925. The next year the *Star* abandoned London to its fate, sold the *Advertiser*, but luckily remembered Mr. Vining and moved him back to Toronto as Associate Editor of the *Star Weekly*. He filled this position efficiently for two years while the *Star* was at its most incandescent zenith.

It was at this time that Mr. Vining began perfecting that unusual series of personality sketches of Big-Shot Canadians which he contributed to the *Star* and *Maclean's* under the enigmatic initials "R. T. L." (later defined by a confrère as meaning "Right-To-Live" as opposed to his then-employers' belief that one should write exclusively for said employers). This series of sketches were indicative of Mr. Vining's agile and adroit approach to tricky problems. He skated on thin ice with the speed of a Stanowski. He made the stuffiest, stodgiest of his Captains of Industry and Politics look like merry magicians or playful eccentrics at worst, and at best as god-like idealistic master-minds unconscious of their own skill. He made all of the Big Fellows seem kindly, urbane and human, extolled their virtues and dismissed their foibles as mere harmless idiosyncrasies.

Acquired Background

There is no doubt that the research on this "R. T. L." series gave Mr. Vining a tremendous political and industrial background which has since stood him in good stead. The need of care in handling such sensitive mastodons was tailored to his own cautious and correct approach to bear-trap situations and shining springboards. He stepped on no toes, especially Big Ones, made no enemies on his first decisive steps upward, and proved himself an astute evaluator of difficult situations.

By 1928 he had had enough of creative writing and the newspaper business. At 31 he took on a tougher opponent—the advertising business, where an incautious word or necktie can speedily and permanently relegate one to the oblivion of indoor departments. Mr. Vining joined Canada's big agency, Cockfield Brown, in the capacity of a research analyst and public relations specialist. Obviously he was an executive from the first. He met clients. He impressed clients. He attracted clients—with such resounding success that in three or four years he was appointed to Cockfield Brown's directorate as one whose all-round business ability and understanding of business promotion and management was sufficient to be of directoral value to a company of national eminence. Plainly, Mr. Vining was a fast learner. In modern parlance no one ever needed to tell him the score. He usually told others.

He was witty in his quiet way, brilliant but not eccentric, imaginative but highly practical, slightly introverted, sober-minded, a man with a clear picture of his own purposes and one who knew his way around. He was also popular and agreeable, never abrupt or determined to make his own way at the expense of his co-workers. In a steadily upward climb he has left neither foes nor detractors behind him, a striking feat in itself.

Newsprint Head

While in advertising, he prepared so searching and comprehensive a survey, and did other intricate jobs so well, for the Newsprint Export Manufacturers' Association that he was appointed to the presidency of the latter in 1934. Seven years later Ottawa's Wartime Prices and Trade Board made him Canada's Newsprint Controller.

A confidential memorandum to high-placed friends in Ottawa suggested that Something Better could be done about Canadian publicity and war information; and this memo led to the official request for a Vining Report on Canadian Publicity. The latter gained for Mr. Vining his appointment as Canadian "Minister of Propaganda" or Chairman of the Wartime Information Board. Mr. Vining, as one may judge from this inclusive sketch of his life and times to date, is definitely a man who has aimed at many high marks and has hit them all.

The task ahead of him might well dismay a less intelligent and imaginative man; for this task demands even more than intelligence—it demands heart and soul and undeviating remembrance of those who did not come back from Passchendaele in 1917. He and his associates might do well to remember what Col. John McCrae said for those men in the latter half of a short poem called "In Flanders Fields" written that same year. It remains now for Mr. Vining, his associates, and his superiors, to help complete the work of the Canadians who stopped the Germans the first time, who died to make the world safe for democracy, who perished for the Peace of Versailles, and who mercifully had no slightest part in the Peace of Munich.

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?

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All our great industries now converted to war production have submerged their peace-time activities to this end:

that our children may continue to live in security and freedom . . .

and that we may soon turn again from guns and tanks and shells to the fullest enjoyment of living which only Victory can restore.

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Vancouver, Trail, Calgary, Edmonton, Regina Saskatoon, Winnipeg, Fort William, Toronto, Swastika, London, Montreal, Ottawa, Quebec, Halifax

Hurried Housing

BY RAYMOND CARD

The immediate housing problem—as distinguished from long-term projects for after the war—is due to the fact that for years past the lowest grade of tenants have been getting their housing below cost at the expense of landlords, and that they can no longer do so because the landlords are now in a position either to obtain an economically proper rent on their properties, or at least to be "choosy" and reject the less desirable tenants, says this writer.

Mr. Card, who is a member of the Royal Architectural Institute of Canada, the Society of Residential Appraisers, and the Institution of Structural Engineers, has frequently lectured on the housing problem. Apart from his professional contacts he has had many years of experience in the actual ownership of low-rent housing.

THE man I told the story to said it was preposterous, but the fact of the matter is that every word of it is true. The mayors of a number of Ontario municipalities have recently had left on their doorstep a problem which has moved them to action, and the action they have been advised to take is so fantastic that it sounds like a chapter from Alice in Wonderland.

Briefly, there is a housing shortage due to the population shift to munitions centres, plus an extraordinary demand for better accommodation due to a higher family income level. This shortage has left without shelter many persons in the lower income group. They are in every way the least desirable tenants and therefore, since there is a surplus of tenants over houses, the ones no sensible landlord wishes to do business with, if he can avoid it, which he can today.

So much sentimentality is permitted to be dragged into these discussions that it is only fair to state what is an indubitable fact: that renting property is a business entitled to exactly the same respect, protection and consideration as any other business. The fact that shelter in our climate is a matter of life and death, owing to the rigors of the winter, does not alter the fundamental rights of a man who owns a piece of property to be paid for its use.

The war, with its obvious demand for special wartime accommodation, has led to the erection of wartime houses, a very proper approach to a very urgent need, but the need for this class of accommodation should not be confused with the need for shelter by persons who are without shelter primarily (war or no war) because they cannot afford to pay for it.

Where, will you say, did these people live before? They lived in houses which the owners were compelled to rent at prices below the cost of the taxes and carrying charges. In other words, the owners of these houses were forced to rent them at less than their economic rent because they felt it better to lose 50% than 100% of the legitimate return they were entitled to expect from their investment.

A Rent Subsidy

The problem, therefore, has nothing to do with the war, other than the fact that the municipality, which heretofore has dodged the issue of subsidized housing for sub-standard income groups, and has laid the burden entirely upon the unfortunate owners of low-bracket houses, now finds these long oppressed owners demanding and obtaining a fair and equitable rent, and the shelterless now clamor on the steps of their city halls and demand that shelter be provided lest they perish from exposure.

Under such conditions a sane and humane man would say something must be done, if the law of supply and demand (subject to labor and materials shortage) would not fill the need. The reason the law of supply and demand does not show any signs of filling the need is the economic one that it does not pay to supply such housing.

How then is such shelter to be provided? The answer is: by subsidy. There are two forms of subsidy, rent subsidy and building subsidy. Of the two the rent subsidy is the easiest to control. It is paid as long as it is needed. It can be reduced or cut off by the stroke of a pen. The seeming (though false) connection between the actual building and the right of a tenant to remain in possession of it is divorced and the eventual cutting off of the subsidy would not have the same harsh appearance that eviction (remember the Irish evictions) always has after it has been misrepresented by demagogues and social orderites. Although this seems a little cold when put in print the fact is that one does not object or wish to hinder the unfortunate from receiving state subsidized shelter, but it is foolish to the extreme to not clearly realize what such subsidies are going to cost.

If in the annual city tax rate an item appears of approximately $5 per taxpayer to provide shelter for those citizens unable to obtain it, such an item is a christian and honorable charge that can call for no criticism except the closest scrutiny in its disbursement; and each recipient can be regularly checked to ensure that no unnecessary name is left up on the list a day longer than is necessary. Compare this with subsidized housing, where the actual cost (as opposed to the apparent cost) can be hidden, forgotten, minimized, and distributed, into the annual expenditures of other departments, making a true analysis of cost a question of everlasting dispute, and preventing critics from ever saying exactly what the true cost was. Streets and services to the roadways department, rent collection to the welfare department, repairs to the works department, finance to the finance department, landscaping to the parks department, and so on, all down the line: The costs and charges unreasonable and uneconomic because they are hidden from public view.

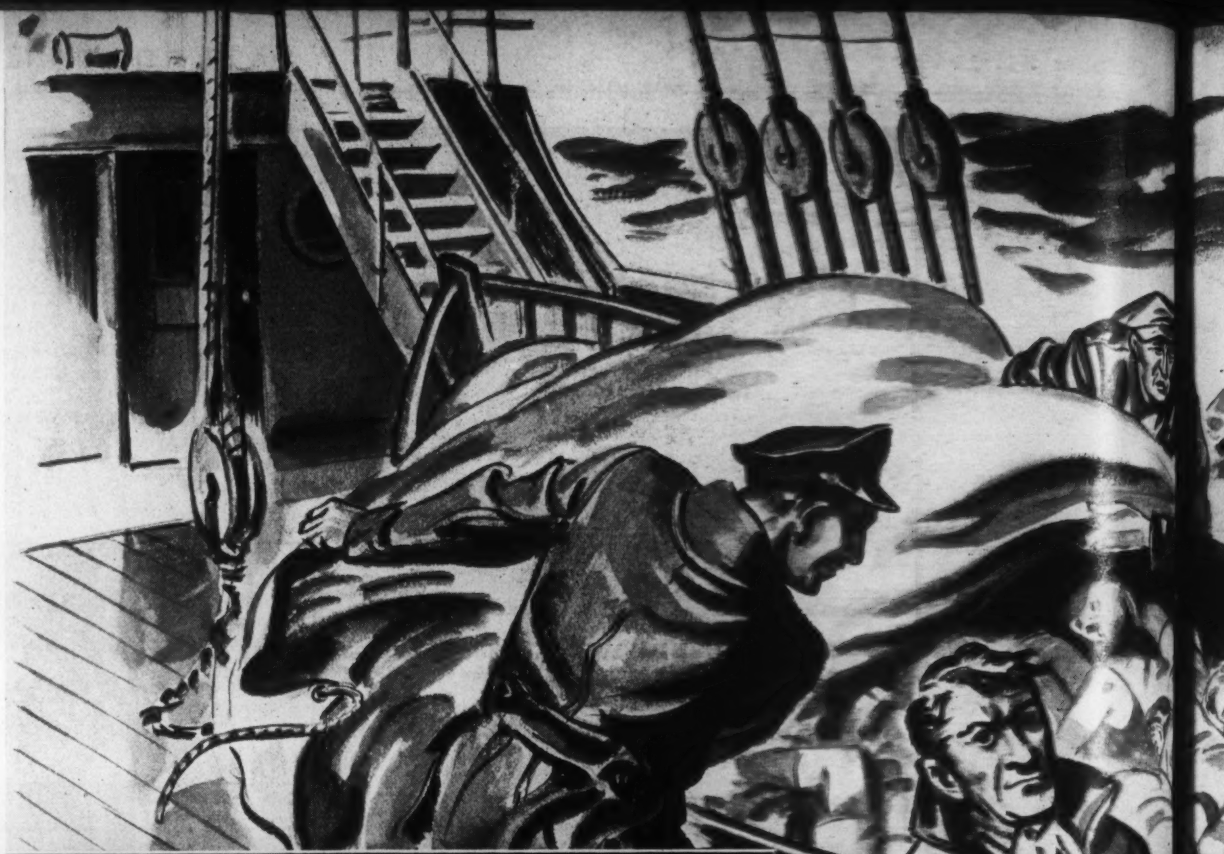
Afford Only $10 Rent

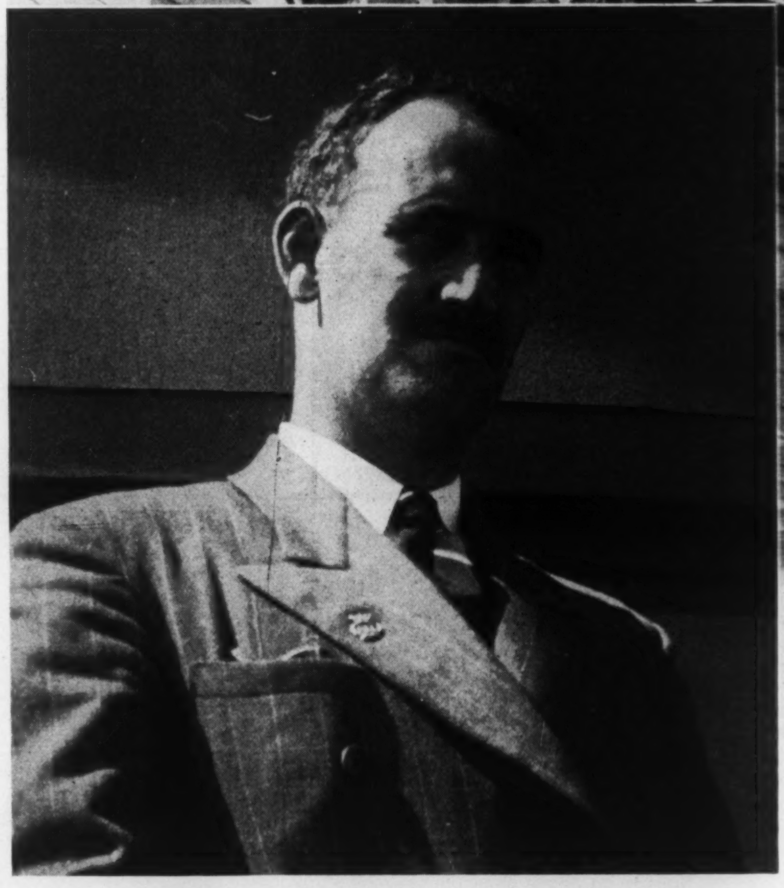
It has been stated in several cities that those most desperately in need of housing cannot afford to pay more than $10 per month for rent, and it is proposed to build for these people, we are told, houses which if rented for thirty years without vacancy, and if financed at 3% (which is ½% less than the money can be borrowed for at the present time—3% plus ½% financing charge—) will cost $30 to $40 per month, leaving a loss of $20 to $30 per month, per house, for 30 years. Which means that for 1,000 houses the cost will be nine million dollars, of which the municipal taxpayers will pay over one third.

I am not going to say whether this money should be spent, but it is obviously unfair to let municipalities incur such an obligation without every taxpayer realizing exactly what is involved and what the cost to him may be. The post-war period will need every dollar's worth of work that we can find to help out in providing employment, and anything that can be done to provide work then, rather than now, is a first claim on all who wish to see the war effort directed one hundred per cent into direct offensive action against the enemy. I give place to no man in a hope and desire to see housing levels here reach to and surpass the achievements of other lands, but I do not believe that anything is to be gained by hiding the true cost of such projects, or encouraging their fruition under the cloak of urgent wartime necessity and blindfold sentimentality.

If something must be done for the minimum income group let it be minimum in cost and equipment. On the other hand, if it is proposed to rent $40 houses for $10, there are many citizens who have always paid their way who would be glad to move into them and let the sub-standard citizen move into their own sub-standard homes.

The census housing monograph shows that the majority of tenants in our larger cities are paying from $16 to $39 per month rent. They will hardly view with pleasure the idea of providing better homes than their own at a cost of increased taxes to themselves for the group which is unable to pay standard rents at any time.





Frank Laskier, merchant seaman who relates this actual experience, is now visiting Canada under the auspices of the Navy League.

"TH
HAT

"It was four days from E[...]and
a broken down tramp [...]
from the torpedoed 'Ci[...]
and wet, with a wind [...]
and the decks running [...]
German habit of hid[...]
lifeboat, so that a torp[...]
tried to rescue the men. [...]
on the boat and we pi[...]
at about half-past five [...]
"There was a tarpaulin [...]

The wanton murder of these children . . . the thousands of killed, starved and maimed victims in Britain and Europe . . . the blood of our own Canadian heroes . . . call aloud for vengeance. And your opportunity for that vengeance is here and now . . . by buying the new Victory Bonds to the limit that guns and ships, tanks and planes, bombs and bullets, will thunder Canada's answer and Canada's vengeance for the crimes of the Axis. Nothing matters now but Victory.

Buy VICT

THIS ADVERTISEMENT IS PUBLISHED BY THE JORDAN WIN

WORLD OF SPORT

Hockey, Hokum and Hurricanes

BY KIMBALL McILROY

THE other day the sports pages of one of the big papers headlined a "casualty list" which was, the paper said, "alarming". Just who was alarmed was not specified. This column, for example, remained astonishingly calm and unalarmed, because the casualty list was datelined St. Catharines, Ontario, and concerned certain mishaps which had befallen members of the Maple Leaf hockey club in training there. No word was forthcoming as to whether or not the next-of-kin had been informed, but we may reasonably assume this to have been the case.

Now it may well be—in fact it very probably is—that there are people extant who read this headline with straight faces and said "Tsk! Tsk!" and wondered whatever *are* we going to do? There are people who do the damnedest things. But on the other hand there are people, too, no more callous and unfeeling than most, who read the headline without a tremor, who don't give a hoot if Joe Doakes, that sterling left-wing, is suffering from a very bad charley horse, whose only reaction in fact is to ask themselves where that silly rumor got started that there's a war on.

That headline, of course, is genealogically inevitable. It springs from a long line of peacetime headlines in which the losing struggle of the Acme Nail and Spring ladies' softball team was compared to the stand of Leonidas at Thermopylae, Tommy Jones' 98 yard touchdown run for Beaverton High was described in the same phrases as Phidippides' jaunt to Athens, and some obscure Three-Eye League pitcher saved a game exactly as Blucher saved Waterloo. Those were the days when after perusing a stirring account of a Grey Cup final, naive readers wondered what Ottawa clique was depriving the Argo quarterback of the V.C. for valor.

BUT times have changed. Even after the World Series of recent memory when one Whitey Kurowski was toted around on the shoulders of admiring fans like a bomber pilot who'd just nailed Hitler, there were those who wondered how a man who could hit a baseball into the middle of next week happened to have a draft classification of 4F and whether he was, as some claimed, a greater man than MacArthur. There are even some iconoclasts who believe it to be a matter of more moment just when and where the Second Front will be opened than who is going to win the Stanley Cup.

This column's position in regard to wartime sports should be well-known to both its readers. Back in the days when the government took the attitude that professional sport as an occupation ranked somewhere between espionage and desertion, it was patiently pointed out here that many professional athletes neither beat their aged grandmothers nor blew up bridges, and that decent people were in many cases not at fault in associating with them.

This opinion still obtains. We feel that wartime sport provides an excellent emotional and physical outlet both for those who play and those who merely observe. We feel that sports during wartime should be continued and encouraged. We do not feel, however, that professional athletes should be commissioned at once and given bonuses like parachute jumpers. Nor do we feel that their adventures are of more vital interest than those of the First Canadian Division nor their casualty lists of equal importance to those from Hong Kong or Dieppe.

UNCLE MIKE JACOBS, that fine sportsman and patriot, won himself some unenviable notoriety for publicly taking the stand that Joe Louis had no business fighting for Uncle Sam when everyone knew that he, Uncle Mike, had had him under contract first. Uncle Mike and Uncle Sam tangled and at this writing Uncle Mike appears to be leading on points. But there is a certain impatience already apparent among the fans, the same impatience that must afflict those who read the laments concerning the Maple Leafs' appalling casualty lists. This impatience arises from the realization that there is a better fight going on over in the corner, but where the participants are playing for keeps. The first thing Uncle Mike and the Leafs know, their various adventures will be greeted with spontaneous outbursts of profound indifference. Let's put it another way: their activities are already being so received but nobody's yet bothered to pass the word along.

FROM where we sit, a few hundred miles due east of the last row of the bleachers, it looks as though the only question remaining unanswered about the current rugby season is whether Toronto R.C.A.F. or Winnipeg Blue Bombers are going to win the Dominion title. That other question, the one about how come so many flying rugby players happen to get stationed in Toronto all at once with a war going on, is better left not only unanswered but unasked. For the Grey Cup, we'll string along with Lew Hayman and his Hurricanes. So far this year the only danger they've faced is being run in for low flying. The Bombers haven't been quite so impressive, although to date they haven't lost a game either. They intend strengthening their club before the final by recalling all players they've leased out to the other teams in the league, but this process is not always effective. On these all-star clubs too much time is wasted in the huddles on formal introductions among the players.

Typical of the renewed activity on the Egyptian front is this scene from earlier fighting in the Western Desert. Troops of the 8th Army now in the first stages of a grand assault on Rommel's positions are seen in "mopping-up" operations in rear of advancing British tanks. They are passing a wrecked Nazi tank.

"...IS IS WHY I ...TE GERMANS"

...from ...land out of convoy in ...first saw the lifeboat ... Benares'. It was cold ...ing through the masts ...water. We knew the ... submarine behind a ... waited you when you ... kept our guns trained ... up out of the water ... winter's evening. ... boat, and I pulled it over and there were sixteen dead children there. Sixteen children who had died of exposure on the Western ocean without hope of help from God or man. Little children who lay there half-dressed or naked, with their knees and elbows scraped as they had gone down the ship's side. With their necks cut and grooved where the salt water had chafed on their life jackets, and they were dead. They had been left to die like dogs.

"That is why I hate Germans. With guns and with ships we must drive these lice from the earth."

Frank Laskier.

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Why Some Christians Are Optimistic

BY A. C. FORREST

Mr. Forrest is a young clergyman but an old contributor to this paper. He used to write for us from various small-town churches in Ontario, but is now pastor of the Mount Hamilton United Church in Hamilton.

What he tells in this article gives facts and figures for the belief that many have developed in recent months, that the world is approaching a period of great renewal of strength on the part of genuine religion.

WHEN several hundred ministers attended the Alumni Conferences of Emmanuel and Wycliffe Theological Colleges in Toronto last month they must have been surprised to find genuine optimism for world Christianity the dominant note of the meetings. Possibly we might have expected a certain display of despair because of world conditions, especially because of the condition of the Church enduring persecution in the subjected nations of Europe.

The chief speakers of the Conferences were Dr. John R. Mott and Mr. Basil Mathews. No better men could have been procured to give a comprehensive analysis of world-wide conditions in the Christian Church. Dr. Mott has been called the greatest missionary statesman of the English-speaking world, and Basil Mathews through his books and his lectures has become one of the world's foremost interpreters of world Christianity. The faith of both was contagious and inspiring.

Mr. Mathews in his lectures started in the far East and endeavored to give us a critical picture of religious conditions in every country. He brought us startling information concerning Russia, which would confirm many in their opinion that Russia is soon to experience a great revival of religion shorn of its superstitions and practices not fundamentally Christian. He told of the millions of Russians who were still Christian, of the soldiers building chapels at the front.

Church Stands Firm

In Europe with few exceptions the Church in her hour of crisis has been faithful to her high calling. The story of the Norwegian clergy will go down as one of the high spots of Church history. There, when Quisling threatened death to the pastors of the Lutheran Church if they would not conform to the new order, only 41 out of 1100 bowed their knee to the new Baal. Quisling ordered several of the leading Bishops of the Church to report every other day to the police, apparently believing that this would humiliate them and break their spirit. But when the time came to report they marched down the streets of the city, clad in full canonical robes, followed by thousands of citizens singing "A Safe Stronghold our God is Still."

Everywhere in Europe, Christians, clergy, teachers, and laity have refused to compromise. Einstein himself, frankly agnostic, has been moved by the faithfulness of the Church. When the German revolution first began, he says that he turned to the universities to seek refuge from all the lies which were circulated. There he found that they too were forced to conform. From them he turned inward to a small group of the greater scientists, but even they were forced to conform, as they taught in their biology laboratories the fantastic lie concerning the superiority of German blood. Then Einstein saw: "That only the Church was left to fight." And today he writes: "I feel obliged to recognize what I used to think of little value."

In England Mr. Mathews sees a great change in religious thinking. Congregation after congregation has put aside denominational differences to worship together after their buildings were destroyed by German bombs. The difference is noted in the army. One padre tells of arranging for a second breakfast for those wishing to attend communion. He asked those desiring to go to hold up their hands. Without the least embarrassment a number held up their hands. "If I when a Tommy in the last war had done that, I would have expected a pair of boots shied at me," he said.

Dunkirk profoundly moved the people of Britain. There were more casualties among the Chaplains at Dunkirk than among any other group of men. The reason was that hour after hour, through the continual hell of dropping bombs and exploding shells, the Padres shepherded their men on the beaches. They would gather one group down to a boat and instead of going with them, they would turn back and wait with another group, holding little prayer meetings, until their turn would come. Today if one should say anything against the Chaplains or even the Church, before men who went through Dunkirk, the reply would probably be in the form of muscular Christianity. This whole changed attitude is a result of no superficial religion, but the result of seeing Christian faith and Christian belief translated into action in an extreme hour of need.

Will Reap Harvest

When Dr. Mott stood on the platform of Convocation Hall and told us that the Christian Church was about to see a harvest the like of which had never been seen before, we realized why he has been the greatest personal inspiration for missionary work the modern world has known. He stood there, nearly eighty years of age, without a single note and spoke for an hour and a quarter; he moved his audience, and with illustration after illustration he proved to them that never before in history has there been a greater example "of Good Samaritan Christianity" than there is at the present time.

In the midst of a disillusioned world he is confident, because he realizes that every nation and every individual shares responsibility for the present war. It is no upsetting of righteous processes, no reason to lose faith in the goodness of God. He is confident, because he believes that everywhere discerning minds are awakened and alarmed, and "this is always the case before every great step forward."

Dr. Mott claimed to be encouraged, because though almost the whole world is involved in the war, four-fifths of the world's population are living under governments that hate war and would have liked to settle their disputes in some peaceful way. Nine-tenths of the world's wealth belongs to those peace-loving countries.

He admitted that people cannot agree what they are fighting for, but sees in all a unity as to what they are fighting against. And everywhere discerning minds realize that we are not fighting to preserve the old world, but for freedom to build a new and better world.

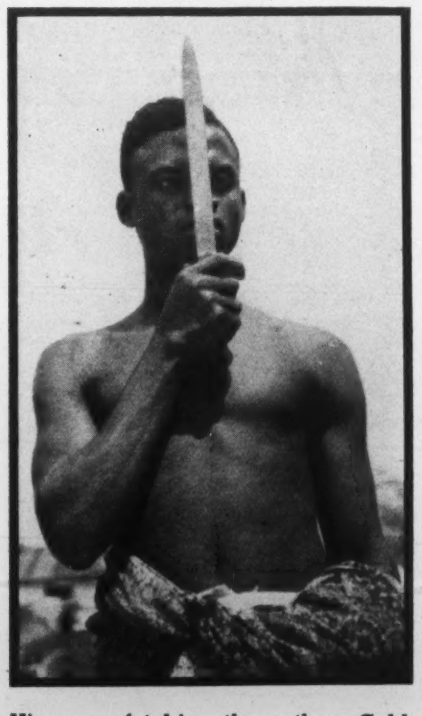
Dr. Mott is deeply involved in work caring for the welfare of over six million prisoners of war. Judging from his experience in doing that, he believes that there has never been such a "rising tide of unselfishness."

Win Right to Build

After serving students for fifty years, Dr. Mott says he has never "served a generation like the present one." He trusts that they will win the right to build the new order, and will give their lives to building it.

But one of the most convincing signs of all is that our church thinking, the thinking of our universities and our press, in respect of human understanding and Christianity, is far beyond the place it had reached when the last war had gone this long.

The great Ecumenical movement, and the five great Christian Conferences before the outbreak of war, created an understanding among Christians which war has been unable to destroy. During those years before the war, only the Christian Church, of all movements and organizations, was alive to the need of establishing world-wide understanding and sympathy. At every Conference there was displayed a desire for united world fellowship, planning and action. Despite all superficial differences those Conferences and the Ecumenical movement speak for a Church fundamentally at one in the great issues which face the world.



His way of taking the oath: a Gold Coast tribesman kisses a bayonet, part of the formality of swearing him in as a member of the British Army's West African Frontier Force.

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Doctor-Hours Are Rationed

BY K. A. BAIRD

There is perhaps no form of waste more reprehensible today than waste of the time of a medical practitioner, which might be employed in saving the life or limb or health of another Canadian.

There is probably not a doctor in the country who is not over-worked, and the supply of doctors cannot be increased and will be further decreased in the near future. And there is no synthetic substitute!

YOU may not find any coupons in your new rations book labelled "medical care" or "doctor-hours" but for all practical purposes these services are so scarce in Canada today that it would be wise for the layman to consider that they are rationed.

There has been a sudden demand for the services of doctors in the armed forces in Canada for the last three years. This demand is not yet satisfied and the army medical authorities talk quite glibly of needing some six or eight hundred doctors in the near future.

The personal relationship between doctor and patient is an extremely important one, but for obvious reasons we cannot allow it to enter into this discussion. From a national viewpoint in the present emergency the important thing is to provide both for the armed forces and the civilian population the opportunity to receive professional services from a doctor who is qualified to give modern medical and surgical care, if, as and when necessary. It is convenient therefore to consider that the country needs an adequate number of doctor-hours! There are just two possible ways whereby the supply of doctor-hours can be increased; viz., by increasing the supply of trained personnel or by increasing the number of hours per day which the doctors work. Inasmuch as it takes six or seven years to increase the supply of doctors, and then it is only the younger and less experienced group which is increased, it is evident that the only way at present of increasing the supply of doctor-hours is the second just mentioned. The result of this situation in this and other countries is that members of the medical profession are working much longer hours now than ever before. The output of the medical colleges which in ordinary times made up for the loss through death and retirement is now more than absorbed by the armed forces. In a great many cases doctors are already working to the maximum hours per day which is possible without physical breakdown.

It is only fair to the medical profession to point out that while this tremendous increase in the calls upon them means a somewhat increased income, as similar increased opportunity for work does for people in all walks of life, at the same time this increase is not a proportionate one, inasmuch as many of the calls for extra service are calls for free service; e.g., fewer doctors are carrying on the same public services in the hospitals as in pre-war days; blood-donors' clinics, first aid classes, and examining men called into the army, are taking much of their time.

Ration Yourself

Under these circumstances two possible courses are open to the public;

(1) Be selfish and demand medical services of a type such as was obtained in peace time.

(2) Ration yourself as to the use you make of doctor-hours.

It is not suggested here that this necessarily means sacrificing health in any way. It means rather that the layman should understand the situation and make a wiser and more economical use of the available supply. Let us take an example; the Jones baby and the Smith baby are in the same part of the district served by a given doctor. Both have ailments today which are not absolutely of an emergency nature, but which in the eyes of their mothers require the attention of a doctor. The district is five miles from the doctor's office. Both Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith telephone that they would like to have the doctor "right away." Unfortunately they do this at different times of the day, two hours apart. Not being sure that it is not an emergency in each case the doctor does his best to answer the call promptly and in so doing travels 20 miles using gasoline and rubber; and, what is more important and just as hard to replace, using his time for two trips where one might have done. If by keeping calm, as many people are doing, both Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith had asked "that the doctor call when convenient today," he would have travelled 10 miles, saved his time and energy, and both the children would have received necessary care in plenty of time.

There is another way of avoiding waste of the doctor's time, and that is by bringing the patient to the office where possible instead of expecting the doctor to spend the additional time travelling to the patient. Incidentally it is often possible for the physician to make a much more accurate diagnosis where he is surrounded by many facilities which he cannot carry to the patient. Please understand; at the present time whether or not you take the patient to the office has nothing to do with what you can afford, or with what is convenient for you! It is entirely a matter of making the wisest possible use of something which simply cannot be increased in the immediate future, and in fact is likely to be somewhat decreased during the next year; viz., doctor-hours.

Army Can Save Too

There is one way by which the Government of Canada could temporarily increase doctor-hours available to the public. A good many medical men in the armed forces are not being used to the fullest advantage while they are here in Canada. This is not their fault. It is a question of organization so that they will not only be available for work but will actually work more hours per day. Also, they are at present under the necessity of doing a considerable amount of work of a non-medical nature which could be deputed to others in the organization. In other words, if the medical services of Canada are to be adequate and at a sufficiently high level, not only must the civilian population make a wise and economical use of the doctor-hours available, but so must the army medical services.

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THE BOOKSHELF

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Bernard Shaw at Full Length

G.B.S., A FULL LENGTH PORTRAIT, by Hesketh Pearson. (Collins, $4.75.)

DOUBLE personality is common but George Bernard Shaw is something special, with as many personalities as a cat has lives. At one moment he is a ranting fury against Monarchy, constitutional or otherwise. In the next he is proving in a play that a King who knows his business can diddle the most cunning of his advisers and do the country a lot of good.

Now he is contemptuous of the God which (he says) the Churches have set up in their own image. In the next moment he is transferring all the trappings of Deity to the "Life Force," which is working with the human race towards final glory. He is the one man living who can contradict himself at will and prove the rightness of his opinions on both occasions. Nobody pins him down. The best anyone can do is (like Artemus Ward) to put a finger on "the place where the flea formerly wus."

He's a convinced Socialist, finding in equality of incomes the only solution for the deviltries of Capitalism. And he piles up Capital on his own account and squawks about the income tax like any bloated bondholder. He denounces schools and teachers, parsons and purists, scientists and theologians, walking delegates and dictators, Tories and Liberals, Communists and the Labor Party. He's against everything and can argue the oldest lichens off the granite of custom-and-habit.

He pretends to a conceit so high that he patronizes Shakespeare and mentions casually that he is the ablest playwright living. And the laughter of fools is stilled when he writes the noblest tragedy in a hundred years of stage history and several superb comedies.

He has been a mustard plaster on the chest of John Bull for sixty years. The old chap squirmed for a few decades and made unpleasant remarks, but now is beginning to enjoy the genial warmth. Soon Shaw will be a British Institution like Westminster Abbey and the Museum in Bloomsbury. All he has to do is to die to reach that pinnacle, but as he says, he missed the psychological moment for dying some years ago. Now at 83 he is the youngest man of letters alive and the most fascinating. Sir Edward Elgar said he was the kindest and the dearest fellow on earth, and all his many hundred intimates concur in that judgment.

A figure of such importance in the broad range of two generations deserves a Life of supreme merit, and here it is. The publishers make the claim that it is the most Boswellian biography since Boswell. No one who reads the book will be likely to contest the claim.

The great thing about Boswell's work was that it told everything that could be found out about Johnson by consulting his intimates, by reading his letters, by recording his conversation and by a course of continual questioning of the Doctor himself. So the Great Cham actually pictured himself before Boswell's quick and curious eye and the idolatrous Scot merely reproduced the picture.

Hesketh Pearson has followed the same course and has produced the merriest, the most hilarious book that has appeared in a month of Sundays. For Shaw when he talks is a scattering cascade of wit, when he writes letters is a humorist of the first grade, when he answers questions is as careful and accurate as man can be.

There is no object in summarizing this book. Everybody knows that G.B.S. was the son of a humorous and impractical father, generally drunk, and of a musically gifted mother quite as impractical and not over-affectionate towards her offspring. Everyone knows that the boy's only schooling brought him nothing but a hatred of schools, since he learned only those subjects which excited his interest. A score of writers have explained his adoption of Socialism and his long career of soap-box oratory, for which he prepared religiously by a study of phonetics. His career as a music-critic on *The Saturday Review* is known as a constant display of fireworks.

All this, being How-he-got-to-be-Shaw, is relatively unimportant in comparison with some letter, or conversation, or speech which overflowed easily from the fountain of Shaw-ness. For instance, when Mrs. Patrick Campbell wanted more spotlight on her face and G.B.S. replied, "No. It makes your face look like two prunes on a dinner-plate," or when he opened a letter to Forbes-Robertson with the words, "*Patience?* Thou young and rose-lipped cherubim!" or when he said "With the exception of Homer there is no eminent writer, not even Sir Walter Scott, whom I can despise so entirely as I despise Shakespeare when I measure my mind against his." There isn't any answer to this sort of thing, you just laugh till your cheeks crack.

As Mr. Pearson says, he's not a Grand Old Man but a Grand Old Boy, and certainly the author has done him justice.

Two members of the Auxiliary Transport Service who are being trained as bakers at an establishment of the Southern Command. They have the loaves all ready for the oven. Housekeeping on a grandiose scale.

Tale of the Copperheads

THE HIDDEN CIVIL WAR, by Wood Gray, Associate Professor of American History, The George Washington University. (Macmillans, $4.75.)

FOR the first time a sober, factual record of the disunity, secret conspiracy and open treason which faced the Federal Government in the American Civil War has been published. It has been assumed, too lightly, by the general public that when Stephen A. Douglas pledged support to his old enemies, Lincoln and the Republicans, he had brought the Democratic Party with him. He brought only a segment of it. In every corner of the North, and for a diversity of reasons the opposition to the war was exceedingly strong.

Honest States' Rights-ers denied the authority of the Federal power to coerce a sovereign State or a confederacy of Sovereign States. Merchants defied the ending of their profitable business with the South. Democratic politicians of the baser sort strove with all their power to discredit their political enemies in Washington. Newspaper editors raged against Lincoln and even denied the truth of official victory reports in order to make capital against him. The Sons of Liberty and the Knights of the Golden Circle, two secret societies of a blood-and-thunder variety, flourished everywhere and did much to make conscription a failure and even a mockery.

It's not a pretty story, and it explodes the genial fiction that the North arose as one man in a mighty indignation to guard the flag which had been insulted. The author has written with calmness—not to say dullness—quoting chapter and verse for every statement and naming names with complete freedom. It is easy to understand why for twenty years after the war the Democratic Party in the North found the going rough and unprofitable. The smell of the "copperhead" clung to too many of its leading figures.

About a Mixed Bag

BY STEWART C. EASTON

TO-DAY THE SUN RISES, by Jean Lyttle. (McClelland & Stewart $3.00.)

I LIVE AGAIN, by Warwick Deeping. (Ryerson, $3.00.)

DAUGHTER OF TIME, by Nelia Gardner White. (Macmillans, $3.00.)

THUNDER IN HEAVEN, by Armine von Tempski. (Collins, $3.00.)

THE STONES BEGIN TO DANCE, by Aben Kandel. (Collins, $2.50.)

TWO of this week's books are fairy tales, one is truth without disguise, one is a gruesome mixture of fantasy and ordinary fiction, and the fifth baffles me completely.

To take the last first, *Today the Sun Rises* exasperates me because I have an uncomfortable feeling I have missed the point. Regarded as a pure story this book appears to be meaningless, even though there are some passages of good writing which may partly compensate for this lack. Monica Beamish leaves the seclusion of Cambridge to play an active part in the last war, and thereafter is unable to come to terms with life, though she succeeds in amassing a fortune at buying and selling works of art. At intervals throughout her career a strange person named Honour seeks her out and tells her her own life story. The two women have certain characteristics in common in so far as they cannot learn to give, and cannot escape their own egoism.

But the reader is never allowed to know if Honour is a real person. The author goes to great pains to make her a ghostly being, and she is never seen by anyone else in the story. I feel that she is intended to be an embodiment of Monica's conscience, but, try as I will, I cannot see the inner parallelism between her story and Monica's. So, as I say, the book in its totality baffles me, but Miss Lyttle is an interesting writer, and I shall look for her next novel with interest.

Mr. Deeping in his latest novel, seems to have incompletely digested his central idea, but the idea itself could have made a first-rate story. A man living at the present time is permitted—how this miracle of memory takes place is not explained, since the hero is alive at the end—to view four different incarnations of his own from the point of view of a superphysical being. In the first two he is a violent person, and meets a violent death at the hands of a cold blooded siren with whom he is infatuated. In the third he learns to love truly, and in the fourth he is an artist and finds happiness in a sort of mystic sensibility.

This is an extremely difficult theme, and I fear it has proved too much for Mr. Deeping's powers. The earlier incarnations are crude and melodramatic to the point of absurdity, and it is impossible to believe in the hero as a human being at all. The third and fourth have insufficient depth. So there seems to be no *necessity* in the sequence of the incarnations, and thus the point is lost. Yet, for all its faults, the book has more in it than most of this author's works, and if the reader is able to overlook them he may find it a stimulus to thought.

Daughter of Time is a straight biography of Katharine Mansfield, beautifully written in a spare, terse style. Having myself read almost nothing of her works and knowing nothing at all about her life, I was able to read it as fiction, and would not have known it for truth had it not been for the blurb which enlightened me. If one reads it purely as fiction there seem to be too many irrelevant characters. . . But these people did in fact exist, and they are all good portraits, particularly D. H. Lawrence, who is seen as the insufferable egoist his books and life show him to have been. Katharine herself has been truly seen from the inside, and her poignant story carries conviction. But Middleton Murry, the lover, who later became her husband, is even better.

Armine von Tempski specializes in books about Hawaii, and it is plain to see that she fiercely loves these islands. Every page speaks of it and throws an unreal glamor on the characters she presents to us. For this new book is but a fairy story about a dream girl, April, her noble lover, Thord, and a half-breed doctor who spends his whole life in the service of humanity. Often as we have heard this tale before, it is still good for an escape and a tear.

The Stones Begin to Dance is a very short book, equally unreal and equally full of brotherhood, but the author knows that his is a fairy tale. Marco, the friend of humanity, is a symbolic figure, oppressed by those in authority but retaining his integrity, even though he and his brethren are driven from the tiny market beneath the Williamsburg bridge which is their only means of livelihood. There are no heroics; only quietness and understatement and faith in man. Though far removed from the ebullience of the same author's "City for Conquest," it deserves a like success.

Grace Campbell, author of "Thorn-Apple Tree", and Franklin Carmichael, who has illustrated the book.

Of Love and Horses

BY W. S. MILNE

VIEW FROM A WINDOW, by F. Ruth Howard. (McClelland and Stewart, $3.)

THIS is one to be taken on the street car or bus and left there. It is utterly unimportant, though entertaining enough. The best things in it are the two descriptions of steeplechases, particularly the first one. The best characters in the book are *El MacTavish* and *Fitzgerald*, the two horses, and the one definite impression the book left on me was regret that *MacTavish* had to get his neck broken before the lovers finally came together permanently. This was very wasteful on the author's part, for they weren't worth it.

The central character in the tale is a lady concert pianist, who suffers an accident that puts an end to her musical career. Shortly afterwards, her brother, of whom she is very fond, is killed in the R.A.F., so she decides to seek forgetfulness by training his steeplechaser for a big race. She goes to a remote inn in southern California to establish training quarters, and there meets a disgruntled sociologist who also owns a steeplechaser. From then on, it is only a question of making the story last out the regulation three hundred pages.

Characterizations are painfully obvious. The girl is sentimental and clinging. The man strong and cynical. Both have lots of money, and are comparatively uninhibited physically. At times Miss Howard tries to get out of her sentimental rut by the use of strong language. Three times the lady unnecessarily and inaccurately impugns the legitimacy of the hero's ancestry. This shocks by its incongruity on the lips of the charming concert-pianist, but fails to convince the reader that the authoress is a strong writer. This one can be taken or left alone.

Looking Back at the Big Ones

THERE WERE GIANTS IN THE LAND, a symposium. (Oxford, $2.50.)

AT THE suggestion of the United States Treasury (which is Henry Morgenthau, Jr.) twenty-eight eminent writers were asked to summarize the life and work of as many notable Americans. The articles have been assembled and make a notable book.

The choice of subjects is particularly interesting. This is no mere catalogue of Presidents and statesmen, though the best of them appear. It includes Dr. Joseph Goldberger who proved in his own person that pellagra, the disease scourge of the South, was not contagious. Cardinal Gibbons, the perfect democrat, Whitman, and Thoreau and Carl Schurz are in, Grant and Dewey are out. Frederick Douglass is in and Julia Ward Howe.

The writers are all established figures in American literature. Stephen Vincent Bénet, Julian Street, Alexander Woolcott, Carl Van Doren, Booth Tarkington, Henry Seidel Canby and Carl Sandburg are a few of them. The essays show what is expected of the patriot in the light of what other patriots did, and they are mightily interesting.

THE BOOKSHELF

A Manager is Managed

MRS. FRENSHAM DESCRIBES A CIRCLE, novel by Richmal Crompton. (Longmans, Green. $2.75.)

IT'S a settled rule that tragedy must be relieved with comedy to be most effective. Here is a comedy with tragic relief, proving the converse to be just as sound as the rule. For this placid tale of the managing woman put to final rout by the calm and understanding one has a rising interest because the bombs are falling and tearing village and people to bits.

The author has seized the vital truth that private, personal affairs, are of such supreme interest to individuals that destruction of their possessions, and even the constant menace of death, fall into the background. The idea is crystallized when one of the characters is anxious over the non-delivery of some coal she has ordered. When urged by a friend not to worry she replies that she must worry about little things. If she didn't, she'd have to worry about the war, and then she might go mad.

The book is crowded with vivid and wholly credible characters. Mrs. Frensham whose troubles have taught her to take a calm view of fussy people around her is a gracious and humorous old lady. Her opposite who manages all her people to a state of near-desperation, and who is active on every kind of Board is as true as taxes. The village rector whose spiritual home is the East End of London, bored by the bovine placidity of the country, has insight and humor. His sister who alternates between the prophecies of Daniel and astrology is an amiable fat-head, and the temperamental Russian woman—with her Jewish husband—is a delight.

The "atmosphere" of the village under attack by the enemy, the calmness of fire-wardens, telephone operators and first-aid folk, are what one would expect after reading the despatches of war-correspondents and the books of other observers who marvel easily. But here all the madness of war on civilians is a secondary affair. One is more interested in the gallant Major who calls his artificial leg "Marmaduke" and carries on conversations with it, or in Paula whose past troubles her until the rector advises her to forget about it and marry him.

It's a fine novel, smiling through tears, and admirably written.

American Army Wife

THE LIEUTENANT'S LADY, a novel by Bess Streeter Aldrich. (Ryerson, $2.50.)

OMAHA, when it was a frontier town deep in mud and potential greatness, had a money-making, loud-mouthed citizen named Colsworth, with a quashed wife and a flirtatious daughter, Cynthia. Temporarily in residence also was Linnie, a niece from New York, languidly aware of Cynthia's enthusiasm over a young Army officer, Lieutenant Norman Stafford, lately arrived, but vitally, though silently, interested when she meets him.

The Lieutenant has eyes only for Cynthia, and there is an engagement, to last through the winter while Stafford is on frontier duty against the Indians. But Cynthia is not made for loyalty and suddenly marries the town cut-up. She is afraid to write the dreadful news to her waiting soldier. "You write to him," she says to Linnie, but Linnie balks, especially when Cynthia hands to her a steamboat ticket sent by the Lieutenant to take the little flirt to his Army post.

After careful consideration of the situation she decides to *tell* him. The family sees her depart, ostensibly for St. Louis and the East, actually to Fort Berthold at the head-waters of the Missouri River. When she arrives at this jumping-off place, with her story—and her pity—the Lieutenant in his anger tells her that she is in an impossible position which can be made reasonable only by being his wife—in name only. The garrison knows that he is expecting his fiancée, Miss Colsworth. It must not know that Linnie is the wrong Colsworth, that the officer has been jilted and that the pursuing lady is no lady.

The rest of the book is a vivid picture of hardships, physical and mental, leading gradually to a happy ending. The odd thing about this tale is that in essence it's true; the actual experience of a woman of the period whose diary was handed to Mrs. Aldrich by the heroine's great-grand-daughter. History and sentiment shaken together and taken after meals is pleasant medicine. There is nothing mawkish in this tale; it's honest and fine.

A Glance at Things Various

THE TRAIL OF THE CONESTOGA by Mabel Dunham. (McClelland & Stewart, $2.50.)

A REPRINT of this fine tale of the settlement of Waterloo County by migrants from Pennsylvania. It should have a place in every Ontario home.

ON GROWTH AND FORM, by Sir D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson. (Macmillans, $12.50.)

A REVISED and enlarged edition of a standard work in Biology which traces the mathematical basis of morphology in cell-forms, and so accounts for the strange, almost terrifying order in the microscopic world about us. The book has over a thousand pages and is profusely illustrated.

THE UNRELENTING STRUGGLE, War Speeches by Prime Minister Churchill, compiled by Charles Eade. (McClelland & Stewart, $3.75.)

FROM November 1940 to December, 1941 Mr. Churchill made some of the most important addresses of his career, beginning with his tribute in the House of Commons to Neville Chamberlain and ending with his appearance before the American Congress. They were news at the time and thousands heard them over the radio, or read them in the press. They bear re-reading and these complete texts give a rounded picture of the man and his might of intellect and of faith.

THE STONE AGE ON THE PRAIRIES, by W. J. Orchard (School Aids and Text-Book Publishing Company, Regina, Sask.)

IN A small book of 160 pages the author has given over seventy full-page illustrations to scale of prehistoric weapons and other ancient remains discovered in Saskatchewan and classified by him according to the accepted archaeological practice. The text is exceptionally interesting.

CANADA AND HER STORY, by Mary Graham Bonner. (Ryerson, $2.50.)

A PLEASANT recapitulation for young people of the romantic beginnings of Canada, east and west, and of its progress in the last sixty years. There are 27 fine illustrations.

JOHN MILTON, Complete Poetry and Selected Prose. (Macmillans, Modern Library. $1.25.)

IF THIS were a reprint of *Areopagitica* alone, that great and conclusive argument for liberty of the press, the price would be not unseemly. But it includes eleven other essays of like distinction, together with *Paradise Lost, Paradise Regained, Samson Agonistes* and all the known lyrics, making a book of over seven hundred pages admirably printed and bound. No student of English can afford to be without it.

A GOLDEN AGE, a novel, by Christine Whiting Parmenter. (Oxford, $3.)

THIS is a mirror-reflection of horse-and-buggy times; one of the many published lately to ease the craving for something different from the stress of today. But, unfortunately, while it is true in a thousand petty details, the story is inherently false and incredibly sentimental.

DEMOCRACY NEEDS EDUCATION, by Julia Grace Wales. (Macmillan, 50c.)

STUDY groups of young people, whether in school or out, will find here clearly set down the rudiments of Democratic Government as developed in Great Britain and on this Continent. The author stresses the importance of individual interest and participation, and shows how ills creep in for lack of them.

THE NET OF DREAMS, poems by Kathryn E. Colquhoun. (Henry Harrison, N.Y., 50c.)

FANCIFUL songs are these, few with any great depth of meaning, but finding their end in sensuous description and the play of rhythms. *The Ballad of Sir Mervin* has a touch of humor in the *envoi* but the poem would have been at once lighter and more deft if it had been a true *ballade*, the rigid form of which has silent humor. There is a glow of feeling in the lyric *Who Dies for Freedom, Lives.*

THE NEW IMPROVED STANDARD DICTIONARY (Collins, 25c.)

YOU CAN always get a Dictionary for 25 cents, but a good one at this price is a treasure. In about three hundred pages the editors, J. M. Parrish and John R. Crossland, have assembled 30,000 words, including some recent immigrants into the language, such as "technocracy." They have defined and pronounced them, and sometimes have provided antonyms as well as synonyms. Further, they have followed the official English standard of spelling, as taught in Canadian schools.

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Devotional Essays

LEAVES OF HEALING by Archer Wallace. (Ryerson, $2.)

IN CONTRAST to the long succession of books urging us to lift ourselves by our boot-straps to the higher airs, comes this collection of small essays on the Christian point-of-view. That is to say, man of his own power is all but helpless for self-improvement and needs the "pull" of a great Ideal and a glittering program to achieve his inborn possibilities.

While the success-mongers insist upon ruthless self-realization and steady defiance of weakness, Mr. Wallace talks of unselfishness and humility, of loyalty and resignation, as the road to happiness and even to achievement. For it is the paradox of life that the man who does day's-work in honor, remembering his neighbors and forgetting himself, is more likely to be remembered than the one who shoulders his way through the world trampling down all opposition.

Each little essay or small sermon is lively with illustration and at times has touches of humor. "The crooked saints," the author declares, "seem to be suffering from spiritual asthma or rheumatism," and he quotes the Chinese saying that happiness comes from over your shoulder, as something unexpected. Here is a fine sentence: "Men forget themselves into greatness as they do into immortality.

Mr. Wallace has the power of projecting his beaming personality into print, and if he wouldn't use the hateful verb "enthuse" we'd like him better.

Every month over two thousand troops including girls of the W.A.A.F. line up to give their blood for wounded soldiers from the Desert Front. The hospital facilities as shown in the picture are not luxurious, but still sanitary and completely practical. The girls are South African volunteers.

Background of War

BY TAOS

BACKGROUND OF WAR. (Oxford University Press. $2.35.)

THIS small book, compiled for the U.S. Department of Public relations by a group of writers, is intended to show why it was necessary for the United States to enter the war. The method is to tell the story of the aggression of the Axis powers simply and without frills and opinions, step by step, beginning with Manchuria and ending with the attack on Pearl Harbor. I can only detect one inaccuracy. In describing the Battle of Norway it is stated that Narvik was evacuated before the departure of the Allied forces from the rest of the country. Actually, Narvik was not abandoned till after Dunkirk.

Though students of the war will find nothing in this book that they did not know before, the interested, but comparatively ignorant, will be able to fill in the gaps in their knowledge without too much effort.

The White Lady Walks

THE UNINVITED, a novel, by Dorothy Macardle. (S. J. Reginald Saunders, $2.75.)

A WRITER of book-reviews, essays and editorials for a row of London periodicals—in short, a harmless drudge—gets fed-up with bricks and mortar and, in partnership with his sister, buys a house in the country. There's nothing unusual in that, but the house they found on the Devonshire coast was unusual in many respects. For one thing, it was the realized dream of an architect. He built it, and then died, probably of sheer ecstasy, and was succeeded by less lovable people. For another thing, it was said to be haunted. How it was haunted, and why, is theme of this tale.

People have been telling ghost stories for a thousand generations, and always getting the public ear, for the human attitude towards the supernatural is as Dr. Johnson described it; what we deny with our reason we confess with our fears. So, if the story be convincing goose-pimples ripple over our flesh, the short hairs of the head stand up and there is terror in the throat and the midriff.

The odd thing about this book is its charm. The characters are modern and urbane; they believe with difficulty and they suspect with ease. More than half the book is graceful and radiant, the case being built-up by clever suggestion and innuendo rather than by direct statement. Then, as the ghost draws near, the tale begins to be less convincing, despite the references to auto-suggestion, hallucination from the sub-conscious, ectoplasm and other borrowings from Sir Oliver Lodge and Conan Doyle, a howling dog and a scared cat. Also a ghost must have a desperate motive for "walking" and in our judgment the motive in this tale is too mild. Yet it's a good story, beautifully written.

Madame Tussaud's Waxworks continue to be an attraction to the majority of Londoners. The picture shows the advancement of a statesman. Sir Stafford Cripps has been lifted out of obscurity to pose with the established effigies of the Prime Minister and the Rt.-Hon. Anthony Eden.

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LONDON LETTER

Socialists vs. Communists

BY P. O'D.

EARNEST people who worry about Britain going Communist — and there are quite a few — may take heart from the unrelenting opposition of British Socialists to any alliance with the Communist Party. That opposition has apparently not been weakened in the slightest by the fact that the world's greatest Communist power is now one of our chief allies. If anything, it has been strengthened by it.

The other day the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party issued a statement in which they warned their members that "co-operation with Russia's Government and people does not oblige them to enter into any association with the Communist Party, which is still the most unreliable and fickle political institution in our land."

"Socialist Party members must not be led astray," says the statement, "by the expensive propaganda of a very small political organization mysteriously in command of very large sums." And the threat is clearly made that disciplinary action will be taken, if necessary, "to safeguard a movement into which so much devotion and sacrifice has been placed by its members."

It may be that the Socialist Party is a little in the position of an old newspaper friend of mine in Toronto, who was once walking down through the "Ward" with an active and enterprising Airedale he happened to own at the time. It suddenly darted around the side-entrance of a house and came back with a chicken in its mouth, followed by most of the household armed with everything they could gather up in a hurry.

Never did a man try so hard to disown a dog. And never did a dog display greater affection and devotion. It laid the chicken at his feet, it wagged itself into semi-circles, it leaped on him and licked him with a mouth full of feathers. My friend is a man with a remarkable command of vivid and persuasive speech, but even he had to admit that he certainly did not convince that family. For a year afterwards he made a point of walking to the office down another street.

The Socialists are doing their best to disown the Communists, the dog with the bad name, and it may be that they are not entirely succeeding.

Salutes to Allies

One of the familiar items on the Sunday evening programs of the B.B.C. is the "Salute to—" feature, salute to Russia, to the U.S.A., to Greece, to Jugoslavia, even salute to ourselves. It is a way of paying our respects to our allies. And when we run out of allies, as we are bound to do, in spite of the length, the ever-increasing length of the list—well, we can always salute the Army or the R.A.F. or the Merchant Navy, and then begin all over again. Which seems to make things nice and easy for the Program Director, for at least a quarter of an hour once a week.

Naturally in those various "Salutes" to our allies, their national anthems figure very prominently. Our ears are becoming accustomed to an impressive assortment of such tunes—including the Abyssinian, which seems quite properly to have a good deal of tom-tom obligato in it. It may be that even yet only people with a good ear can be confident of picking them out at the first blare—except the very familiar ones, of course—but the general effect is of good stirring stuff, which probably sounds even better when it is sung. But so far the B.B.C. has let us off with the tunes, feeling perhaps that the words had better be kept for more advanced students.

In the meantime, the Musical Review has been busy collecting and publishing the national anthems of all countries—hoping possibly that in the course of time they will nearly all become our allies. This certainly ought to help the poor bandmaster, who may suddenly be called on to play the national anthem of some country of which he knows hardly more than the name. There must be many such embarrassing moments, especially nowadays.

National Anthems

Incidentally, it is surprising to find that "God Save the King" is given as of unknown authorship, both as to the words and the music. One might have expected that literary and musical historians would have long since settled this much-debated point. But apparently it is still unsolved, and the claim generally made for Henry Carey is still unproved.

The unknown author and composer, whoever he may be, and whether one or several, certainly scored a smash hit. It is far and away the most popular of all national anthems. The tune was adopted by no less than six countries, Germany, Russia, the United States ("My country, 't is of thee"), Sweden, Switzerland, and Lichtenstein.

They may have taken it because of the superb impressiveness of the tune. They may have thought it safe to borrow where the ownership was so much in doubt. Whatever the reason, they did adopt it, and so "God Save the King" has come the nearest of all such compositions to being, not only a national, but also an international anthem. It wouldn't do to read too much significance into this singular development, but it does seem to have some.

And Now Socks!

It used to be possible to tell an Englishman just by looking at his feet. Nine times out of ten he wore thick woollen socks wrinkling down over the tops of his shoes—probably from some idea that anything tight around the leg was bad for the circulation. If there is anything in that idea, he will have even less cause for anxiety in the future.

His socks will be so short that there will hardly be enough of them left even to wrinkle. The new Utility socks are to be nine inches long—when new! By the time the laundries have worked their wicked will upon them they will just about cover his ankles. And there will be no other socks.

Fashionable gents' outfitters in the West End of London are warning their customers that they must get used to wearing their socks down around their shoe-tops — short of gumming the things up. They try to console the victims by assuring them that in America short socks are quite the vogue. Not that this will be much of a consolation to the average well-dressed Englishman. The suggestion that he should take his sartorial fashions from America will merely give him a dull pain in the back of the neck. He would about as soon think of going around in fur-pants and a two-gallon hat.

"I'm amazed at what mileage you can actually get out of a tire. In the good old days I'd turn them in after 20,000 miles, but now they have to go far over that. Right from the start I put the care of my tires in the hands of my nearby Firestone Dealer. First thing he did was to take them off the rims and give them a *complete* inspection. Luckily, there were no major breaks . . . only a few nicks and a few embedded nails and pieces of glass which were soon fixed up.

"Then my tires were 'rotated' . . . changed around to different wheels . . . to even up the wear. 'Now it's up to you,' I was told. 'If you make it a point to drive in and have your air pressure checked every week . . . and observe a few common-sense driving rules . . . you will get many more thousands of miles from those tires.'

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A Little Care Means Longer Wear

DEAR MR. EDITOR

(*Continued from Page 2*)

methods of calculation, and gives data to show that the famous 47th proposition of Euclid, ascribed to Pythagoras, was used by this ancient people at least 2,000 B.C.

Sir Leonard Woolley, in "Ur of the Chaldees" and "Digging Up the Past," published in 1929 and 1930, covering his work since 1922, has much to say about the Sumerian civilization, relics of which he found in large quantities far beneath the ruins of known Assyrian buildings. He also published a still earlier work entitled "The Sumerians," so their name is certainly not new.

But the most regrettable feature of his article is that Mr. Carter saw fit, in his superficial presentation of a recondite subject, to debase a crucial test of sublime love and enduring courage by borrowing the language of the immature majority. Does he place the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT in the class which supports tawdry vaudeville and childish thriller shows?

The robes and ornaments of which Queen Innana was deprived were symbols of her powers as a great divinity in the Sumerian religion. Even without these visible witnesses her purpose remained unchanged, as part of her inherent self. When it was achieved, her return to her proper sphere was marked by their restoration.

It is true that the Assyrians adopted this poem into their religion, changing the names from Innana and Tammuz to Ishtar and Izdubar. The Egyptians adopted the story under the names of Isis and Osiris, and the Greeks knew it under the names of Alcestis and Admetus. Our Christian legend teaches it today in "He descended into hell;" but Mr. Carter may not know that either. The names and sex change with time and location, but the essential basis of the story, in self-sacrifice even to physical death, does not change, and its radiance will ennoble humanity unendingly, as a witness to the ideal of spiritual progress and the hard path thereof.

Toronto, Ont. N. W. J. HAYDON.

The Claims of Thrift

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN YOUR issue of October 17 a letter from F. W. Steadman contrasts the position of retired people of limited income with that of workers who enjoy war wages and cost-of-living bonus. In your footnote you state that "Similar treatment for classes not now in a position to hold up the war effort would be based on moral grounds, and we have not much hope for it."

Doesn't your remark slight both the constructive effect and the ultimate bargaining power of thrift? Is it not evident that, while incentives and guarantees have put people to work, the inducements for saving have not been correspondingly strong, so that people have been on a general spending spree which the governments are now trying to suppress by cutting off commodities and services?

Those who save now are in the same boat as those who have saved in the past. They become immediately subject to decline in the purchasing power of their savings, which in the war period to date has averaged more than three per cent per annum.

Now that total output is at or near its peak, any further increase in war work must be through economy in civilian consumption. Such is the government's message today. Surely this puts thrift in the driver's seat. It at least is in a position to demand the same kind of incentives and guarantees as have been accorded to labor, public service, agriculture and other interests. The maximum of saving will not be attained unless and until the future of savings is made secure.

Toronto, Ont. W. A. MCKAGUE

Our comment was certainly not intended to slight either the "constructive effect" or the "ultimate bargaining power" of thrift. But it was intended to put the accent on the "ultimate," and to suggest that the tendency of democratic governments in recent years, and especially in war time, has been to disregard ultimate bargaining powers in favor of immediate bargaining powers. We hope to see the democratic nations awake eventually to the necessity of doing as much, by their accepted methods, to encourage the increase of capital goods as Soviet Russia does by her accepted methods; but we are not optimistic about their seeing the necessity in the near future.—Ed.

Refugees and Varsity

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN ENGLAND, over two years ago, a large number of refugees from Germany, Italy and other parts of Europe were suddenly seized and placed in camps at a moment of crisis, when there was no time for careful thought or discrimination. Once these refugees were imprisoned, it took a long time to set in motion the bureaucratic machinery to set them free. In the meantime they were treated much worse than prisoners of war; families were broken up, some were sent to Canada, and some (including men who had spent years fighting against Hitlerism) were lost on the *Arandora Star*. Sir Samuel Hoare had said of refugees from Germany; "There can be but few men or women so lacking in human feeling that their heart is not touched by the plight of these unfortunate people." We know a few of the men!

After a good deal of prodding in Parliament the Home Office took action. Its spokesman said of the refugees: "Many of them are distinguished men, the few remaining embers of a dying fire of Liberalism in Europe." The internees sent to Canada included the son of a German father and an English mother, taken to England when eleven months old, in 1930. He had never left England and spoke no German. He was taken from his mother and sent to Canada without seeing her again, and without her knowledge.

The British may have taken an unconscionable time to deal with the problem of proper conditions in camps and of releases, but the Canadians were so slow about it that the British sent out a man to make inquiries and to hasten the process.

Some of those sent to Canada had had practically the whole of their education in England, and were sons of families that had sacrificed careers, health and freedom in a fight against Hitler. The Board of Governors of Toronto University, in a spontaneous outburst of patriotism, and apparently with scanty knowledge and little thought, passed a general and indiscriminate regulation in a way that would be called irresponsible if a less self-important body were in question. (The few remaining embers of any dying fire should obviously be stamped out; if you have a few rules like that you do not need to think!) Fortunately the conscience of the University is not entirely in their hands.

In England the Members of Parliament representing university constituencies took a foremost part in attempting to right the injustices of the government's internment policy and in arousing public opinion.

Toronto, Ont. VETERAN.

CASUALTIES

WHETHER he went in the flash
 Of a blinding moment of doom,
Or whether he suffered long
 In a living tomb,

For him it is over and past,—
 The struggle and torment are done;
But for her who is left behind
 His death has begun.

Mother, sweetheart, or wife,
 Or merely an unloved friend,
She goes with a sword in her heart
 Until journey's end.

LOUISA BURCHELL.

HOW TO GET LONGER WEAR OUT OF YOUR CLOTHES

FOR ECONOMY

Good quality clothes, such as suits and overcoats, when in a hanger, cupboard or wardrobe, should be given plenty of room, so that they do not press against each other.

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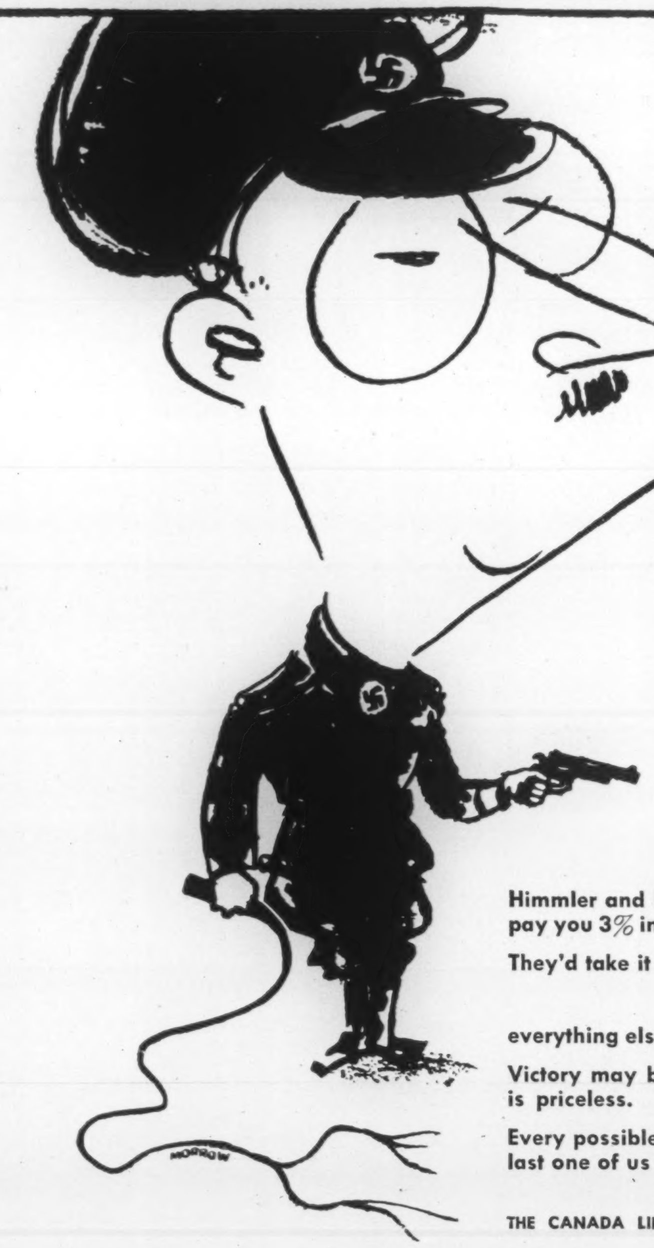

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WORLD OF WOMEN

Prisoner-of-War Parcels

BY BERNICE COFFEY

THANKS to the Geneva Convention, those who fall into the hands of the enemy still maintain some contact with the relatives and friends of their homeland—a double consolation for the men who spend their days in prison camps and those at home who can send them parcels of things that minister to their comfort.

These parcels fall into two general types—"personal" and "impersonal." Still a third is represented by that sent regularly by the Red Cross which includes food and soap, invalid comforts, toiletries and essential articles of clothing. Uniforms and greatcoats are supplied by the War Office, Admiralty and Air Ministry.

Personal parcels, only one of which can be sent every three months, are sent only by the person designated as next of kin in the official records. The first of these parcels usually contains essential toilet articles. Safety razors are important as many of the men grow a beard till it arrives. Pencils and pipes which are light and take up little space are highly prized. Brilliantine is in demand with the boys as they find their scalps get very dry, possibly due to deficiencies in diet. Almost without exception parcels contain the two pounds of chocolate bars allowed. One boy wrote back when they were omitted, "*Never* leave out the chocolate—it's not candy to us, it's food." Safety can openers are another important item. They are used to open canned food received in the Red Cross food parcels.

Personal parcels sent later usually contain such things as blankets, heavy shoes, picture frames, button cleaning outfits, shoe polish—all these, however, are among the last things to go. Depending on the recipients' tastes, harmonicas and jews harps are appreciated. Toilet articles such as toothpaste (the solid sort, not the tube variety), tooth brushes, razors, razor blades, soap, mending kits and lightweight slippers and warm knitted things are almost always included.

An impersonal parcel may be sent by any person at any time through a store which has a government permit to send them. They must be packed and sent directly by the store with no enclosures of any kind. They may weigh as much as 11 pounds packed and are sent postage free. Although there are no restrictions on these parcels as regards next-of-kin or frequency of mailing, the Postal Censorship keeps a controlling hand on the number sent to any one prisoner. Cigarettes and tobacco may be sent in the same way through a tobacco company which has the required license.

Canadian prisoners of war already have received many of the impersonal parcels. The shops tell us they contain such things as games (small, light, pocket size chess and domino sets, cribbage, Chinese checkers, puzzles, cards and others), records and sheet music (swing music, so they say), books (except those on current events or controversial subjects and those prohibited by Canadian authorities or prison camps), and most important of all, lightweight sports equipment (skates are particularly appreciated), also sweat shirts, canoe shoes and ping-pong sets.

There are many articles prohibited in either type of parcel, and it is well for anyone sending a parcel to a prisoner-of-war to be guided in the choice of contents by a competent authority such as a shop which has had experience with the regulations. The importance of correct packing and addressing cannot be overemphasized.

Something to Read

One of the busiest and most important war service depots in Canada is located in the coach-house of one of Toronto's oldest and loveliest homes. It is the national camp libraries collecting and distributing centre of the National War Services Committee of the Imperial Daughters of the Empire. Staffed by some of Toronto's leading women citizens who give voluntary service, this depot is responsible for collecting, sorting, boxing, and shipping of tens of thousands of books to training centres of servicemen from Labrador to the West Coast, and to men on sub-chasers, minesweepers and corvettes on the high seas.

The walls of the spacious coach-house are lined with book-shelves. Some days the shelves are filled with books. Other days they are practically empty. Great boxes of new and used books come and go daily. The boxes come from centres all over Canada where organizations act as collecting agents for the I.O.D.E. Camp Libraries. The outgoing boxes are directed to the recreation officer, the padre or the officer commanding units located in training centres.

Urgent requests for libraries of from 100 to 2,000 books come from various provinces. Chaplains plead for "good writers" for men in camps. Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. officials wire for books to be shipped here and there. Provincial conveners of the I.O.D.E., unable to provide enough books in their own district, ask the national office to supplement their own supplies. And from the men and women in service come scores of letters of appreciation. "A book to read is more precious than gold to us at sea," one wrote.

A drive to increase the flow of books into the national Camp Libraries headquarters is now under way. Thousands of more books are needed, and $50,000 is being sought so that new books can be added to the used ones. Special discounts have been arranged with publishers. Contributions are now arriving daily at national headquarters.

Of special interest to many are the boxes of books packed ready for shipping to corvettes. With these boxes go the names and addresses of donors of $5. or $10. The $5. boxes contain 20 paper-bound books, two decks of cards and a cribbage set. The $10. boxes contain 50 pocket editions, digests, two cribbage boards, playing cards and small games.

I.O.D.E. officials made it clear that good used books are just as welcome as new books.

WORLD OF WOMEN

The Premier's Wife

BY RICA McLEAN FARQUHARSON

UNLESS he is a bachelor, about the first question asked when a new Premier comes to power is: "What is his wife like?"

Fewer people than usual needed to voice the query when the news flashed that retiring Premier Mitchell Hepburn had named Attorney-General Gordon D. Conant to succeed him as Premier of the Province of Ontario. The reason is that Mrs. Conant, for many years, has been proving herself a person in her own right. Immediately, one gathers the impression Mrs. Conant is not a "yes" woman or a "rubber stamp." Later, she confirms this.

Mrs. Gordon D. Conant in the uniform she wears as Ontario Deputy Commissioner Girl Guides. Photo, Aber.

Disciplined to Service

One of the busiest people in Canada, Mrs. Conant has disciplined herself to service. She had little time to adjust to the tempo of being a Premier's wife but, like other Canadians, she had had over three years to fashion herself to the manner of a world at war. She had always been serious but she admits the war has tempered her and, on learning of the change in status of herself and her husband, her first thought was: "Can we do the job!"

Rapidly following came the second thought: "If this opportunity gives us a better chance to help in the winning of the war we will; we must grasp it and use it sanely and well."

War-time activities have been many and varied for Mrs. Conant. Humanitarian causes of all kinds have interested her and, in days before the war, she was also a gay and vibrant spirit in the Little Theatre of Oshawa as president and actress.

Beauty and Brains

To meet and know Mrs. Conant is to marvel. Beauty, brains, poise, the will to serve, combine in a charming personality. To see her in a dahlia wool suit, dark eyes playing under softly-brimmed hat and filmy veil of grey, is one picture. Others, more often seen, are the uniformed ones, sometimes as Ontario Deputy Commissioner of Girl Guides or at church parade in Oshawa with the Oshawa Nursing Division of St. John Ambulance Brigade of which she is Acting Lady District Superintendent.

There is Mrs. Conant on the Board of Directors of a large firm; the Premier's wife telling in full, low tones of the countless fishing and hunting trips she has taken with her husband in twenty-nine years of married life. There is the mother and homemaker, not dismayed by maidless days, family illnesses; the many chores and responsibilities that build the structure of family life.

Lastly, there is Mrs. Conant with a prodigious belief in the powers of her own sex to follow or lead in days of peace or war. She says earnestly: "If we only choose our women carefully, those with level heads; clear-thinking women with vision, we can have more women in public life; more women to help along the war effort. And we should be thinking of grouping together in organizations in some way that will avoid overlapping of work."

In fact, the more one knows of Mrs. Conant, the more one is forced to conclude she is a sort of super-perfectionist because she avoids being that depressing soul who does everything perfectly and is perfectly aware of it.

Heritage

The wife of the new Premier is keenly interested in the young matron who feels she has something tangible to contribute to the building of Canadian life. As a woman who has devoted most of her life to voluntary work, Mrs. Conant believes there is much latent ability among women of what was once the leisure class. She would like to see the younger women pick up when the older women have to step aside. In this she has followed logically in her own mother's footsteps for her first experience of women's clubs was in February, 1897 when, as a little girl, her mother took her to the first meeting of the Women's Institute in Stoney Creek. Her mother was president and it was from Stoney Creek the idea went around the world.

Party tags are not of paramount importance to Mrs. Conant. She will be loyal to her husband who is a Liberal as she was loyal to her father, Senator E. D. Smith, who is a Conservative. She is glad she has been privileged to see the points of views of both parties just as she hopes it has enabled her to look for the straight-thinking point of view for Canada.

Mrs. Conant frankly confesses she wishes she had been born a boy so she could have been a business man.

"Not politics?"

She leans over and looks her interviewer in the eye: "I'm not clever enough," she says.

Born "Verna Rowena Smith," Mrs. Conant's parents were descended on both their maternal and paternal sides from United Empire Loyalist stock. If she had a teething ring it was constructed of politics and business. Those where the chief subjects under discussion whenever the family assembled, especially at meals. In this way, the only daughter of the house absorbed a lot of nice, useful information. Later, she went to Havergal Ladies' College where the ideas of responsibility and service were always stressed by Miss Ellen Knox, the principal.

In addition to these factors in her training, Mrs. Conant was privileged to have as doctor in attendance at her birth her aunt, who was the first woman to graduate in medicine from Queen's University. She had struggled and pioneered for recognition of her sex and, as she recalled those early days, a definite impression was made on her niece. Today, in her nineties, this medical pathfinder lives quietly in Ottawa and is breathlessly delighted to hear of events at Queen's Park.

Mrs. Conant has two sons, Douglas Smith and Roger Gordon. Her only daughter's passing, at the age of twenty, brought poignant grief to the family life in the big home which has been occupied by four generations of Canadian Conants.

Activities and Interests

The interests of the Premier's wife include Oshawa Local Council of Women of which she is past president; past president Oshawa Little Theatre; was 1st vice-president Oshawa Hospital Auxiliary for many years; since June, 1941, was vice-president and extension executive of Canadian Women's Voluntary Services (Ontario Division). At present she is a member of Board of Governors of Women's College Hospital, Toronto; second vice-president E. D. Smith & Sons, Ltd., Winona; Acting Lady District Superintendent — Toronto District, St. John Ambulance Brigade; Ontario Deputy Commissioner Girl Guides; Life member of National Council of Women and of Red Cross; member Viscount Greenwood Chapter I.O.D.E., Whitby; member Oshawa Legion Auxiliary and Women's Canadian Club, Toronto; member Toronto Ladies' Club; head of Hospital Aids for C.D.C. in Oshawa.

"Social life cut to a minimum" is Mrs. Conant's war-time slogan. "Working life stretched to a maximum" is the example she sets.

LETTER AT MIDNIGHT

BEHAVE to me with love:
I am one so self-encircled
Only a thoroughbred could hurdle
These tough hedges.

And there are traps beyond
Set by the cunning of
A hating hand

And crags to clamber
Only a bold surefooted beast
Would venture.

Behave to me with love:
I am a country courser, untamed
Restless for rider.

DOROTHY LIVESAY.

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EATON'S-COLLEGE STREET

WORLD OF WOMEN

The Rock, Kensington, W.8

BY NORMAN SMART

MR. Howell E. James, Chief General Inspector of Great Britain's Ministry of Health (£1,450 a year), threw open a door in the gloomy basement of a Ministry of Health building in Tothillstreet, Westminster, saying, "And here are the toys."

The electric light flashed on brightly colored rocking horses, seesaws, bagatelle boards.

Civil servants get curious jobs to do in wartime. This was a facet of one of them. With about a dozen other civil servants Mr. James administers what is virtually a "Crown Colony" in England—the 12,000 people evacuated from Gibraltar in August and September 1940.

You cannot have a "Crown Colony" without children — hence the civil servant as an undisguised Santa Claus.

This group of civil servants have had one of the most ticklish jobs of the war. They have taken a small town of people, most of whom have never strayed far from Gibraltar—three miles long by one mile wide—and introduced them, slowly, gently, into the coldness of the great big world which is London.

Mediterranean Gaiety

I know our British subjects from Gibraltar. They are gay, noisy, happy people, living their comfortable lives in the sunshine of the Mediterranean.

The people who arrived in this country from Gibraltar two years ago were not gay. They were British who, climatically and temperamentally, felt foreigners when they came to the home country.

It wasn't an easy job to deal with these exotic, olive-skinned people who were proud to be British but rather frightened to be in England—at first.

Mr. James and his colleagues work with a parliamentary inter-departmental committee in close co-operation with the Colonial Office, which means that the civil servants work the machine of administration.

They do not claim to have made a great success, but they have worked like slaves for whatever success they have achieved.

When they have finished their day's work at the office they go out in the evening to sit on food advisory committees and sports committees. They give guidance in organizing Scout and Guide rallies and concerts. They are the spirit behind this toy democracy—leaving the Gibraltarians to run the show themselves as much as possible.

Letters to Home

It is a matter of very great importance how these Gibraltarians react to this country. They write home to brothers, husbands and sons who are doing war jobs in Gibraltar. A great deal of good—or a great deal of harm—can be measured in their reactions.

I went along to see how this two-year-old scheme is working out. The evacuees are housed in 30 centres all over London. Each is, as far as possible, a self-governing little community linked with the whole.

Their homes are blocks of flats, hotels and colleges. They have medical attention, a sick bay open night and day, and full educational facilities for the children. Both the men and the women are encouraged to go out to work: their assistance is welcomed in the shrunken labor market caused by the call-up.

More than three-quarters of the men are in work, a third of the women. Some of them work in the centres.

A number have been fitted into work they already know; others are learning new jobs — as cooks, waitresses, chambermaids, engineers (some of the men are extremely competent engineers), musicians, cigarette makers.

Adults pay $5.00 a week for their board and lodging, $2.50 a week is paid for children. The order for these payments is interpreted generously and there is a regulation that each evacuee must retain not less than one half of his or her weekly earnings, plus $1.50. Expensive bus fares to work, and meals taken outside of the centre, are allowed for.

With a civil servant I toured one of these centres; Kensington Palace Mansions, South Kensington.

In this former block of expensive suites with views over Kensington Gardens, where rents of $500 a week were not unknown before the war, 461 people are living.

The "under-five" children in the nursery grouped themselves and shrilled "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep" for my benefit. Two years ago they knew no word of English; now they prattle bilingually. The English climate has toughened them. They are beautiful children.

Among the "over-fives" they played an amusing game of asking each other questions in newly-learned and almost faultless English. During this most children announced gravely that they wanted to be soldiers, sailors or airmen.

It looks like a peacetime Sunday in Main-street, Gibraltar, when the women come to Mass in the converted chapel, wearing their elegant black lace mantillas.

Almost every room occupied by these deeply religious people has a Crucifix and sacred pictures.

A Yearning for Garlic

They are beginning to tolerate our food, served to them in a cheerful dining-room and cooked, as far as possible, in the way they prefer. They even eat porridge—and like it. But Antonio Sacramento, 60 years old, who worked for 46 years in Gibraltar Dockyard and now helps in the kitchens at the centre, confided with a sigh his yearning for more garlic-flavored dishes.

Mrs. Ellisa Victory, young wife of Mr. Joseph Victory, who works in a Gibraltar shipping office, sat in her room with sunlight streaming on her glossy black hair.

"Just like Gibraltar?" I suggested.

She shook her head and looked sadly nostalgic. To her mind British sunshine, pale and cool, doesn't resemble the Mediterranean sun in the slightest degree.

When I told some of them that I had just returned from the Rock they chattered so enthusiastically about their homes, looking at me with wonder, that *I* felt a bit like Santa Claus.

Diplomat

The escorting civil servant, a man who has spent most of his spare time in the last two years assisting in the scheme, looked on with pride.

In that time he has helped smooth out domestic fracas, soothed a park keeper when the children played too boisterously on the trees, got back two adventurous sons who ran away to sea—and mollified their mother.

He is one of the men who are going to miss the colorful slices of Mediterranean life in London when the war is over and the toy democracy is disbanded.

OF BEAUTY

MANY are the things I love—
Tender, gracious things—
Sun-clean mornings, garden plots,
Turn of homing wings,
Silver on a linen cloth,
Quiet candlelight,
Cool rooms in the heat of day,
Glowing fires at night.

Precious is each loveliness,
Pleasant, safe-at-home. . . .
But dearer far the wild storm
That whips the waves to foam;
The tossed dark; the torn wind
Crying the long night through—
Beauty so passionate and swift
Can tear the heart in two.

BLANCHE I. POWNALL.

Raspberry-hued walls provide an effective background for the attractive furniture and accessories assembled in this thoroughly livable grouping by The Canadian Handicrafts Guild, and now on display in Eaton's-College Street. Rug and stripes in the catalogne chair-coverings repeat the raspberry of the walls, and quiet browns and beiges afford the requisite contrast. Framed water-colors are by B. Cogill Haworth.

The hand-loomed fabrics chosen for the coverings of chair and couch in an adjoining room combine soft blue and green. They have an interesting foil in the pale green of the walls and in the blended greens of the cushions. Tones of beige are introduced by the hand-made rug and curtains, and four water colors by David Milne are grouped in matching frames as the sole wall decoration in the alcove behind the couch.

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● We sit down three times a day to tables rich with food . . .

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A plenty known by no people in the world today except our American neighbors!

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The *hungry* eyes of the enslaved peoples, looking to us for help!

To protect our plenty . . . to guard the health of our children . . . and to provide for the peoples who have the right to ask our help—that's something we must *pay* for!

Already thousands of Canadians have given up their jobs and homes and lives to pay for it . . .

But this is total war! EVERY man, woman and child must pay his full price . . . even if it's only *lending* the money . . . even if it's only buying one *more* Victory Bond than you thought you could afford!

NOTHING MATTERS NOW BUT VICTORY!

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Proms With Many Conductors

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

LAST week the Promenade Symphony Concerts at Varsity Arena concluded their ninth season with by far the highest aggregate of attendance in their record. During the summer of 1940, the last in which the concerts were given under a single conductor, Reginald Stewart, all North American records of attendance at a continuous series of "indoor" (as distinguished from "outdoor") concerts were broken. There was a serious drop in 1941 owing to the unexpected elimination of Mr. Stewart, and for a time the public failed to reconcile itself to a system of changing guest conductors. This summer with the guest system well organized by the Musical Protective Association with the very valuable assistance of Rex Battle, the record of 1940 has been surpassed by 40,000 in round figures.

Superficially this would appear to constitute a conclusive argument for the guest conductor system. In reality it is not. There is but one system by which a great orchestra can be built up into the effective and unified musical instrument that modern listeners demand; and that is by the steadfast labors of a single able conductor working over a period of years. When that has been accomplished, then the guest conductor can navigate effectively. This summer it would have been difficult to obtain the services of eminent visiting conductors, if they had not known in advance that the Proms orchestra had been moulded into an instrument worthy of their talents. The growth of the Proms orchestra in cohesive excellence is due to two causes; the intensive labor of Mr. Stewart, and the fact that many of its best instrumentalists were also members of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, working from October until April under the inspiring leadership of Sir Ernest MacMillan. For years Toronto's best orchestral players have enjoyed year-round employment, and acquired a vast knowledge of repertory and orchestral technique, and a facility in grasping the details of new works under intelligent guidance. That is why guest conductors have found their lot a happy one. It would be the height of absurdity to assume that either the T.S.O. or the Proms could have reached their present status with conductors changing every week or so.

Cause of Success

The prodigious success of the season has been due to constructive labors by Sir Ernest MacMillan and Reginald Stewart, and also to good management. It must be admitted that on many occasions the throngs were in part due to a discerning choice of guest soloists, especially singers, though celebrities of the air like Erno Rapee and André Kostelanetz can draw thousands irrespective of who the guest artist may be. This summer the incalculable drawing power of radio fame has been proven again and again; but for my own part I found the conductors more interesting. If unconcerned with the immediate task of reporting, I should like to have taken detailed notes of the methods of the half-score who labored for us. The conductor as soloist, playing on the most complex of all instruments can be a very inspiring person. Twenty years ago Russia in an excess of "democratic" zeal evolved the "conductorless" orchestra, and the plan was imitated elsewhere with the same result,—fiasco.

The best definition of the nature of conducting was written by Percy Scholes for "The Oxford Companion to Music": "Conducting is a generalship on the battlefield of music. Forces, often large, and very varied in their function, have to be so controlled that they will combine together, not only accurately, but with unity of spirit. Such control implies the easy possession of a large body of traditional technique plus the same genius for interpretation of a composer's mind that is to be felt underneath the playing of a great pianist or violinist. Orchestral or choral forces are nowadays, in effect, an instrument on which a virtuoso plays."

The extent to which a conductor meets the latter condition is the measure of his appeal to the sensitive listener; but I do not intend to enter into a comparative estimate. Suffice it to say that conducting has gone a long way since Weber, following a very old practice, conducted with a roll of paper. The radio celebrity, who has won his fame unseen, becomes, if he has an authentic gift, more interesting when one sees him actually at work.

This is assuredly true of Mr. Kostelanetz, who gave his services gratis (as did everyone else) last week, because the proceeds were ear-marked for the Navy League. His ease in presenting the beautiful, iridescent colors of modern works, and his refined rhythmical intuitions were manifest. Everyone knows the "Hymn to the Sun" from Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Le Coq d'Or," but its Entr'acte and Procession music are less familiar, and almost equally fascinating. Especially noteworthy was "Divertissement" by the modern Frenchman Jacques Ibert, consisting of a movement entitled "Parade" and a Waltz. The sparkle, elegance and subtlety of its strains are delightful. Ibert is not so well known outside France as some of his contemporaries, but in 1919 he won the most coveted of honors, the Prix de Rome of the Paris Conservatoire, associated with such a galaxy as Berlioz, Gounod, Massenet, Debussy, Bizet, Charpentier and Marcel Dupré. Years ago I heard at the Metropolitan his fascinating little opera "Habanera." In 1932 he was one of four composers, the others being De Falla, Ravel and Milhaud, who provided music for a film "Don Quixote" with Chaliapin in the title role. What came of the project is forgotten but it was Ravel's last work before he lost his reason. There was much in common between Ibert and Ravel, as "Divertissement" shows.

Another work presented in its entirety by Mr. Kostelanetz was Ferdie Grofé's "Grand Canyon Suite," a revelation of the composer's orchestral resource and descriptive urge.

The guest soloist was the Oklahoma Indian prima donna, Mobley Lushanya, already favorably known to local audiences. There is nothing aboriginal about her tones, beautifully produced, and as warm and sincere as they are powerful. Five years ago her debut was made in Italy as *Aida*, and last week she sang that maiden's finest aria, "Patria," gloriously. She did almost as well with Puccini's "Vissi d'Arte"; and her rendering of Trayer's setting of a song of her own people, "Invocation to the Sun God," was naturally impeccable. But why do dramatic singers of robust presence insist on singing "Annie Laurie." Just as spirituals should be left to colored singers, "Annie Laurie" should be left to the Scots. I know a musician from North of the Tweed who says that prima donnas who tackle Burns, have "the nerve of a poacher's dowg" (dog in translation).

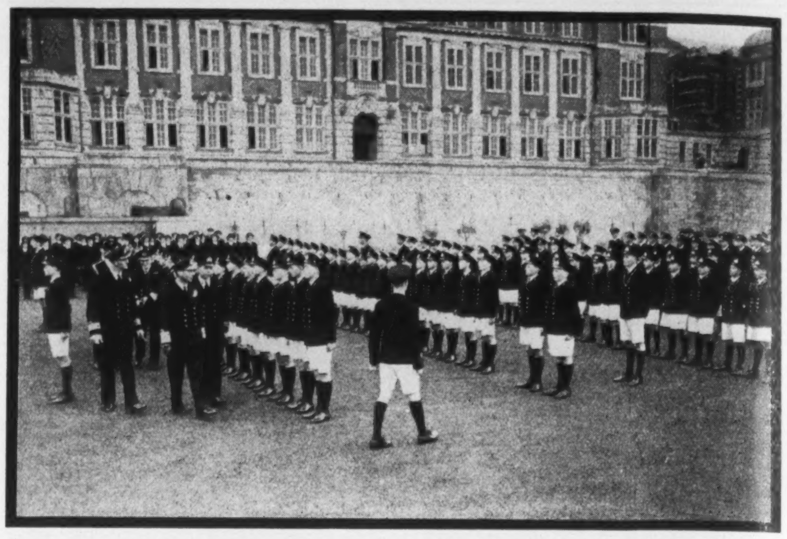
Dr. Stock's Death

Many of the older generation felt sorrow at the sudden death, aged 70, of Dr. Frederick Stock, conductor since 1905 of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. For the previous ten years he had been concert-master of the same organization under Theodore Thomas. Between them he and Sir Henry Wood of the Queen's Hall Orchestra held a record for continuous association with one symphonic organization, 47 years in each case. Originally Stock was rather cold and academic, but as the years went on he became warm and emotional. At one time his associations with Toronto were close. He came yearly with his orchestra to participate in the Festival series of the Mendelssohn Choir under Dr. Vogt. Their relations were of the happiest. His last appearance here occurred early in 1914. A few months later war brought a severance of relations, because the Chicago organization was almost entirely Teutonic at that time. Stock himself was far from rigid German in taste. It was he who introduced the orchestral music of Ravel to Toronto, and also other precious novelties. We all liked him so well that we even forgave him for trying out on us his first and only symphony.

Coming Events

Harry Adaskin has left for a three-weeks' concert tour of the Maritime Provinces, where he will play the same program as he is doing here at the opening recital of the new series "Presenting Toronto Violinists" on Nov. 14 next, at the Toronto Conservatory Concert Hall.

The above series is one of six concerts each given by a well-known Toronto violinist, and ending with all of them combined in a chamber orchestra, playing accompaniments to Kathleen Parlow who will do a concerto. The group will be conducted by Samuel Hersenhoren.



Future officers of the Royal Navy are these lads in stockings, white shorts, blue jackets and nautical caps. Cadets of the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth, they are being inspected by H.R.H. King George.

Miss Wilhelmina MacLean-Howard, soprano, to be heard in recital at Hart House Theatre, Toronto, Monday, Nov. 9. Proceeds are for the Navy League.

Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes, appearing in Noel Coward's gay comedy "Private Lives" booked for the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, for the week beginning Monday, Nov. 2.

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(By Permission Board of Syndics)
WILHELMINA
MacLEAN HOWARD
Soprano
Mon. Eve., Nov. 9th at 8.30 p.m.
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Entire Proceeds to the Navy League of Canada

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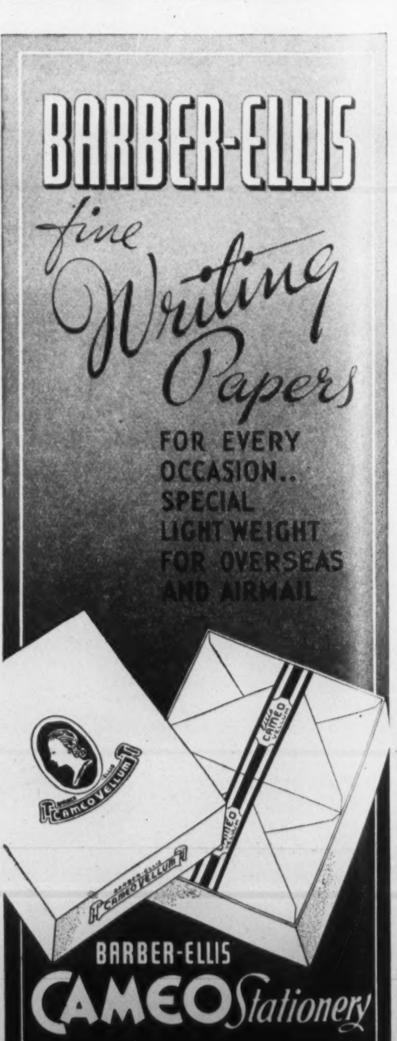

THE FILM PARADE

The Common Man

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

SEVERAL years ago Hollywood discovered the Common Man in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," and as it turned out the Common Man was a fine subject, especially in an age when uncommon inhumanity seems to be the rule. Mr. Deeds was followed by Mr. Smith, who went to Washington and Mr. John Doe who was driven to attempted suicide by the corruption and brutality of a world in which he found himself, unfortunately, all too uncommon. In "The Talk of the Town" the uncommon common man is Leopold Dilg (Cary Grant), a street-corner radical who so exasperates his fellow townsmen that they first attempt to dispose of him with an arson and murder charge, and then try to lynch him outright.

To prove that the heart of the common man is disinterested and pure the script-writer, if he is to have a story at all, must make it clear that the general run of humanity is pretty vile and monstrous. It's a paradox we movie-goers willingly accept since we identify ourselves wholeheartedly with the honest hero rather than with the cunningly organized society that is out for his blood. Films of this sort are usually good box-office, but there's a sort of inverted demagogy about them that makes them suspect. Or maybe it's just that they send us out feeling good about ourselves rather than bad about the terrible society to which we so plainly belong.

THE hero of "Talk of the Town" is a much sprightlier type than any of his predecessors — indeed Cary Grant can't seem to decide throughout the film whether he's in there as a comic or as a martyr—but the picture as a whole isn't nearly as gay and entertaining as any of the Capra pictures. It talks too much for one thing—talks and talks, where Director Capra would have made his points by lively illustration. The gist of the argument here seems to be that law as it is preached in the law schools is very different from law as it is practised in the police courts. Eminent jurist Michael Lightfoot (Ronald Colman in a Chief Justice Hughes beard) believes that a convicted party who has escaped should be turned right over to the police. Leopold Dilg, hiding out in the jurist's attic, is naturally in favor of a more informal approach to legal jurisprudence. So is Jean Arthur, Ronald Colman's pretty landlady. In the end they are so persuasive in talking him round that the jurist suppresses evidence, hides the refugee, goes after the real criminal with a gun and drags him into court just as the mob (which carries the informal approach to law a step further) is preparing to string Leopold from a lamppost. As you can see the issues get a little confused before the end. Is the picture in favor of kicking the law around a little if you happen to be a high-minded jurist; or is against kicking it clear out of bounds if you happen to be a member of a lynching party?

Fortunately "Talk of the Town" has Jean Arthur as its heroine. She's a school-teacher here, a little confused in her thinking but warm and womanly in her feelings. She spends quite a lot of time in Ronald Colman's pyjamas which are many sizes too large for her and look several sizes too large even for Mr. Colman; (the smaller the girl the larger the pajamas, is one of Hollywood's most inflexible rules.) Fortunately again, however, Jean Arthur's comedy has no particular set of rules. She just acts like the nice girl she is, caught in another peculiar predicament. Her comedy here, as always is expert without looking as though she had practised at it. All by itself it makes "Talk of the Town" worth seeing.

BETTY GRABLE is expert too, but she still gives the impression that she got that way by working at it hard. Through practising indefatigably—arms, legs, muscles, smile —she has achieved a sort of mechanical perfection which goes a long way to unfit her for her current role —that of a nice warm-hearted girl who is just in there trying. The picture is called "Footlight Serenade" and in addition to Betty Grable has Victor Mature as a prize-fighter-turned-actor in the Max Baer tradition—a prankish role that doesn't go very well with Mr. Mature's sultry Mediterranean style. Cobina Wright Jr. is more appropriately cast as a society chanteuse and James Gleason who can play anything he likes is the show's anguished producer. It's one of those flimsily contrived, handsomely produced song-and-dance films that used to turn up in pre-war times rather more frequently than they do today. There's no urgent reason for staying away and as far as I could see no particular reason for going to see it.

Canada in Microfilm

BY M. AUDREY GRAHAM

Have you any historic letters written by your ancestors in the early days of this country? If so, you can have them recorded for posterity without permanently parting with them. There are libraries which will record them on microfilm and add them to the store in which the historian can delve.

WITH the country making history at the present-day pace it takes an imperturbable institution like the Library to think in terms of hidden treasures of Canada's past.

For nearly four years the Toronto Reference Library has owned the latest photographic equipment for making and showing the famous microfilm books. During that time, not only has the supply of imported films steadily increased, but the library itself, by means of a copying camera, has made some very valuable contributions.

Microphotography, the photographing of the printed page on 35mm motion picture film, is a fairly new version of the principle used for years by banks and government offices in recording important documents. Books are photographed page by page in a succession of tiny pictures. As many as 3600 pages may be printed on 100 feet of film.

A projector, not unlike a miniature theatre, is necessary to show the film in readable size. One variety is a tall tapering metal box which may be placed upon any table. The reader, seated before it, can look into the open side of the cabinet at a small screen resting almost flat upon the table. The top of the box, like the back of the theatre, is the point from which the film is actually projected. A crank on the right side "turns the page" or, in other words, winds the film to the next picture. A long handle on the left side moves the projected page in any direction. This is used particularly in the case of newspapers where only one quarter of the surface is shown at once. The manipulation of the long handle is very like that of moving your daily paper to within range of your eyes.

It can be readily seen that the possibilities of this new branch of library work are endless. A steady stream of book films is coming from Britain, where, despite the war, they are carrying out their avowed plan to film every printed work previous to the year 1550, and to make them available to libraries everywhere. The man-in-the-street may now see in picture form some of the rarest of England's earliest literature.

FROM Harvard Library in the United States comes the microfilm file of the Toronto morning paper, to be preserved for future reference on small reels of film which occupy about one-fiftieth of the space required for the perishable newspaper itself. Thus the problem of storing year after year of magazines and newspapers, which loomed so large and alarming a few years ago, is solved by a camera.

In the future, when the use of the equipment is widespread, there would seem to be no reason why every library could not have an identical selection of reference material, since any number of copies of the films can be made.

There is another equally important service made possible by this photographic equipment. Long hours of notemaking are no longer necessary for the research worker or historian. For a small cost—the department is only intended to cover running expenses — a microfilm copy can be made of any page or pages in library reference books, and then the negative is enlarged and printed.

Technical books are expensive and editions are usually very limited, but innumerable photographs can be made of any desired part of the text. Recently a request was made for several published photographs and data on the camouflaging of factories and munitions plants as a war precaution. Printed matter, pictures, plans and maps are all available—not for republication, of course, but for the notebooks and files of library frequenters whose erstwhile slow and studious work must now be speeded up to keep pace with the times.

But perhaps the most valuable work done by the Toronto Reference Library's camera is the filming of rare old books and documents of historic interest to the country, so that the originals need not be handled unnecessarily by the public. In this connection they appeal from time to time to private citizens who have anything of this sort that they would be willing to loan.

Miss Martha Shepard, who operates the camera, points out that there is no risk to the brittle and perishable originals involved. The books are merely placed on a table top; a piece of glass keeps the pages flat and the whole is photographed. The loaned material is then returned to its owner, and there is from that time in existence at the library a microfilm copy. Should the original be destroyed in later years, the owner would have the satisfaction of knowing that it was not altogether lost to posterity.

There have been numerous responses to the appeal. For example, some old correspondence of William Lyon Mackenzie came to light in a private home. It was loaned to the library, and a copy may now be seen among the microfilm Canadiana.

It is hoped that eventually a complete picture of Canada's pioneer era may be gathered in this way and made available to the public in a manner never before possible. Perhaps you might have something in your home that would be a valuable addition.

BOOK SERVICE

All books mentioned in this issue, if not available at your bookseller's, may be purchased through Saturday Night's Book Service. Address "Saturday Night Book Service," 73 Richmond St. W., Toronto, enclosing postal or money order to the amount of the price of the required book or books.

Youthful Fashion Leaders from Simpson's Better Dress Department

A series of dresses designed for the wartime wardrobes of spirited young women—to make you look your prettiest when your husband or beau is home on leave—yet practical, withal, for your many activities.

He'll like to remember you as you look in this young, young dress of striped rayon faille. It's simple—just buttoned up the front to a little white collar, but the pegtop hipline accents the slimness of your waist — the short skirt swings out — the white stripes are dramatically played up against black or brown. Junior misses' sizes 11 to 17. Each 16.95

Simpson's

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BUY VICTORY BONDS

Aylmer

INFANTS FOODS • JUNIOR FOODS

CANADIAN CANNERS LIMITED

Bearing up nobly under the lack of silk hose, Hollywood stars put glamor into lisle. Ann Sheridan demonstrates the elasticity and sheerness of new type of cotton hose. The lack of silk hose to dress the superlatively attractive legs of feminine stars is only one of the trials the film industry has had to bear as a result of shortages. However, now that designers are concentrating on cotton and its fashion possibilities, lisle assumes new attractiveness.

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ALL WOOL WASHABLE CREPE

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54 inches wide. At all leading stores or write Wm. Hollins & Co. Ltd., 266 King St. W., Toronto.

THE DRESSING TABLE

Color -- Simplicity's Child

BY ISABEL MORGAN

COLOR is the keynote of Fall 1942 and since it is so important at a time when the theme of style is simplicity, it behooves us to make the most of it.

The newest colors are the winter blues—not so new the tobacco colors, that were spice, copper penny and tobacco two years ago.

Reds are all over the place and run the entire gamut—cold reds, warm reds, pomegranate and tomato, chili and Ming, post box and red plush carpet, wine reds and cardinal, cathedral glass and flame. Then there is flag red in a class all by itself, in whole ensembles or dashes and bits.

Greens are wonderful — blue greens, yellow greens, jade, spruce and even kelly green.

India browns—beige and winter white.

Grey is getting stronger every day.

Yellows — bronze, gold and mustard.

Chartreuse, green and yellow.

All the fuschia tones—with cyclamen, purple, royal, parma violet, orchid shades and plum—egg plant and dregs of wine.

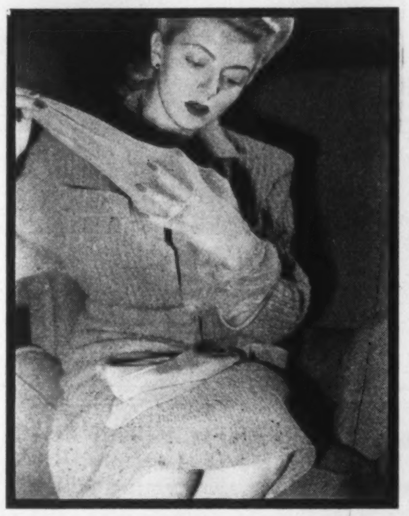
And now for the ensembling of these colors with the treasure in your jewel box. The season's fashions are, in themselves, simple and uninvolved of line because of the necessity for fabric-saving. This makes them ideal backgrounds for any jewellery one may be fortunate to possess—hence it is clever to create a careful ensemble of jewels and frock.

The winter blues are equally sympathetic to gold or silver, to moonstones, aquamarine, sapphires in the soft colors we are now wearing as well as blue—zircons with the pale shades and coral with the Chinese colors—also lapis lazuli and gold.

The tobacco shades are best with topaz, (quartz or precious)—with brown or yellow diamonds, and with the many rich tones of amber from cloudy yellow to raisin brown. Carnelian jewellery is not often seen but it is very beautiful with these tones.

For red we have jet, onyx, pearls, diamonds and rubies—black enamel and gold, and gold and silver necklaces, bracelets, clips, rings and earrings.

Green companions emerald, jade, chrysophrase, cat's eye, green tourmaline, peridot and pearls. Gold is particularly good with green—amethysts, rubies and garnets are also good with green.



And here is Lana Turner carefully inspecting the ankle-flattering bracelet design which is embroidered on her fine lisle cotton mesh hose.

Purples—amethyst for shades that are not too strong — rubies, and moonstones, sapphires in multicolor —but silver is really beautiful for all of the purple shades and, of course, pearls and diamonds, also emeralds and rubies.

Browns are best with gold, amber, topaz, yellow diamonds and sapphires and some of the soft pink coral pieces treated in the antique manner.

Simple gold necklaces, beads and floral collars are very smart with brown.

Rosé pearls and the new natural woods in costume jewellery seem to have an affinity for the soft tree bark colors of the new winter browns.

Bracelets bridge the gap between the new short upper arm and short lower arm sleeves. Long gloves "up to here" are back again to be worn with short afternoon and cocktail hour frocks and bracelets are worn over the gloves with earrings and clips to match.

"C" For Good Looks

Vitamin C is absolutely necessary to the body for the maintenance of strong bones and healthy teeth—ergo, good looks. It is a definite preventive of infection. Many people who complain of pain in the joints lack Vitamin C.

The sources of this valuable unit are not numerous. First on the list are the citrus fruits—oranges, grapefruit and lemons. Then come cold canned tomatoes and raw cabbage. Much lower down the scale we find potatoes (baked or boiled in their skins), then come peaches, apples and pears.

To ensure your good health this winter include one serving of cold canned tomatoes in the diet every day, advises the Health League of Canada, if oranges or grapefruit are scarce or too much of a strain on the budget. Eat potatoes baked or boiled in their jackets, and don't scorn the humble cabbage. Have a salad of chopped raw cabbage and carrots at least twice a week and more often if possible.

We could, of course, go back to the Indian days and make a brew of pine needles to prevent scurvy as did the British and American civilian prisoners of the Japanese, according to a recent story, when scurvy began to appear in the camp as a result of the

Paulette Goddard chooses hose of gold colored sheer crepe lisle to match her evening dress, an Edith Head creation, of gold bugle beads.

DOROTHY GRAY

home treatment for dry skin

SIMPLE AS 1-2-3

1 Cleanse with DOROTHY GRAY DRY-SKIN CLEANSER (Cream 683). The *lubricating* cleanser. Thoroughly yet gently removes drying dust, stale make-up. Helps your skin feel beautifully smooth. $1.25

2 Freshen with DOROTHY GRAY ORANGE FLOWER SKIN LOTION. Removes excess cream. Fragrant, refreshing, non-drying. $1.10

3 *Lubricate* with DOROTHY GRAY EXTRA-RICH SKIN CREAM. Its rich emollients blended for suppling skin inclined to aging "weather" lines. Helps drawn, flaky-dry skin regain a softer, more pliant look and feel. $1.25

AT SMART COSMETIC COUNTERS

DOROTHY GRAY

AMERICAN DESIGN OF BEAUTY

Deb serves in Dominion's Defense

Her name, Claire Morin. Her home, St. Joseph de Beauce, Que. This lovely debutante and her handsome escort take a Victoria to help save gasoline reserves. Asked how she keeps her ivory skin so fresh, Claire said: "It's easy to give bright glow to my skin with a Woodbury Facial Cocktail. I'm devoted to this daily cleansing with Woodbury Facial Soap." Try this scientific *skin* soap for your facial cocktail. (Note recipe below.) See your complexion blossom with new loveliness.

1. Claire helps speed up supplies of bacon for Army breakfasts abroad. "Every small help brings Victory closer. It's even important for a girl to look bright and attractive. So I use Woodbury Soap to clear away skin drabness.

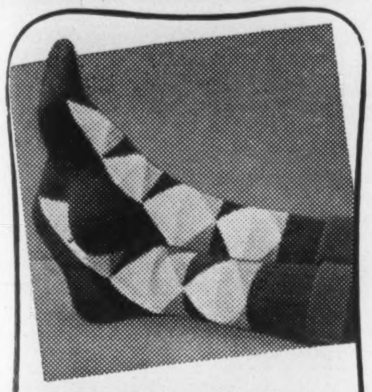
2. "Here are the ABCs of my skin care. I bubble up a rich lather of Woodbury Soap. With sharp pats dispose of soil and grime. Then flush away the last trace of drabness with two complete rinsings . . . warm water, followed by cold."

3. For the men in service, Claire knits scarfs, sweaters and socks. "I take a Woodbury Facial Cocktail every day without fail. This fine skin soap is wonderfully thorough and gentle. It brings the pink to my skin." Try fragrant Woodbury Soap in your bath, as well.

4. "For the Skin You Love to Touch," use the beauty soap famous for its smoothing care. Woodbury contains a costly ingredient for extra mildness. Made by skin scientists. Get Woodbury today. Only 10¢

Back up Your Fighting Man . . . Buy Victory Bonds

(MADE IN CANADA



THESE AND MANY OTHER THINGS FOR MEN IN THE NEW LUX KNITTING BOOK

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MAKE YOURS FROM THE NEW LUX KNITTING BOOK

Find how to make these smart socks in the NEW Lux Knitting Book. They're a cinch to make and "hand-knits" wear longer. There are four separate sections—112 pages in all —115 individual, test-knitted patterns for everybody. Send one large Lux box top and 15¢ with the coupon, for your copy TODAY. Don't fail to secure the New Lux Knitting Book.

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meagre diet of polished rice. But in this country there is no necessity for this or any other disease resulting from a low fruit or vegetable diet.

Eat all the apples and other native fruits you can stow away, says the Health League, because they're good for you; but remember, they will not give you the vitamin C that cold canned tomatoes contain—(½ cup of tomatoes equals 3 large apples or 6 large pears.)

Dusty Work

There are many ways in which dusting powder can be used to save one's smaller supplies of the more concentrated — and expensive — perfumes. Elizabeth Arden offers a number of suggestions to give an idea of the wide use to which it can be put.

For instance, have you ever thought of using it for your lingerie? Shake it over the bottom of your bureau drawer—then cover with tissue paper. It perfumes the clothes as nicely as sachet.

Your bed linen. Sprinkle between the sheets for a feeling of silken-smoothness and sweet-scented slumber.

Your shoes. To keep them sweet and fresh and make them easier to slip into. For golf shoes which have become damp shake in dusting powder and then stuff with paper. They won't become mouldy or develop a humid odor.

Your bridge game. If the cards become moist and difficult to handle, dust them lightly with dusting powder. They will slip through the fingers with ease—and the fragrance will help dispel the unpleasantness of smouldering cigarettes.

First aid for your gloves. Dust the hands with talcum to make kid, suede (only the light colored sort, of course) or rubber gloves slip on smoothly and quickly.

Your handkerchiefs. Put a little on the bottom of your handkerchief box to give them a delightful fragrance.

Elizabeth Arden has dusting powders in a number of delightful scents from which to choose. Best loved of all, though, are "It's You"—rare and versatile—it adapts itself to the individuality of the person; and "Blue Grass" sweet and fresh as a Kentucky morning.

TO AN EVACUEE

MAY we never meet again! May
the stars lean down
On you forever there—me here!
May there be an end to talk, gay surrender of the mind:
At the turning of the year
May you be gone, my dear.

Where the lanes of England run,
deep burrowed from the sun
Where the downs sweep up to the sky—
May you strike out on your own, one
blowing blessed morn
With no terror overhead—
Lark wings instead!

May we never meet again! Who have
met in doom,
Sworn friendship in despair;
World's ending in our eyes, and
crumbling in our hands
A continent of fear:
May there be an end to this—my
dear!

DOROTHY LIVESAY.

Fashioned on straight, free-swinging lines this coat of South American spotted cat is dressed up with wide and deep snowball cuffs of badger.

GODMOTHER

LITTLE, little mouth
That cannot suck
Enough love from the heart
To satisfy;

Little, little fist
That cannot beat
The world down with a blow;

Little, little head
That cannot nod
More helplessly
Than now—

O little, little life,
My only gift can be:
The biting blade, the knife.

DOROTHY LIVESAY.

Hearts skip a beat *if your smile is right*

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush"—help keep gums firmer, your teeth more sparkling with

IPANA AND MASSAGE

NOTHING lends so much enchantment to beauty as a lovely smile. But never forget—a smile to be really attractive, depends largely on *firm, healthy gums.*

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist immediately. You may not be in for serious trouble — but let your dentist decide. Probably he'll tell you your gums are weak and tender because today's soft, creamy foods have robbed them of work and exercise. And, like thousands of modern dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

Ipana not only cleans teeth thoroughly but, with massage, it is especially designed to aid the gums to healthy firmness. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage—means circulation is quickening in the gum tissues—helping gums to healthier firmness.

Get an economical tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today and help to keep your smile charming, attractive, winning.

Ipana
TOOTH PASTE

A Product of Bristol-Myers—Made in Canada.

FEEL FIT AS A FIDDLE

Tomorrow

TAKE PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA *Tonight*

Say goodbye to those "morning blues." Get out of bed feeling clear-headed — wide-awake — full of ambition. That's what can happen when you stop letting your stomach *go sour* during the night because of over-indulgence . . . when you give that excessive acidity the one-two action of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

For Phillips' Milk of Magnesia does more than merely neutralize the excess acids — it *finishes the job.* After settling the stomach, it goes on and acts as a very gentle laxative — promotes a mild yet thorough elimination. It's an ideal laxative-antacid.

So the next time you overeat — or stay up late at a gay party — try Phillips' Milk of Magnesia at bedtime, and wake up feeling "*fit as a fiddle.*" Read the directions on the Milk of Magnesia package and take only as directed thereon, or as prescribed by your physician. Available in liquid or tablet form.

ONE-TWO ACTION!

1 AN EFFECTIVE ALKALIZER. Gives speedy relief when your stomach feels "uneasy" or gassy due to too much acid. Rated among the most effective neutralizers of excess stomach acids known. Acts almost immediately.

2 A MILD LAXATIVE. Not a purge—merely promotes more thorough elimination. Does not leave you feeling "all wrung out." Take it at any time of the day—because it does not act with embarrassing urgency. Many physicians recommend it for young children. There is no better mild laxative.

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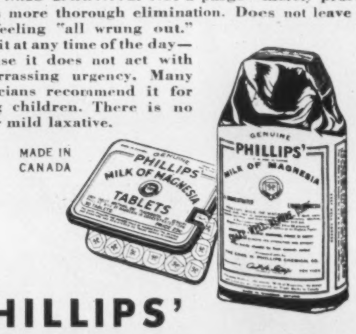

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Oriental Cream
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gives a touch of satisfaction. Recaptures that soft, tender skin of youth.

White, Flesh, Rachel, Sun-Tan

TRAIN-SICK?

Nausea, dizziness, stomach distress may be prevented and relieved with the aid of

Mothersill's
SEASICK REMEDY

THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

The Circus Comes to Town

BY BABS WARNER BROWN

THE violent activity of the trapeze artists, the desperate energy of the tight-rope walkers, the hysterical concentration of the performing animals, all these, I maintain, are *nothing* compared to what is required of a distraught parent taking her Brace, or Brood, as the case may be, to see the circus. For to survive this four hour ordeal one must have the bravery of a lion tamer, the agility of a monkey, the abandon of a high diver, the bulging muscles of a weight-lifter, the sturdiness of a bear, the patience of an elephant and the overwhelming bonhomie of a seal.

Things tend to gang up on one. The children get hold of advance—weeks in advance—publicity. The school co-operates with a half holiday. The stadium is most accessible. You haven't managed to break a leg. For the first time in months neither child had a cold. In a weak moment when you are really thinking of something else, you say you *might* take them—and your doom is sealed.

The Brace, wild with excitement, are ready at least two hours before you need leave the house. There are no seats on the street car. You arrive at the stadium to find a queue four deep and three blocks long. You reach the ticket window and it's the wrong one. You are herded through swing gates and the Brace become entangled in the machinery. You climb umpteen flights of stairs feeling like a mountain goat with angina pectoris. You are pulled, you are pushed, you are shoved, your hat is knocked off, your air out and your teeth in. You sink into a seat and let a tide of juvenile humanity sweep o'er you. You find you are to be the soul companion, for three and a half hours, of twelve thousand screaming maniacs. You are at the circus.

Superman and Peanuts

There is some delay on account of a trifling three thousand or so who are still queuing up outside. The audience becomes restless and throws litter into the water tanks and for a while it looks as if Superman will emerge after his death defying leap, with an orange peel in his eye, or inhaling a peanut. This is explained through a microphone and the audience—at least in your vicinity—switches to putting the peanuts down your neck. You sit on a popsicle. This gives the Brace an idea and you have to buy them one each. They drip. You forgot to bring any Kleenex. They step in some chewing gum. They lose their hats. . . A clown gets stuck in the lion cage, empty, luckily, of lions, and the children howl. Papers are thrown into the air, whistles and cat calls split your eardrums; there's a child in the next row who obviously has whooping cough; you rescue the Brace from certain death over the drop into the next section; the lights go down; the band strikes up and tiny spot light picks out a girl singing, 'There'll always be an England'—the show is on!

Lions and Lady Divers

It's a lovely circus with everything in it a circus should have—clowns with their bathroom humor and their lovable, laughable antics, stately elephants—although it's rather undignified to have these majestic brutes advertising somebody's shoes in the grand march!—lovely ladies in their tight tights (how *do* they stop them from splitting?), prancing horses, rather bored lions who have to be prodded a good deal in the rump, trapeze artists—ladies what 'angs by their teeth and gents what 'angs by their toes—girls on roller skates, tight-rope walkers who *will* mess about on bicycles fifty feet in the air, dancing bears, the rather bulbous lady diver whose displacement is bound to extinguish the flames in her tank. Superman and his bicycle—and best of all the seals. The seals simply *rollick* through their act; the whole thing is the most tremendous joke. They bellow with joy when they play wrong notes on the trumpet; they double up with laughter at their own expense and best of all they applaud and applaud and *applaud* themselves. Oh, for the disposition of a seal!

Coming out of the stadium along with several hundred other people intent on the same street car, it's anticlimactic to find that it's pouring with rain, but still under the influence of the seals, no doubt, you don't seem to mind. However as four, then five, and *six* crowded street cars go by without stopping things begin to look a bit grim. A fat slob in a huge, shiny, empty car goes by honking rudely and futilely at the swelling crowd of children. His window is down and his words are clear. "Damn these kids. . ." You are about to rise in your wrath and give him the answer you feel he deserves when a large, rosey-cheeked woman with a strong Glasgow accent, does it for you. "So it's damn these kids, is it? You in your big car—it's these kids that'll be saving the likes of you in a few years. . ."

Kids in the rain, swarms of them, noisy, dishevelled; you look at them, remembering how the whole twelve thousand of them had risen to their feet with the playing of The King, the silence during the opening bars and then the young voices mingling with the girl's at the microphone. Tier after tier of Canadian children singing. . . "Long to reign over us, God save our King. . ."

God save these kids.

Ink purple, loose jacket lined with gold studded quilted black satin.

When war aid activities keep you going for long, tedious hours, your figure needs

*LeGant**

It takes an exceptional foundation garment to keep its shape (and yours) under the constant strain of perpetual motion. Your favourite corsetiere will tell you that LeGant foundations are made to give smooth control of hips, gentle support of bust and abdominal muscles. Ask her advice on correct fittings.

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CORSETS FOR DEFENSE OF CANADIAN FIGURES

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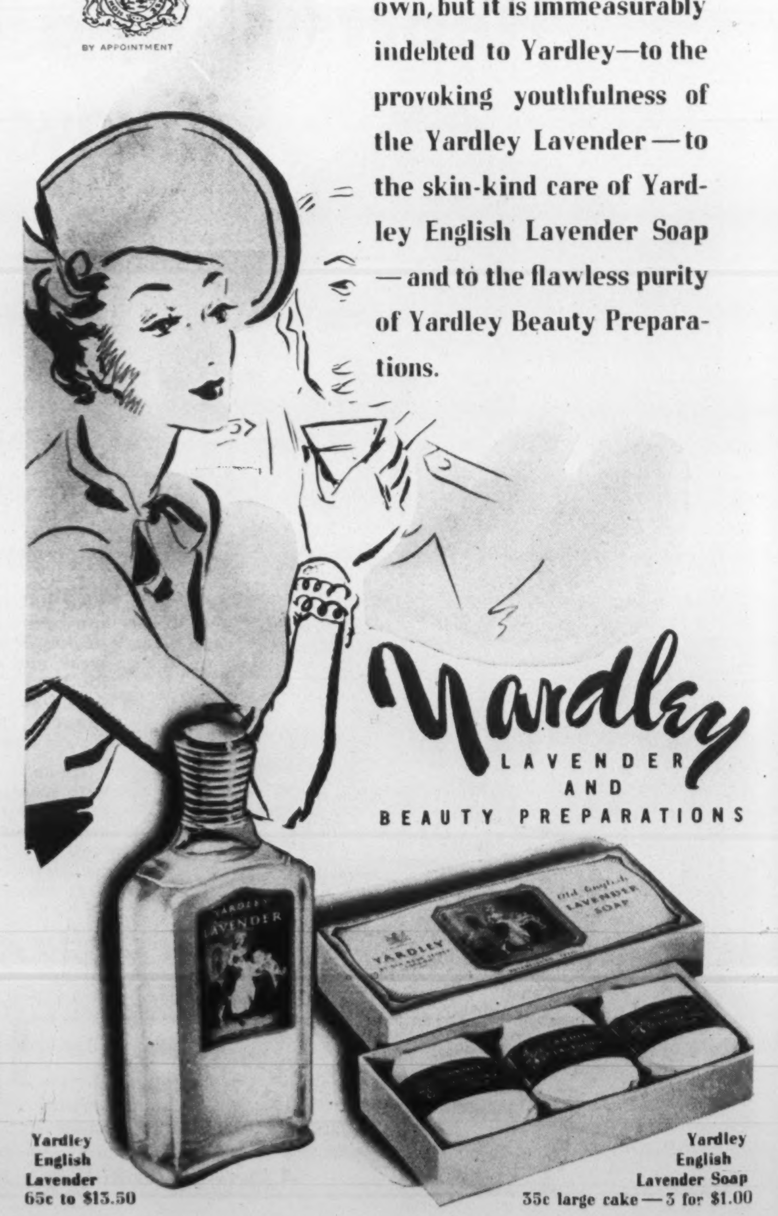
SO CHARMING

BY APPOINTMENT

Her charm is, of course, her own, but it is immeasurably indebted to Yardley—to the provoking youthfulness of the Yardley Lavender—to the skin-kind care of Yardley English Lavender Soap—and to the flawless purity of Yardley Beauty Preparations.



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LAVENDER
AND
BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

Yardley English Lavender 65c to $13.50

Yardley English Lavender Soap 35c large cake — 3 for $1.00

THE OTHER PAGE

Streamlining the Epitaph

BY LEO KENNEDY

"Old Nico of the maiden Melite here wreathes the grave. Death, why should such things be?"

SO IN effect wrote Philippus of the Greek Anthology. You will find the sentiment Englished with grace in the Loeb translations, if you wish more than the nostalgia of Mr. Humbert Wolfe. R. Monteith (An Theatre of Mortality, Edinburgh, 1704, reprinted with additions 1834), that assiduous 18th century collector of vital statistics, observed an echo of the sentiment on a headstone in a cemetery of Edinburgh,

"Here lies four bairnes of Robert Adam and Jonet Orrock, viz. John, Jean, Christine, and Margaret Adams, 1679.
O cruel death, O furious death, what fury makes thee rage,
Thus to cut down young pleasant plants and pass by crooked age?"

You will find its thousand enchanting variations in English verse of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when the poetic epitaph performed a material as well as an artistic function. Ben Jonson's gravely beautiful and compact lines,

"Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die;
Which in life did harbour give
To more virtue than doth live."

translated a graceful sorrow at the loss of the mysterious Elizabeth L. H——, but never adorned headstone. On the other hand this quatrain, "for Elizabeth Morris, who died at Largs . . . September 1805, aged 19 years," did,

"She ne'er knew joy,
But friendship might divide,
Or gave her father grief;
But when she died."

The verse is less elegant; the pain is as pointed.

Grayfriars Churchyard in Edinburgh proved a happy hunting ground for Monteith and the accommodating friends who produced such gems for the *Theatre of Mortality* as this sturdy jogtrot on James Murray, merchant, died "30 April 1649, of his age the 79 year",

Stay passenger, and shed a tear;
For, good James Murray lyeth here:
He was of Philiphaugh descended,
And for his merchandise commended;
He was a man of a good life,
Marry'd Bethia Mauld to's wife;
He may thank GOD that e're he gat her,
She bare him three sons and one daughter;
The first he was a man of might,
For which the king made him a knight;
The second was both wise and wyllie,
For which the town made him a baillie;
The third a factor of renown,
Both in Camphior and in this town;
His daughter was both grave and wise
And she was married to James Elies.

I gravely suspect the Grayfriars Churchyard, or Monteith, or some dour Scots avoucher, for the statement:—

"In the Gray-Friar Church is said to be the following Epitaph.
Cy gist ma femme fort bien,
Pour son repose, ce pour le mien.
My wife lies here conveniently;
She is at rest and so am I."

Written in vinegar, or gall, or juice of wormwood, are these,

"Here lies a man beside a witch,
Who did oppress both poor and rich;
But where he is, or how she fares,
No man doth know, and als few cares."

NOW to what end is all this? Clearly the public advertisements of virtue, or footnotes of disapproval, which our forbears engraved upon headstones, hold charm for us. But it is, you say, an abandoned practice, alas, relegated to the dusty province of archevists. We can write about it whimsically. At best we can make up bright anthologies of the more resourceful specimens.

Well, my point is that the epitaph, as social exercise, as a cultivated practice of civilization is not gone at all. It actually flourishes. It has been metamorphosed, merely, into something rich and strange, that may be found daily in any Canadian newspaper. It has become the single column "heads" set in sombre Gothics or grim, Condensed Cheltenhams, that announce to public mourning the demise, abrupt or considered, of our best citizens.

I have before me a sheaf of "obituaries" clipped from daily newspapers across Canada over a period of several days. They fall easily into two groups: (1) those of direct descent from the traditional epitaph; (2) the news items. And a word of explanation on the latter. Some writers of obituary "heads" announce their subject as baldly as any other news item. Examples: M. L. BUTTERFORD DIES IN EAST or SOAMES D. CRAYWOOD DIES SUDDENLY DURING NIGHT or OLD-TIMER OF CENTRAL BUTTE, DEAD. DIES NEAR TREE, DIES AFTER IMMERSION IN THE RIVER, or DIES AFTER SEIZURE further illustrate this style. Invariably death without prior notice, *sudden death*, is described with dramatic impact, free of poetics. FOUND DEAD IN BED, DIES IN 'DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY', GIRL DIES OF DRINK clinch this point.

Conversely in those obituaries which continue the long tradition of the epitaph, death is personalized, given substance and character.

The late lamented, too, are treated poetically, discussed with romantic reverence in their relation to the phenomenon. They do not, strictly, *die*. Many are *called*. The demise of a lady of St. Catharines provokes GRACIOUS LADY CALLED BEYOND.

From Montreal we read, DEATH CALLS J. STRACHAN.

Companion pieces are, PIONEER RESIDENT CALLED TO REST and JOHN THORDARSON IS CALLED BY DEATH.

Others are *taken*. EDITOR SUDDENLY TAKEN, PREMIER LYONS OF AUSTRALIA TAKEN BY DEATH, SEIZURE TAKES B. WESTON, DEATH TAKES SCIENTIST.

Many *succumb* to death. SELKIRK RESIDENT SUCCUMBS, PIONEER WESTERN EDITOR SUCCUMBS, FORMER COUNTRY HOME HEAD HAS SUCCUMBED.

Death the assertive, takes positive *action* in the news epitaph, in which DEATH—

CLOSES SELLING CAREER
ENDS MANY YEAR'S CHURCH WORK
ENDS HALF CENTURY AT ANVIL
CLAIMS MRS. M. KELLY
CLAIMS ALD. FRED CRONE

Interruption is suggested by AWARD SOLDIER MEDAL BUT DEATH INTERVENES.

It is not so far a cry from the ignorant fears of primitive peoples, to the uneasiness about death implicit in the following "heads". We walk widdershins about this most delicate subject.

A Western Canadian rancher *COMES TO DEATH* ON PRECIPITOUS TRAIL. Of one who stalls a truck load of thirteen pigs on a railroad track, it is observed, FATEFUL LOAD *BRINGS* DEATH. An unfortunate Ontario worker is *SWEPT* TO DEATH BY CAKE OF ICE. A miner of Sherbrooke killed in a pit, received this obituary, GOLD MINER *MEETS* DEATH.

Most popular of all newspaper obituarial formulae is that which interprets death in terms of *passage.* It lacks the sturdy "take-the-ghoul-by-the-horns" quality of J. C. BARNACLE DIES IN SOUTH or FORMER FEDERAL MINISTER DIES. It lacks the romance of WEYBURN MAN IS TAKEN BY DEATH, or DEATH CLOSES MILITARY CAREER. I do not much like it. TWO GREAT PIONEERS PASS ON: PASSES AFTER SHORT ILLNESS: MRS. M. GOLLOT PASSES AWAY: PETER McLAUCHLIN PASSES SUDDENLY: LOVED BELLEVUE WOMAN PASSES, VICE-PRESIDENT PASSES TO REST.

If anything, it is shabby genteel.

We are dealing with that mystery which has longest perturbed the race of man. We celebrate in black, angular typography on contrasting white paper, the deeds of our fellows who, miraculously, have ceased to be numbered among the quick. We propitiate because we must.

• •

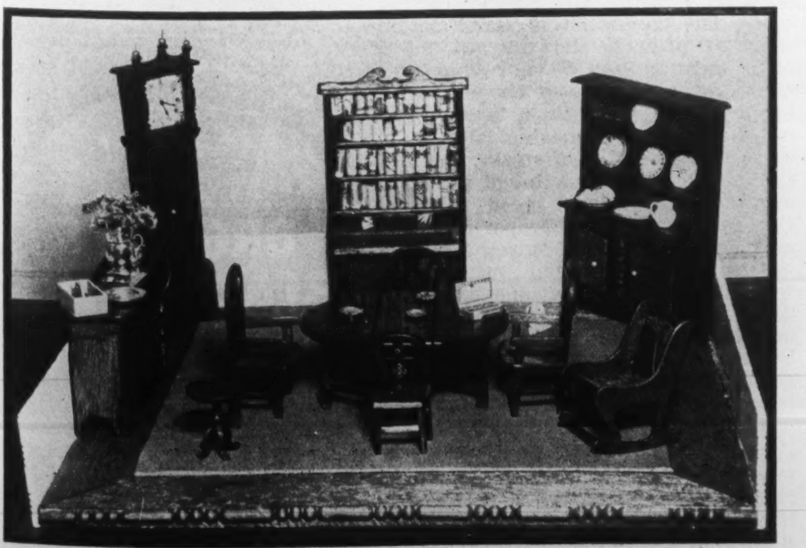
DEMIURGE

UNDER the sky, the laughing and high,
I shall walk with a god by and by.
His limbs are vast in his mantle of ruth,
His heart is all of the hammered truth.

His mind is the eye of creation and life,
His soul is a rock in the ocean's strife.
His eye is the well of my love and my pride,
His presence, the strength that moves at my side.

He will raise me up and he'll lay me down
On the wind-blown peace of a mountain's crown.
There, where breath is a silver fire,
I shall live in the fury of his desire.

DIANA SKALA.



Winston Churchill's empty cigar boxes here serve a new purpose in the form of miniature dining room furniture for a doll's house now on exhibition in London to raise funds for Mrs. Churchill's Aid Russia Fund.

IT'S PATRIOTIC TO BE THRIFTY. LAVISH, WHIMSICAL SPENDING IS AS OUT-OF-DATE AS SUGAR ICING. CHINS UP, ALL THE SAME. DOWDY CLOTHES, SHABBY HOUSES ARE BAD FOR MORALE. NEEDFULS BOUGHT WISELY—THAT'S THE NEW TECHNIQUE IN SHOPPING. AND EATON'S OWN BRANDS ARE A BOON TO WARTIME CUSTOMERS ALL ACROSS CANADA. OUR BUYERS SCOUR EVERY AVAILABLE MARKET FOR GOODS TO MAINTAIN THESE BRANDS' FINE REPUTATION FOR OUTSTANDING QUALITY, STYLE, AND VALUE AT THE PRICE. MANY LINES, INDEED, WIN RAVES OF APPRECIATION FROM SOME OF OUR MOST FASTIDIOUS CUSTOMERS. YOU'VE ONLY TO KNOW THE EXCELLENCE, FOR EXAMPLE, OF "MAYFAIR" JAMS AND JELLIES, "BRAEMORE" STOCKINGS, "EATONIA" COATS FOR YOUR LITTLE GIRL, AND YOU'LL LIKELY BECOME A DYED-IN-THE-WOOL ADVOCATE OF EATON'S OWN BRANDS FOR PERSONAL AND HOUSEHOLD USE.

T. EATON CO. LIMITED

CONCERNING FOOD

Figuring The Meat Situation

BY JANET MARCH

THE little woman who smiled sweetly at her husband and murmured, "The bank called me about something they call an overdraft. Will you fix it up because you know, darling, I'm no good at figures," is now practically extinct, and a good thing too. War has a few compensations, and nothing made the decently efficient hard working wife more irritated than this helpless type. Red wasn't the only color she saw, a fine rainbow of vivid angry shades whirred before her eyes, particularly when she discovered her own husband believing that helpless line which Eve thought up back in Eden. Indeed for all we know she may have made Adam pick the apple himself.

Nowadays there is no time or place for helpless females who can't keep their bank accounts straight, and a whole lot of women who were failed in fractions at school are at work figuring percentages for income tax, and filling out fancy forms. Then when they get through with those there is always their own personal budget to fool with, and they are meant to do a good deal of comparison of prices in the little blue books supplied by the Wartime Prices and Trade Board.

Of all the bothersome estimating that we must do the household budget is the worst, yet if you aren't wrestling with one you should be, or how else can you know whether the right proportion of money is going to the right food? If your canned food bill is higher than your milk bill there is something wrong. A household budget is always liable to receive terrible punches below the belt—that leak in the roof, the plaster which fell narrowly missing rich Uncle James, who you hope wasn't frightened into cutting you out of his will; the blackout curtains, and the new saddle for Junior's bike.

There are a few pleasant surprises, but the unskilled budgeteer who is given to under-estimating and over-spending is usually so surprised and delighted at anything being under her figures that she nervously checks her addition about three times, and feels like singing the Hallelujah chorus when the butter bill is fifty cents under the estimated amount. All earnest followers of a budget like rationing. There you are, and you know what tea, coffee, sugar and gasoline will cost. The bacon bill is saved outright at present, and the bill for other meat is way down. What is more we all seem to be just as healthy on a diet of liver, heart, oxtail, hamburg and stewing lamb as we were in the days of steaks, chops and tender cutlets. A lot of people have discovered what good things they can do with the cheaper bits of meat. Nearly all the March family experiments have been successful with the exception of one ox tail which must have belonged to an old grandfather ox, for even after three hours of cooking an electric drill was needed to pry the meat from the bone.

We are still asked to go without pork, save for pork sausage and tenderloin—bits which are not exported. Even if you see a beautiful ham on the counter you should leave it there if Canada is to keep up her large exports to Britain. If we all give up pork completely for just a few more weeks then once again we will be able in the mornings to sniff the exquisite mingled smell of coffee and bacon. In the meantime we can cook up what there is in the meat line, thanking heaven that it helps the meat budget and the British meat situation at one and the same time. Of course if you constantly yield to temptation in the way of chicken and turkey your family will be pleased, but you can't trick yourself into thinking that it is economical.

The Hungarians are supposed to be masters of the stew situation so here are a couple of recipes from that bit of Eastern Europe.

Hungarian Stew

2 pounds of very lean boneless beef
4 tablespoons of lard
2 large onions
½ cup of tomato pulp
1 teaspoon of salt
1 cup of meat stock
1 teaspoon of paprika
Cumin seeds (If you can get them)

Cut the meat in large dice. Melt the lard and fry the onions which should be sliced thin. The Hungarians favor red onions if you can get them, but the other sort do very well. When the onions are cooked so that they are transparent but not brown add the meat dice and cook till the onions brown. Add salt, paprika, tomatoes, stock and cumin seeds. Cover and let simmer very slowly for about two hours adding more stock if necessary. When the meat is soft and tender add boiled and quartered potatoes and cook for ten minutes more before serving.

Transylvania Stew

2 small firm white cabbages
2 pounds of lean stewing beef
Salt, pepper
Bouquet of dill, marjoram, and parsley
2 teaspoonfuls of vinegar
1 cup of soup stock
4 tablespoons of thick sour cream

Cut the cabbages into wedge shaped pieces and cook in boiling salted water for half an hour. Cut the meat up into smallish pieces and brown lightly in a frying pan. Drain the cabbage and press out all the water possible and put the pieces in an oven dish. Add the meat and pour on the stock. Put in the herbs and the vinegar and cook in a slowish oven for an hour. Just before serving stir in the sour cream.

A pickled pine breakfront with writing desk arrangement. Insides of shelves are painted dull red. From the third edition of the Wishmaker decorating plan which borrows ideas from eighteenth-century cabinet makers, but makes concessions to modern times in smaller dimensions.

If you think tea rationing means that you must drink wishy-washy tea, there's a delightful surprise waiting you in your first cup of Lipton's. For Lipton's "small leaf" Tea includes teas grown exclusively in Lipton's own gardens in Ceylon and is so uniformly rich and refreshing . . . so full-flavoured and satisfying . . . that it goes farther and gives you more cups for every tea coupon.

Ask your grocer today for Lipton's . . . an Empire Tea that's "fit for a king".

LIPTON'S

Also Packers of — LIPTON'S NOODLE SOUP MIX

"THE SOUP SENSATION OF THE NATION"

AA3

NATIONAL PURPOSE

The darkest hour before the dawn comes breaking,
Has often proved to be the final test
Of purpose that, all other things forsaking,
Gives to A Cause, in service, all its best,—
Because it sees beyond the hour's privation,
The suffering, the sacrifice, the tears,—
The goal that is Faith's true justification,
Victorious o'er all the doubts and fears.

Again our leaders call (who can refuse them?)
To give in cash what some must give in blood,
To help provide the tools for those who use them
To overcome the raging ruthless flood.

For answer but one urge our souls must cherish:
One single purpose weld our hearts as one:
That Freedom shall not thro our failure perish,
But we will serve until the task is done,—
With will inspired by goal that shall survive us:
Will that endures thro every sacrifice:
Will that shall spur us if we lag, and drive us
Till Victory is won, whate'er the price.

W. J. K.

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the *NEW* VICTORY BONDS

CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

It's the most zestful thin sauce you ever tasted, with the simplest, cleverest stopper you ever used.

16

CONCERNING FOOD

Britain's Local Dishes -- War Casualties

BY JOHN ENGLAND

IN THE days of peace we were adjured to think imperially, but on the other hand we were more and more eating locally. For there was a great revival here, in England, in the cooking of ancient local dishes, and these were among the most fascinating features of our national life to overseas visitors.

Nowadays we are bidden to think even wider—internationally, but on the other hand the Ministry of Food is making us all eat alike. Its business-like officials declare local feeding habits are a great hindrance to rationalization of diet, but British restaurants, school meals, and works canteens are reducing us all to pretty much the same tastes.

Over the Border, in normal times, soups are among the favorite dishes, Yorkshire people love their cakes, and the West Country housewife delights in wrapping her food up in a cover of delicious pastry. Of course, from the point of view of vitamins A, B, C, D, and so on, almost ad infinitum, calories, carbohydrates, proteins, and what-not, this feeding in common is probably a lot better for us.

But although West Country folk may be asked to eat a lot of carrots in war time they much prefer their famous pastries; Melton Mowbray has no doubts as to which is the most tasty, potato pie or those pies for which the town has been so long renowned; and although dried eggs may be a passable substitute, Yorkshire housewives know what they are going to put into their batters when peace returns.

Eating in Glory

This eating in common is perhaps unavoidable in times like these, but British housewives are difficult to convince, and it would be a very safe bet to lay a modest sum that at the very first opportunity the venerated old-time dishes will be restored in all their ancient glory. There are scores of them, many with queer names, most with long histories, and some connected with ancient and mystical ceremonies some of which are almost forgotten.

So we have Goosnagh cakes from Lancashire, rye loaves and rum butter from Cumberland, puddings from Bakewell, cakes from Banbury, bannocks from Selkirk and jellied eels from Bishopsgate. Yorkshire alone has an amazing selection of county dishes, sufficient to suit the most diverse palates; there are Barnsley chops, curd cheesecakes, oven cake, sly cakes, Doncaster butterscotch, oatmeal fritters, bilberry pies, brandy snap, spiced bread, frumenty, Sheffield polony, apple cheesecakes, primrose vinegar, turf cakes, bakestone cakes, and parkin, not forgetting the celebrated cheese from Wensleydale. Yes, we miss the delicious local cheeses of England sorely. To have so much cheese and to be deprived of these particular ones is one of the hardest of after-dinner trials.

Lancashire Hot Pot

As a matter of national need we gladly put up with this and with the abolition of most local dishes until the happier days of peace return once more. Some of these dishes have gained more than local fame. Everybody eats Yorkshire pudding, for instance, and Lancashire hot-pot is no mystery to the Cockney; Norfolk dumplings smoke on West Country tables; and everywhere people eat, or rather, ate Devonshire cream (albeit some may have clotted in Cornish pans.) Even international renown has descended upon some local delicacies. A short while before the war an order for 200 pounds of best black Bury puddings was received from North China, and before the end of the eighteenth century Stilton cheese was being exported to the New World.

One Man's Meat

There is no truer saying, where these local dishes are concerned, that what is one man's meat is another man's poison. South Country people would never dream of mixing cheese and cakes, but North Country folk love them. Which reminds me of a good story about the West Country. Villagers in Cornwall, Liberal to a man, were being addressed by a Unionist candidate from London. To illustrate a point and raise a laugh he said: "What would you say if your wives served you up apple pie with onions cooked in it?" The question fell flat in cold silence. Afterwards he asked the Cornish agent what was wrong, and he received the shocked reply, "Man, it's their favorite dish!" Needless to add the unfortunate candidate was not returned.

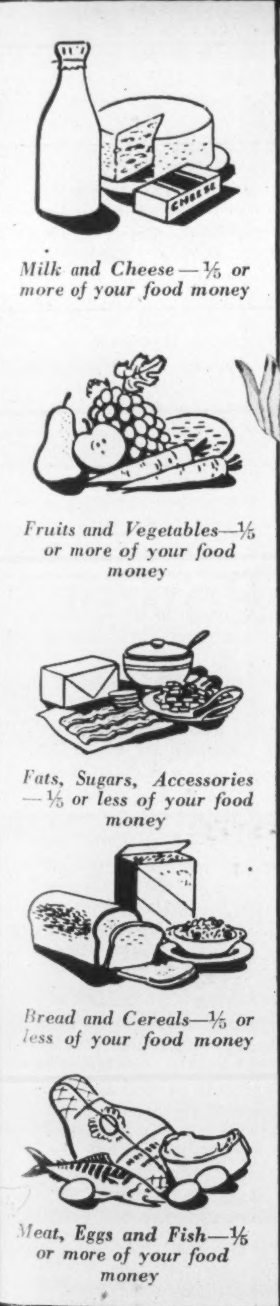
Limpets and Figs

Apple pie with onions cooked in it is well known in Devonshire with additonal ingredients. An old rhyme about it runs: "Mutton and apples, onions and dough, make the best pie that ever I know." It is called squab pie. There is a small cottage in the Cornish village of St. Mervyn which was lived in by one family for many years. Their sole rent was another kind of pie, one made of limpets, figs, and various sweet herbs. Another curious Cornish custom was to put a toad in a cask of cider to "ferment" the liquor. One veteran is said to have lived for over 20 years doing this job.

We should lose some of the most attractive characteristics of our countryside if these picturesque gastronomic customs vanished, but it is most probable that the post-war era will see a further revival of them. The automobile was partly responsible for the pre-war popularity of many of the dishes, as people always like to sample local foods. As well, the English Folk Cookery Association, founded about 15 years back, was doing much to encourage their survival, and it accumulated invaluable knowledge of how these foods were prepared.

TO KEEP FIT..

Follow This Simple Canadian General Electric FOOD PLAN..

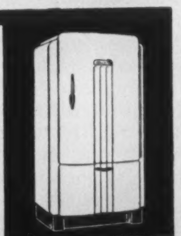


1. Divide Your Food Dollar Wisely

Your health and your family's health are vitally important to Canada. Feed your family healthfully by basing your food purchasing on this simple plan: *Spend one-fifth of every food dollar on each of these kinds of food*— (1) milk and cheese, (2) fruits and vegetables, (3) meat, eggs and fish, (4) bread and cereals, (5) fats, sugars and accessories. Pick up your copy of the new booklet "How to Get the Most out of the Food You Buy" from your nearest C.G.E. dealer.

2. Keep Your Food by Adequate Refrigeration

Fresh foods need constant refrigeration . . . to prevent loss of the vitamins you need . . . to prevent food waste and spoilage. Your G-E refrigerator provides correct temperatures with minimum power consumption.



3. Cook Your Food Healthfully . . .

Appetizing preparation and conservation of vitamins *in cooking* are important factors in healthful eating. Your G-E Hotpoint Range is designed to preserve both flavour and vital food elements.

VICTORY RECIPE

MAPLE BLANC MANGE

3 Tablespoonfuls of cornstarch
½ Cupful of maple syrup
1 Egg
1½ Cupfuls of milk
¼ Teaspoonful of salt

Mix the cornstarch with a quarter cupful of cold milk. Heat the remaining 1¼ cupfuls of milk in saucepan along with the maple syrup and add to the cornstarch, stirring constantly. Return to the saucepan and cook over low heat stirring constantly until thick. Add the beaten egg gradually to the hot mixture, continuing to stir. Cook a few minutes longer then remove from the heat, chill thoroughly in refrigerator and serve with cream or whipped cream.

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. LIMITED

Quick! Easy! Double Delicious!

ALL-BRAN CORN SYRUP MUFFINS

2 tablespoons shortening
1/2 cup corn syrup*
1 egg
1 cup Kellogg's All-Bran
1/3 cup milk
1 cup flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder

Cream shortening and corn syrup thoroughly; add egg and beat well. Stir in All-Bran and milk; let soak until most of moisture is taken up. Sift flour with salt and baking powder; add to first mixture and stir only until flour disappears. Fill in greased muffin pans two-thirds full and bake in moderately hot oven (400° F.) about 30 minutes.

Yield: 8 large muffins (3 inches in diameter) or 12 small muffins (2¼ inches in diameter).

*Note: ¼ cup sugar may be substituted for corn syrup and milk increased to ¾ cup.

When sour milk or buttermilk is used instead of sweet milk, reduce baking powder to one teaspoon and add ½ teaspoon soda.

You'll love these ALL-BRAN muffins...the distinctive texture, the better flavor... that cannot be achieved with just ordinary bran. You'll cheer, too, for the way the regular use of ALL-BRAN keeps you free from the common type of constipation due to the lack of the right kind of "bulk" in the diet. ALL-BRAN gets at the cause and corrects it.

Keeps You Regular . . .

. . . NATURALLY

Your grocer has All-Bran in two convenient size packages: restaurants serve the individual package. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

"Nothing Matters now but Victory—Buy Victory Bonds"

The Place of Capital Under State Socialism

BY W. A. McKAGUE

The claim that interest on capital might be eliminated if the government took over the machinery of production can be exploded by the simplest consideration of the problems with which a state socialistic government would be faced.

Since the present government, trying to realize the maximum war effort, finds it necessary to supplement its tax program by one of borrowing with an interest incentive, it is reasonable to conclude that a government which in normal times sought to provide the maximum living standard with the utmost improvement in the machinery of production, would also have to provide a guarantee and an incentive for the promotion of thrift.

Pre-fabrication in shipbuilding is by no means confined to the United States where they have recently broken all previous speed records for launchings. In Britain too the assembly-line technique is being used with growing success, and is proving an important factor in the race to build ships faster than Nazi U-boats can sink them. Shown here are some of the first pictures to be taken at British shipyards where pre-fabricated ships are being assembled and launched. These vessels, of standard design, are almost entirely made at inland factories, their various parts being taken to the shipyards for assembly on the slip-ways. As yet British authorities have not disclosed production time for these ships but it is believed to compare favorably with that in Canada and the United States. Above, checking ship parts on arrival at the yards.

Shown above is a pre-fabricated ship on the slip-ways, while below a recently completed sister ship loads prior to joining a northern convoy. Note that censor has obscured name of port on travelling crane.

THAT some permanent gain in socialism will result from this war is the general belief, but very few people have tried to estimate its net effect on the distribution of output as between labor and capital, which is really the basic issue in socialism itself.

Quite true, in its broad aspects socialism proposes better treatment for the sick, the aged, the insane—yes, even for the incompetent and the lazy,—but the labor agitator would probably rank these as secondary to the prime question of procuring for his own side a victory at the expense of capital. But is not the assumption that a socialistic plan will benefit the worker at the expense of the capitalist itself wholly arbitrary?

Instead of capital being reduced to slavery, is it not just as likely that the promotion of thrift will become a first charge on production, and that in consequence the cost of the embellishments of socialism will fall upon the necks of the worker?

We are liable to prejudge the question if we approach it under the influence of the labor agitator who is using socialism as a big stick, or of the capitalist who adopts a defeatist attitude towards the whole matter. Let us rather seek the more objective and detached viewpoint of the idealist who sees state socialism as the means for securing the greatest good for the greatest number.

The most elementary economic planner recognizes that a group of people should not immediately consume everything that they produce. Any government taking over the means of production would acquire at least some capital assets in the form of land improvements, buildings, machines, railways, etc. Unless the nation were to be quickly reduced to a primitive state, a certain proportion of their effort or production would have to be devoted, from the very start, to maintaining these facilities, and that would involve, in addition to repairs, the production of enough new buildings and machines to replace those which had to be scrapped.

Even that, however, would maintain only a stationary level. Considering that the means of production have been rapidly increased under the past few generations of individualism, and that the average standard of living has thereby vastly improved, such a performance on the part of socialism would not stand the test of comparison no matter what manner of distribution was included. The new scheme would positively have to appropriate a further amount of effort to the task of making new capital goods each year.

That is, in addition to the maintenance function, there would have to be the saving or accumulation function. That is an essential part of any reasonable scheme of state socialism. The real question is, what

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Advertising—A Wartime Power

BY P. M. RICHARDS

ON ALL sides, in many fields, unnecessary production—waste—is being reduced or eliminated. More materials, factory capacity, electric power and manpower are made available to the war effort. For this, in the main, grim appreciation from a people resolved to accept whatever is necessary for victory.

All-out for victory. A good slogan, right in line with popular demand. But, perhaps, a little dangerous too, when applied to cutting down. For in the general scramble to cut out waste, there is always the possibility that something useful, something essential, will be eliminated with the non-essential. Something the essentiality of which might not be recognized until too late.

Take, for instance, the current talk about curtailment of newspaper space and advertising and printing. Why, say the efficiency boys, should newspapers be as big as they are? Why shouldn't the Government limit the amount of advertising they carry, and the number of pages per issue? Why should manufacturers and stores advertise when the public will buy their products without any advertising? Why not make them cut down, and save paper and other materials, and put the idle printers in the army or munition plants?

But cutting down on publishing and printing isn't at all the same as cutting down on beer and fuel oil and clothing. The latter involve only a temporary loss; it's unimportant. The publishing and printing loss may be permanent, and the immediate and long-term consequences may be very, very important.

The press is the public forum. The press informs the public and mirrors public opinion. The press is the public's servant, the essential agent of public opinion, the No. 1 agent of Democracy. By means of it, public opinion operates to keep government responsible to the people, to progressively eliminate social abuses, to promote social security, and advance public education, health measures, and standards of living for the less privileged members of society. The press—the *free* press—is the people's voice; through it the people speak and are heard. It is no better—and no worse—than the people are themselves.

No Tyrants with Free Press

So long as they have a truly free press, the people themselves will always be free. For they will quickly be made aware of, and will dispose of, influences which seek to enslave them. Tyrants cannot exist where there is a free press; they can and do where there is none.

If you admit this, you might reasonably go on to consider what conditions are necessary to the existence and survival of a free press. The first is adequate financial support. A large part of that support must come from the sale of advertising space if the price of each copy of the paper is to be low enough to permit it to be bought by all who want it, poor as well as rich. And, if the paper is to retain its independence and be truly representative of the people, that advertising support must come largely from private business, and by no means solely from government agencies or special interests. The greater the number of individual advertisers a paper has, and the more varied the interests represented by those advertisers, the more independent will it be, since it can afford to decline to sell space to advertisers who might seek to influence its editorial policies. Conversely, if the volume of private business advertising diminishes and comes to be replaced by government advertising, the tendency—the inevitable tendency—will be for the paper to become more subservient to government policy and wishes, and less regardful of the interests of the general public—which, conceivably, may not be the same as those of the political party or group holding the reins of power.

Big New Wartime Tasks

Advertising, then—*private* advertising, and an adequate volume of it—makes for the freedom of the press and through it for the maintenance of freedom of the public. Without such advertising, the press must die or lose its freedom, and the people's freedom will be in jeopardy.

Most business concerns in Canada have kept up their advertising in the press, even though many of them have little to sell except goodwill. This advertising has performed a vital public service, for the revenues it provides have enabled the press to continue functioning efficiently at a time when there has been an especial need for it. Consider the part that private advertising is playing in contributing to the success of the Third Victory Loan. A few weeks ago the prospect did not look good; the public seemed more conscious of its new tax and other burdens than it did of the need for making the Loan successful. Advertising, more than any other factor, has completely changed the picture. The Third Victory Loan is going over the top like its predecessors.

Advertising is a practical, effective, economical business tool in peacetime; business records provide incontrovertible evidence of that. It is ridiculous to suggest discarding it, or partially discarding it, in wartime when there are even bigger and more socially important tasks for it to do. The advertising in this issue of SATURDAY NIGHT and in other publications at this time is itself evidence that thoughtful business men recognize the vitally important part played by the press and advertising in furthering national purposes.

devices are to be used for forcing or inducing people to forego immediate enjoyment to an extent sufficient to provide for progress as well as for maintenance?

The anti-capitalist will reply that the answer is obvious—that the state managers would merely withhold enough spending power to provide for the capital program. Certain workers, such as farmers, would be required to use part of their time for maintaining and improving the equipment with which they worked. Masons, machine-producers, etc., would be engaged almost wholly in making new capital goods, but their livings would be met by part of the output of the great mass of workers who were engaged wholly in making consumers' goods.

Thus for example it might be calculated that 15 per cent of the total effort was necessary for proper maintenance, and that five per cent should be appropriated for capital advancement. This means that out of the total output of each worker each year, twenty per cent would be withheld for these purposes. Of course there would have to be further deductions for any services operated by the state which were not of a self-supporting nature. Thus the general government, the national defense, and all the support of non-producers such as the aged, would take a further portion. If education were free, as at present, it would also be a deduction at the source.

As the total expenses of government in Canada prior to the present war, and excluding interest, were about twenty per cent of the national income, it will be seen that the worker, under a system of state socialism most efficiently managed, and with free services as already established, could not exceed 60 per cent of the value of the work that he performed.

That would be a plan eliminating all private return on capital. But let us consider this fact. The present government of the Dominion of Canada figures that, for the most efficient prosecution of the war, there is a potential saving power which can be tapped by borrowing and in no other way. That is, no system of taxation can be exhaustive enough to reduce people to the utmost degree of simplicity of life nor the maximum of effort of which they are capable. No matter how carefully exemptions are arranged, there are some people who could manage to pay a fifty per cent income tax and others in the same class who would collapse under such a problem.

The government's solution is to limit the tax on the class to say 40 per cent, and to offer bonds as an investment inducement to those who have the skill and the taste to save further.

"Unearned" Income

On the production side it is found that people will ease up on their efforts when they find that a very large share of the proceeds is going to the government under the progressive income tax scale. The government accordingly tries to limit its tax to the point of diminishing returns, and to tap potential saving capacity thereafter by the sale of bonds.

This practice creates and tolerates unearned income (assuming that the investors are not, through gradual monetary depreciation, deprived of any real income from their savings) since it creates an annual claim on the income fund without requiring labor to be performed in return therefor.

The writer holds no brief for our Dominion government's policy in all its details. But, along with nearly every other citizen, he admits that a vast amount of skill is being displayed in the war administration. The radical proponent of a system of state socialism dispensing with all forms of unearned income, could not tolerate any interest payment, and accordingly has to claim that the government's method of tapping excess saving power is unnecessary and unwarranted.

Now there is a close parallel between our present situation and state socialism. In fact since the government is now directing well over fifty per cent of our production, and controlling the balance to some extent, we actually have state socialism to a high degree. Of course with the war over, relatively little (we hope) of the output would be war goods, and much more would be for our own consumption.

But the demand for the best possible standard of living, which is now suppressed through patriotic motives, would be an aggressive force in public policy. The government would have trouble in persuading its citizens to forego the present for the sake of the future. The allocation for permanent improvement would be a subject of continual controversy. Then, as always, millions of people would find it difficult to make ends meet on any scale of pay, while other millions would have ample to spare.

Can we doubt for a minute that a government, pressed on the one hand to keep the immediate rewards at a maximum, and on the other hand to provide for an improvement in the future, would overlook the chance of re-directing labor which the thrifty classes were willing to save, and offer them a contract, so that the benefits which they sacrificed today would be secured for them for tomorrow?

Reward for Saving

And can we doubt further that, if the capital outlays were directed with wisdom, so that an increase and not a mere postponement resulted for the general benefit, the government would fail to offer a special reward to those who were willing to forego the present for sake of the future?

In short, we would inevitably have not merely an accumulation of claims in private hands, but also a provision of interest as well. This interest would be what some are pleased to call "unearned" income just as much as it is at present. Actually it is provided by part of the increase in production that results from new facilities.

The test of success of state socialism would depend upon the skill with which the entire economy was managed. Crucial problems in this management would be the incentives provided for extra skill and effort on the part of labor, and the incentives provided for the thrift which would enable more improvements to be made in the instruments of production. In each case the most economic or productive level, which in the past has been settled by a balance of demand and supply, would then be determined by some kind of process of trial and error, which might easily be less efficient than the present.

That interest on capital would be eliminated, by any government which aspired to the best interests of its people, is absurd. So long as new structures and new machines can be devised to increase production, the capital invested in them will be productive, and the thrift which creates that capital will earn a reward which can be paid to it by the nation with advantage to all concerned.

In other words, economic progress is linked with saving and with capital investment, no matter what type of government and what type of economic system is entrusted with the task of harnessing these powers.

It might be better for investors if labor or the consumers, or the government representing both, took over the driver's seat, and assumed the responsibility not only for meeting the socialistic burden but also for providing a minimum wage and an adequate incentive for the thrift which is needed to produce capital for a satisfactory degree of economic progress.

Indeed from past experience one may reasonably say that the end of the present war will find so many facilities depleted, and so many new devices awaiting development, that an unusually high incentive, in other words a high rate of interest or profit, will be needed for the betterment of our lot.

MADELEINE CARROLL asks you 20 questions...

Star of the opening Victory Loan show on the C.B.C. National network, Madeleine Carroll is remembered by millions of Canadians for her magnificent performance in "North-West Mounted Police." "I was proud to help Canada's third Victory Loan," Miss Carroll said. "I know Canadians at home will back up those gallant boys overseas by putting this loan over with a bang."

1. What is the rank and in what branches of the armed forces are the following Hollywood personalities now serving:—Clark Gable, Jimmy Stewart and Douglas Fairbanks Jr.?
2. How long does it take a bomber to fly from Toronto to Berlin . . . or vice versa?
3. When and where was money used as labels for beer bottles?
4. What rate of interest does your money earn when you lend it to the Canadian Government?
5. What is the "ten per cent club" of which Hollywood stars are members?
6. What was the greatest number of German planes brought down in any one day in the battle of Britain—93, 122, 140, 185, 247?
7. Sweet William Pear and his Damson was the answer to a 1st World War riddle. What was the riddle?
8. What is the security behind the Victory Loan?
9. You've seen "Mrs. Miniver"...What part is taken by Dame May Whitty?
10. What are the makers' names of the Spitfire, Catalina, Lancaster, Tomahawk, Hurricane?
11. Some Naval officers wear a red stripe between the gold braid on their cuffs. This indicates what?
12. "North-West Mounted Police" had its premiere where?
13. What proportion of Canada's national income does the current loan represent?
14. How many German divisions were actually engaged in the Battle of France?
15. How many Canadians are there on Active Service?
16. How many gallons of gasoline are needed to train one fighter pilot under the Commonwealth Air Training Plan?
17. The rank of Field Marshal is the highest in the British Army. Canada's Governor-General holds this rank, which is held by one other statesman of a Dominion. Who?
18. The name of what United Nations flyer is the opposite of his deeds?
19. "We know the self-denial of Canadians at home will help us through the struggle ahead." Who said this and when?
20. How much money will you invest in Victory?

Here are the answers to Madeleine Carroll's quiz. Remember: win, lose or draw, you buy one *extra* $100.00 bond when you've found out your score!

1. Jimmy Stewart is a lieutenant in the Army Air Force . . . Clark Gable is a corporal in the same outfit and Douglas Fairbanks Jr., is a lieutenant in the U.S. Rangers.
2. The average crossing by bomber takes 16 hours—allow an hour or two more and you have a fair idea how long it would take Goering to be over Toronto . . . with a load of bombs.
3. In Vienna, after the last war. Inflation so depreciated the currency that it was cheaper to paste the equivalent of $50.00 bills on the bottles than to buy labels. You can help prevent this happening in Canada by buying Victory Bonds.
4. Your money earns you 1¾% to 3% interest. By buying Victory Bonds you provide an income for your future.
5. All my friends in Hollywood have pledged 10% of all their earnings to United States Defense Bonds. They feel it is a cheap price to pay for freedom.
6. 185 of Goering's finest failed to come home from one raid. This is believed to have been the turning point in the Battle of Britain!
7. When the Hun made his first attempt to rule and ruin the World, people used to ask "of what two fruits do the Kaiser and Crown Prince remind you?"
8. The best in the world, the Dominion of Canada! If Canada goes, then everything we have goes too. If Canada stands, the money you lend to Canada and the interest Canada promises you are both as safe as anything can ever be!
9. Lady Beldon.
10. The Vickers Spitfire . . . Consolidated Catalina . . . Avro Lancaster . . . Curtis Tomahawk . . . Hawker Hurricane. We can *never* have too many of these. But it costs money to make them!
11. The officer is a surgeon.
12. In Regina, and were those Mounties grand!
13. In 1941 Canada's National Income was estimated at six billion. All we are asked to *lend* our Government is 12½% of this. Have you bought your bonds yet?
14. The "Oxford Periodical History of the War" states that less than 150 divisions cracked the famous French Army, because there was division on the home front. Get together Canadians and make doubly sure it can't happen here.
15. Over half a million Canadians have volunteered for active service. They are prepared to give up careers, comfort and life itself. You are asked for 12½% of what you earn under their protection.
16. It is estimated that the training of *one* fighter pilot takes at least 3,000 gallons of gasoline. Put the money you save by cutting down your driving into Victory Bonds.
17. Field Marshal Jan Smuts, Prime Minister of South Africa.
18. What about Doolittle!
19. General MacNaughton in a message broadcast on the C.B.C. network.
20. As much as you can and then the little more you thought you couldn't is the ONLY *right* answer to this question!

NOTHING MATTERS NOW BUT VICTORY! BUY THE NEW VICTORY BONDS

THIS ADVERTISEMENT IS PUBLISHED BY A LONDON FIRM

Britain's Need of Exports

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON
Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

A GREAT deal of interest in British trade and business circles has been aroused by an article by Mr. Henry Clay in the *Economic Journal*. Mr. Clay is a good economist and his words carry weight. It is, nevertheless, somewhat curious to find the City awakening to the importance of the problem of postwar exports.

Even before the war had passed out of its "phoney" stage—and how long ago that was—there was no lack of voices crying in a wilderness of ignorance and stupidity and apathy that when the war finished we should have to look to our exports to sustain our lives at their accustomed standard.

Naturally, no one cares much about standards of living at a time when the question of living at all is paramount, but the sudden welling up of interest on the export question now indicates that the previous lack of it was not altogether to be explained by the compulsions of lofty patriotic preoccupation. The truth is that the blind are beginning to see gradually.

Mr. Clay, whose recent article reproduced a speech he made last June to the Royal Economic Society, said nothing new, and nothing really remarkable. He pointed out the obvious things. Great Britain is an economy which lives on its exports. Before the war Britain exported about £500 millions of goods a year. Retained imports were about £900 millions. That left an awkward £400 millions gap. Half of it was bridged by income from overseas investments, £100 millions came from shipping and another £50 millions from other "invisible" services, like banking. Britain lived on her capital to the extent of the remaining £50 millions.

There are unsatisfactory elements in that picture, but nothing tragic.

Now, however, things have moved. Britain has few overseas investments left; she is going to find herself in a state of substantial indebtedness to other nations; she cannot expect her income from shipping to be so large, for much tonnage will be lost and American competition will be severe; she will find markets increasingly reluctant, since the trend has been for them to establish their own industries; she will find, too, that the vitality of her export industries will have been affected by the processes of war and its attendant industrial concentration; her industry will discover that the profits available to finance new enterprise (Mr. Clay called profits "the most important source of capital on which British new enterprise draws") are decimated by the inroads of taxation. There is much here for the nation to think on.

What is to be done? Of course, the trend could be submitted to and the national standards of living allowed to fall back heavily. That must not happen. But the only alternative is so to increase exports that not only do they match up to the pre-war level, but surpass it to the degree necessary to allow for the cutting of income from overseas investments and, possibly, the reduction of income from the invisible items.

After the war Britain will need export trade as she has never needed it before. For then she will have few overseas investments to provide income, she will have a considerable indebtedness to other nations, her receipts from shipping services will be lessened.

The British Government must make exports a front plank of policy, says Mr. Layton.

If this is to be done—as it must if Britain is to retain her position in the international trading sphere—it is obviously necessary as a first step that the Government should make exports a front plank of policy. It is not enough—it will not be enough—to offer moral support. No British government after this war which extends assistance to agriculture and denies it to the great exporting trades (which, in other words, expends itself on luxury and is suicidally tight-pursed on necessaries) will stand for long.

Crux Will Be Exports

The whole crux of the British economy after the war will be exports. Only the Government can make up the deficiencies of working capital which will then be so marked. Only the authority of the Government can effect those international agreements which will be necessary to preserve the international trade realm from a destructive anarchy in the early post-war days. And only a positive attitude by the Government can prevent the development of serious argument between industry and authority.

While the war is on there is not much that can be done. But there is perhaps more than the Government realizes. Considering the urgency of the problem, for instance, it was surely a surprising move to reduce the size of the Department of Overseas Trade. It surely is also a curious reaction to obvious need to allocate a sum for overseas trade publicity which roughly equals the annual salary of a second-class civil servant.

What can be done now is to publicize. Britain cannot send the goods overseas in wartime. She is too busy sending fighting men and tanks. But she could, if she would, send some first-class propagandists and a flow of literature and pictorial matter. That is the way to keep goodwill.

And a secondary benefit of a really alert propagandist policy (possibly even a primary benefit) would be that a Government persuaded into such a course of action could hardly afterwards allow itself to go to sleep in the track.

It may be said that it is wrong to attempt to argue the Government into doing anything at all these days which does not immediately advance the war effort. In fact, it is constantly being said. But that is blindness. This is not a marginal war. It will not be won or lost by ounces of effort or handfuls of men. That stage is long past.

And the war is not an end in itself, but a means, and the continuation of the means in the peace is exports. For the end is an increase in the stature of life for the people.

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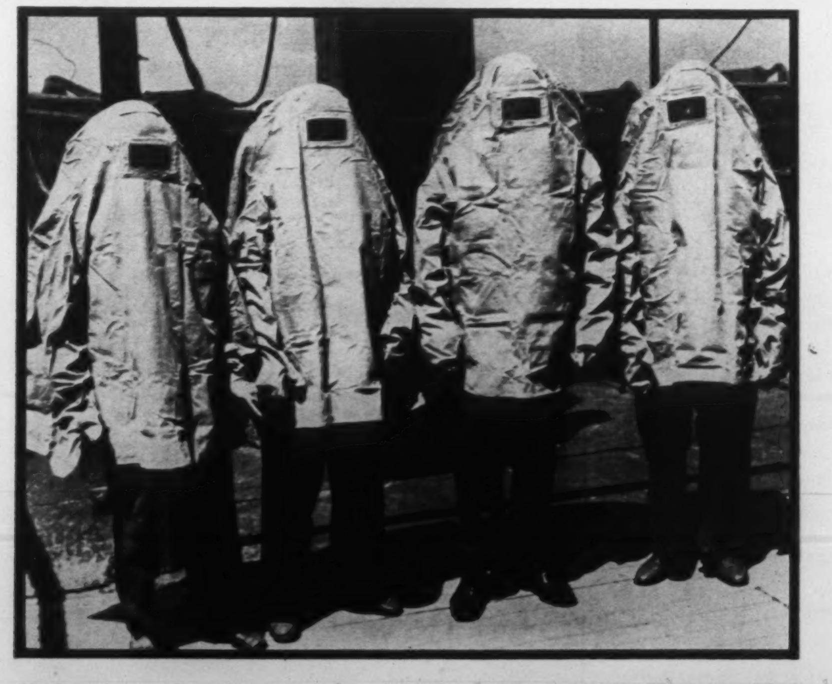

No longer need tanker crews dread "a sea of blazing oil." Now provided with asbestos protective clothing like this, they can take to the boats when torpedoed and row to safety, unharmed by burning oil around them.

"NOPE, I'LL GET HIM, TOO !"

Mines

BY J. A. McRAE

THE nations of the world at large are buying gold. The rate of purchase exceeds an average of $100,000,000 a month. This average has been maintained for over a year. There are signs that the rate will increase.

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For a number of years the flow of gold was in one direction,—the stream of yellow metal flowing continuously toward the United States. In the late 30's this became almost an avalanche. This made fertile soil for Nazi propaganda. The Hun was short of gold and he cowered at sight of the vast war-chest held by the United Nations. The Hun had spent all his own gold in building up a military machine with which he hoped to loot the world,—hoping to take back not only all the gold that he had spent, but, also, the reserves in the hands of other nations. Berlin made bold to declare gold of no value in modern economy. For a time the propaganda appeared to work, and not a few observers appeared to fear the monetary function of gold might be nearing an end and that the United States and the British Commonwealth might be left holding the bag. That was in the dark days of the Nazi war of nerves and the gloomy period of the Nazi blitz. Those days have now reached an end. The nations at large see the United States and the British Commonwealth riding high and strong upon their chests of gold. Thus the general demand again the world over for more gold.

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Gold output throughout the world during the past year probably exceeded $1,300,000,000. The nations of the world at large bought all that gold. Not one ounce found its way to the United States. Not only did the United States sell its own output of close to $185,000,000 but was obliged to dip into its own reserves and to ship out some $20,000,000 from its former large accumulation. Now the dupes of Hitlerism are on the run.

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If men of authority at Washington and Ottawa did not actually fall dupes to the Nazi trick, there may be some excuses for believing they at least got smoke in their eyes. The manner in which the gold mines of Canada and the United States have been treated has been somewhat astonishing,—not only their current operation but their future welfare being pummeled from pillar to post in a war of nerves carried on by politicians. It may be time now that these very same politicians should themselves begin to run.

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Gold mining in any country is a pioneer industry. Gold mining is a ready-made spearhead to rapid progress in any new territory. If any nation ever stood in need of such a spearhead it is Canada. That is one of the reasons why Ottawa should stop and ponder.

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Gold production has been one of the chief reasons why Canada has been able to keep her books balanced with the United States. Throw this away and fail to preserve the balance,—that is the sure road to becoming a mere adjunct of some other country.

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The cut in gold production of the United States may not be nearly so severe as was at first indicated. It now appears as though not more than 1,000 actual miners and muckers may be released by the measure. The reason is that many of the mines are in line for exemption from the order because of the fact that they produce in one form or another some of the strategic metals required in connection with prosecution of the war. It is suggested in some circles that the entire scheme may prove to be a fiasco. This immediately suggests that Ottawa should hesitate to further ape what has been done in this respect by our neighbor.

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Ontario may grant permission for women to be employed in the surface works of gold mines within the province. The idea is under consideration at least.

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Dome Mines produced $1,564,094 in the third quarter of 1942. This was recovered from 591,408 tons of ore. This compared with an output of $1,589,960 from 685,074 tons of ore in the preceding quarter. Non-operating revenue was up. As a result, the estimated net profit for the third quarter was $897,856 or 46 cents per share, compared with $658,053 or 34 cents a share in the preceding three months. Costs for the third quarter were reduced to $4.39 per ton, compared with $4.99 in the second and $4.81 in the first quarter.

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Moneta Porcupine Mines milled 14,930 tons during the third quarter of 1942 compared with 15,531 in the preceding three months. Output in the third quarter was $241,441 compared with $270,999 in the second.

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Wright-Hargreaves milled 316,210 tons of ore during the fiscal year ended Aug. 31 and produced $6,259,433. This compared with 438,210 tons for an output of $8,576,063 in the preceding year. Ore reserves are estimated at $22,931,155 compared with $26,469,960 a year ago. Net profit for the year was 48.93 cents per share compared with 69.41 in the previous year. The balance sheet as of August 31, 1942, shows $5,384,984 in cash on hand.

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Preston East Dome produced $676,369 in the third quarter of 1942, compared with $780,219 in the second quarter. The operating profit for the third quarter was down at $240,999 as compared with $360,494 in the second quarter. Grade of ore for the third quarter was sharply down at $8.36 per ton.

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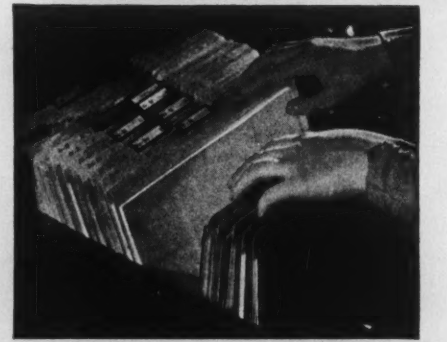
Bralorne Mines of B.C. produced $834,449 from 39,863 tons of ore during the third quarter of 1942. This compared with an output of $933,240 from 46,690 tons of ore in the preceding three months.

RECORDS



Vanguard and Rearguard of Victory

On every front they herald the action of today, the plans of tomorrow, hold the lessons of yesterday. Without them all action would be chaotic.

It pays to keep them orderly, efficient and instantly accessible. File them the "Office Specialty" way.

FILING SYSTEMS & OFFICE EQUIPMENT

THE OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. Co. LIMITED

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Branches in Principal Canadian Cities

Isn't it Strange?...

Isn't it strange that princes and kings,
And clowns that caper in sawdust rings,
And common people like you and me
Are builders for Eternity?

(R. L. Sharpe)

Can any one of us look to the heavens, think of Eternity, and not, in his soul, feel and know that nothing matters now but Victory? Buy Victory Bonds.

THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM

Will to Take Gold Made Gold Standard Work

BY R. M. COPER

The confusion which beclouds the discussion of gold and the gold standard could be removed, and the future in this respect become clear, if we consulted facts, not interests and wishes.

Prof. V. W. Bladen of the University of Toronto, in a new publication, inclines to the view that the gold standard has facilitated, if not made possible, the enormous economic expansion of the last century.

In opposition to that view the author of this article holds that the willingness to take gold, not the incidental and resultant gold standard, contributed to that expansion.

ECONOMISTS have not yet been able to agree among themselves as to the significance which the gold standard had in the past. Consequently disagreement prevails also with regard to the possibilities of the gold standard in the future. Whenever the discussion broadens so as to be continued by laymen, the vacillation and confusion increase manifold. Naturally there are many laymen who are interested in the subject. To many countries, including this one, the subject is of great importance.

The proper way of looking at the question is to consult facts, not interests or wishes. Only the past and the present offer facts. The future becomes clear if one looks at those facts as they were and are, not as one would like to see them.

Prof. V. W. Bladen of the University of Toronto has just published a pamphlet, *Money and the Price System*,* which will form part of future editions of his *Introduction to Political Economy*.

He says: "There seems little doubt that the great expansion of international trade and international investment in the nineteenth century was enormously facilitated, if not made possible, by the stability of exchange rates which resulted . . . from the general adoption of the gold standard."

With this, Prof. Bladen—as befits the author of an introduction—leaves open the question as to whether or not the gold standard was the *cause* of nineteenth-century expansion. However, it becomes clear later on that his preference is for an affirmative answer to the question. He quotes a statement by Prof. T. E. Gregory, intended to support that view. "The international gold standard was thus, historically one of the most important adjuncts to the opening up of the world to settlement and exploitation, and whatever may be said by those who never look at the wood because of the trees, this *creation of a world economy* constitutes one of the great (and beneficial) turning-points in the history of mankind."

Prof. Gregory attacks those who deny that the *creation* of a world economy was a turning point in the history of mankind. He would be hard put to it to show where he found such people, unless among cranks. However, those whom he obviously means to prove wrong, but merely abuses, are the people who deny that the creation of a world economy was due to the gold standard. Of these there are many, and the body of opinion they represent is more important today than "orthodoxy" is.

Not Deliberate Choice

Prof. Bladen himself makes a more sober statement a few pages later. "The development of a monetary system of this sort [the gold standard] must not be supposed to have been the result of deliberate choice of a policy of monetary control based on the acceptance of a monetary theory. The theory was developed later to explain why the system worked and *to justify its continuance* (italics inserted)."

Now, there was a set of circumstances in the nineteenth century in which the gold standard figured. Later on, people developed the theory of the standard and divorced it from that particular set of circumstances. Thus arose the belief that the gold standard can and must work in any set of circumstances. Such a method of theorizing is unscientific, and it is to be hoped that Prof. Bladen points this out in the second edition of his book.

But there was a definite causal connection between gold and expansion in the nineteenth century. At that time highly developed industrial countries wanted to expand their trade by selling their products to undeveloped countries. There was nothing that a number of undeveloped countries could offer in exchange—nothing, that is, but gold. And the developed countries were willing to sell their products for gold. Out of that willingness arose, as a matter of convenience, the international adoption of the gold standard. Thus, the willingness to take gold in exchange for industrial products—not the incidental or resultant international gold standard—was to a certain extent at the root of nineteenth-century expansion.

As compared with that, an important component of today's set of circumstances is that people are growing less and less willing, in fact, are almost unwilling, to take gold in exchange for their products. The conclusion is evident.

Present-day money discussion is unnecessarily complicated and confused, and it is so partly because many people still cannot forget the gold standard. Prof. Bladen—again, as befits the author of an introduction—shows the opposite view also. That attitude—complete independence of monetary policy on the part of each of the great powers—"develops," he says, "from a growing confidence in the ability of economists to devise policies to maintain a high level of employment, and a realization of the difficulty of securing international action along the desired lines. The attitude is in part a product of, in part a contributor to, the newer economic nationalism."

Economists ought to be careful in employing non-economic categories. Nationalism is a psychological category. The alpha and omega of economic activity in the free enterprise system is to buy in the lowest market and to sell in the highest market. No emotion will divert a business man from that principle. However, if economic facts prevent him from acting on it, he may seek an emotional outlet; he may, for instance, become a nationalist.

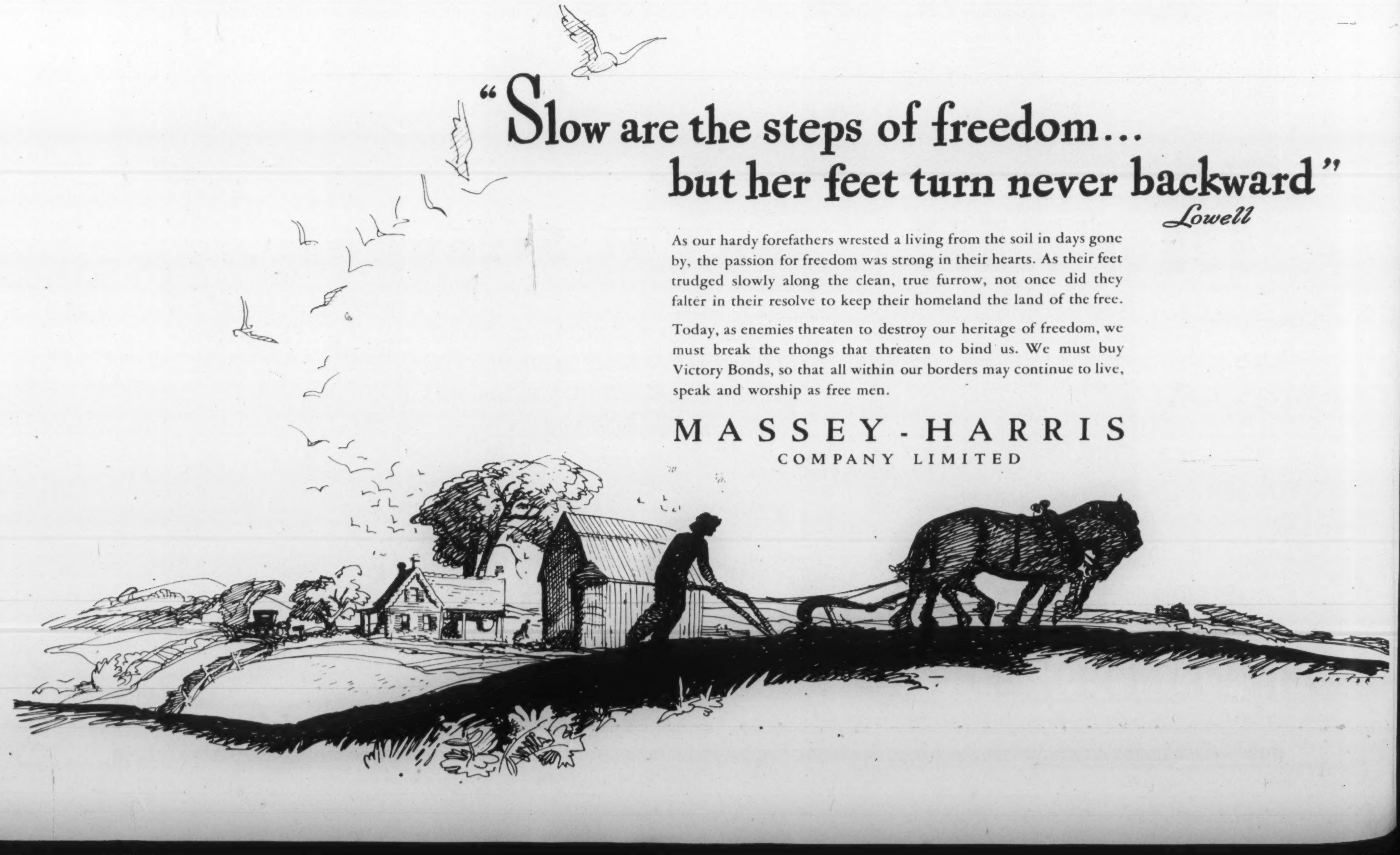
Near-Saturation

The expansion of economic activity which began in the nineteenth century has led to a near-saturation of the world's markets; near-saturation, that is, in relation to the existing type of free-enterprise system (which in itself is a logical stage of the development of free enterprise as such). Large-scale private industry has reached to this with international concentration, for the purpose of restricting competition in order to maintain a higher degree of scarcity than corresponds to the state of productive capacity, and higher rates of profit than correspond to the state of capital accumulation. Governments have reacted to the private-industrial action by imposing prohibitive tariffs; thus the tariffs are a purely economic phenomenon. The people at large have reacted to the governments' actions by blaming other countries, that is, by nationalism; and also by blaming their own governments, unable to see that no government could, nor will ever be able to, remedy the situation on the basis of the existing type of free-enterprise system. Many economists, however, have been able to see it. They have reacted by laying bare the real nexus and by devising policies appropriate to a world market that is irremediably shrinking for *specific economic* reasons. Their chief exponent is Lord Keynes.

That these policies have not been adopted is not the fault of the economists who devised them. It is due to the very nationalism they want to overcome; the very nationalism which has, as an *emotional* reaction, arisen out of the same *economic* situation with which the policies want to deal. These are facts which are independent of moral judgments that may be passed, or of ideological postulates that may be based, on them. Of course, when such valuation precedes the analysis, instead of following it; in other words, when preference, not the seeking after truth, prompts the analysis, it is obvious that the sequence of cause and effect, too, might appear reversed. Policies might be called nationalist then which are devised to overcome nationalism. This is not to say that all who see the facts as they are will draw the same conclusions. But nothing, certainly, can be gained by not seeing the facts as they are.

The nineteenth-century willingness to take gold maintained itself as long as the expanding world trade prevented the accumulation of gold in a few places. The present-day accumulation of gold in a few places is the result of the changed structure of world trade. That structure has changed for purely economic, though non-monetary, reasons. The belief that an arbitrary dispersal of the world's gold stocks would change the structure of world trade is based on another confusion of cause and effect. Prof. Bladen's treatment of the matter is apt to inculcate that belief in the minds of students, and to confirm it in the minds of those who already hold it by virtue of reversing the causal relations. It would be well if, in the next edition of his book, Prof. Bladen would at least intimate those relations.

*The University of Toronto Press, $0.50.



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During the next few days a Victory Loan representative will call on you. To save his time during this busy period, decide now how much you can loan to your country. Then sign up for Victory Bonds to the limit.

● Never was the full exercise of the seasoned business and financial judgment of executives more important to the country's future than now. To the men whose daily routine it is to get things done, Canada looks for total effort in a total war.

In addition to taxes and all other sources of income, Canada must borrow $750,000,000 to help finance her war program.

The executive's first duty is to plan and scheme to buy all the new Victory Bonds he possibly can. His second responsibility is to use every effort to influence the decision of those around him.

This war will be won by the side which produces the most and best weapons. Canada is playing a magnificent part. Her effort must not falter but grow and grow. The present Victory Bond issue must be taken up quickly and completely.

Only *you* can do *your* part. Accept your full responsibility. Remember, in buying Victory Bonds you are storing up for yourself the best of all investments—VICTORY BONDS are backed by all of the resources of the Dominion of Canada; they yield a fair rate of interest; you can borrow against them; and they are readily saleable when you need the cash. Authorize your employer to set aside a definite sum from each salary cheque to buy Victory Bonds. DO IT TODAY.

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CANADA NEEDS $750,000,000.

NATIONAL WAR FINANCE COMMITTEE

Buy THE NEW VICTORY BONDS

GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

ALBERTA PAC. GRAIN

Editor, Gold & Dross:

In view f the better earnings of Alberta Pacific Grain Co., Limited, it seems to me that the preferred shares might be worth buying in the hope of dividends being resumed. What do you think?

—S. N. T., Sherbrooke, Que.

Yes, Alberta Pacific Grain's earnings improved substantially in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1942, and you may be right in your hope that dividend resumption on the preferred stock is not far off. But I would point out that the past fiscal year, when $7.02 per preferred share was earned, was the first in more than ten years in which preferred dividend requirements of $7 per share were covered. In the 1941, 1940 and 1939 fiscal years preferred earnings were $6.71, $5.39 and $0.54 per share respectively, prior to which there was a string of deficits. Preferred dividend arrears amounted to $84 a share at June 30, 1942.

Moreover, the company late in 1940 paid out $1,000,000 for the purchase of N. Bawlf Grain Company Limited, assuming the obligation for $205,000 of 6% first mortgage bonds. These matured on June 1, 1942, and were paid off but this transaction required an issue of $250,000 of serial bonds of Alberta Pacific Grain, and this will not be fully retired until June 1, 1946.

The company has also made considerable capital expenditures in the past couple of years in largely increasing its storage capacity for grain, under conditions that saw huge surpluses of wheat developed in the West, and a lack of elevator storage space that required quota deliveries and restricted Wheat Board buying.

On the other hand, in recent years the company has substantially improved its working capital position with net current assets of $748,380 at June 30, 1937, comparing with $2,367,586 at June 30, 1942, including a gain of $666,000 in the latest fiscal period.

GOLDEN MANITOU

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have had some very optimistic reports on Golden Manitou Mines and would very much like to see you review its position and prospects in your columns.

—T. J. H., New Westminster, B.C.

The bringing of Golden Manitou Mines into production was in response to the heavy demand for zinc in the war effort, and its output for two years is under contract to Metals Reserve Company, metal purchasing agent for the United States government. To date the recoveries have been quite satisfactory and the concentrates shipped exceeded the grade called for in the agreement. The outlook for the company appears promising and the shares hold speculative attraction, with earnings likely to be eventually established at a higher level than originally estimated. The speculative element in the picture has to do with the length of the war and the price which can afterwards be secured for zinc in its peacetime outlets.

Milling commenced early in August at around 230 tons daily and the rated capacity of 600-tons has likely now been reached. Capacity is being raised 50 per cent to permit handling of 900 tons per day by next March, and a new contract for the additional output has been arranged with the U.S. buyers, at a higher price. The cost of the expansion will not be high as the concentrator was constructed oversize and only requires additional flotation cells and tankage. Judging from results so far, it is expected that with the increase the mill will handle at least 1,000 tons daily.

Grade of zinc concentrates from first production has been averaging around 59% zinc, or about 4% higher than called for in the contract, which means a premium on each one per cent increase. The annual operating profit on a milling rate of 800 tons daily has been estimated at be-

J. P. LANGLEY & CO.

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Chartered Accountants

Toronto — Kirkland Lake

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BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

CYCLICAL, OR ONE TO TWO-YEAR TREND: American common stocks, for some months back, have been in a broad accumulation area, with various technical indications pointing to a major market upswing as having commenced from the April 1942 low points.

INTERMEDIATE, OR SEVERAL-MONTH TREND: An intermediate upturn developed from April low points with peaks, to date, but recently made. Evidence is lacking that this intermediate advance has reached a point of culmination, although possibility of technical price correction at this time is not to be overlooked.

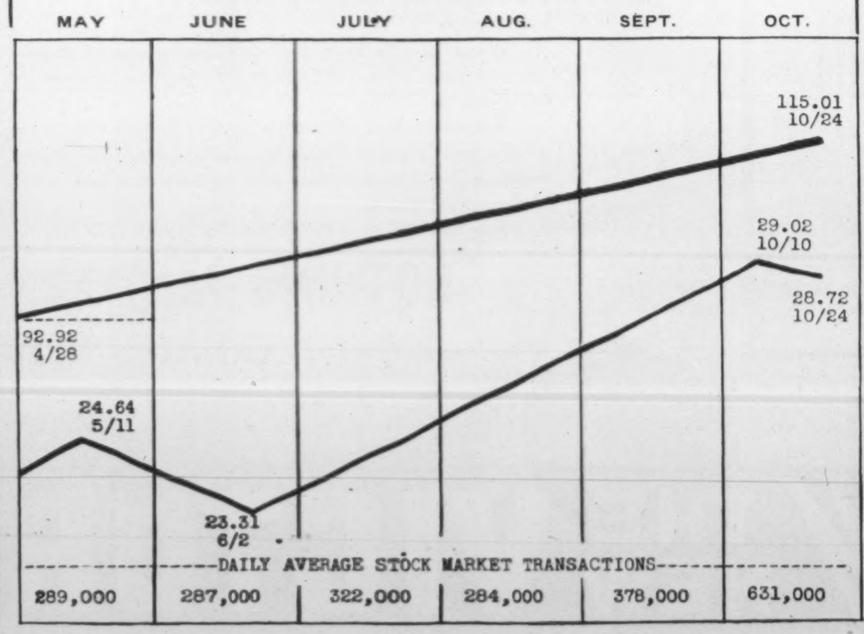
LENGTH OF UPMOVE MAKES CAUTION ADVISABLE

American common stock prices, on October 13, attained a high point for the up move since April, at 115.01 (closing price) on the Dow-Jones industrial average. One week later, October 20, this average closed at 115.22, and two days later, at 114.94. It will thus be seen that the market (through Thursday of last week) has made no headway since the October 20 peak was established. Coincident with this sidewise movement, however, volume has shown material recession, the 400,000-share turnover of October 19 comparing with over 1,000,000 shares in the advancing period. This absence of sustained heavy volume, coming immediately after new highs for a move have been established, suggests that the upswing has further to go, although it does not preclude minor recession at this time.

From the news standpoint, developments, on balance fall on the favorable side. Hitler, after two years of "blitzkrieg" against the Reds, faces General Winter for the second time with his chief objective—destruction of the Russian Armies before Great Britain and America could get ready—unattained. The American tax bill has been passed with less onerous effect on corporate earnings than was anticipated and with a change in the capital gains law that will probably stimulate, in due course, trading in stocks. In that Far East, where the Japanese have been outshooting the Americans on the water, as against the more capable U.S. performance in the air, the Solomon battle hangs in suspense. Its outcome, either way, could have minor, but should not have major, effect on stocks.

Assuming no major Allied military reverses—and none appears probable—the stock market, for the next two or three months, should face a rather favorable news area for the making of such hay as is possible...No U.S. tax measure will be debated again until early next year; corporate earnings and dividends will probably improve over the first half-year showing, and tax selling of securities, as compared with previous years, should be lighter. Market action will be viewed with interest. If strength is to be witnessed over the period, then, not vigorous advance, but further quiet markets, with possible moderate reaction, would be the best development at this point. In view of the length of the upmove we would not buy and would exercise caution on further immediate advance.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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There is no more urgent need today than for fighting money to back up our fighting men. There is no safer investment today than Dominion of Canada Victory Bonds. Back of these crisp certificates are all the resources of the Dominion. They yield a fair rate of interest; you can borrow against them; and they are readily saleable when you need the cash.

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The Price of Victory

In this war, it has been conclusively proven that the measuring-rod of a nation's resources is the willingness of its people to make sacrifices and accept responsibilities.

Since this chain of self-discipline which binds us together as a democratic people is only as strong as its weakest link, it must not be said of a single Canadian that he or she failed in the hour of testing.

Our men over there must be well supplied with shells, bombs and torpedoes, with ships, guns, tanks, planes and tools . . . that is why we must all subscribe to the full limit of our ability to the New Loan, *for nothing matters now but Victory.*

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BANK OF MONTREAL

ESTABLISHED 1817

DIVIDEND NO. 318

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND of ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per share upon the paid up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current quarter, payable on and after TUESDAY the FIRST day of DECEMBER next, to Shareholders of record at close of business on 31st October 1942.

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the Banking House of the Institution on MONDAY, the SEVENTH day of DECEMBER next. The Chair to be taken at noon.

By Order of the Board.

JACKSON DODDS, General Manager. — G. W. SPINNEY, General Manager.

Montreal, 20th October, 1942.

LEITCH GOLD MINES

LIMITED

(No Personal Liability)

DIVIDEND No. 17

Notice is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of two cents per share has been declared by the Directors of this Company payable in Canadian funds, on November 14th, 1942, to shareholders of record at close of business October 31st, 1942.

W. W. McBrien,
Secretary-Treasurer.

October 17th, 1942.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

HIRAM WALKER-GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED

DIVIDEND NO. 88

A quarterly dividend of 25¢ a share has been declared on the outstanding no par value Cumulative Dividend Redeemable Preference Stock of this Company, payable Tuesday, December 15, 1942 to shareholders of record at the close of business on Friday, November 20.

DIVIDEND NO. 89

A dividend of $1.00 a share has been declared on the outstanding no par value Common Stock of this Company payable Tuesday, December 15, 1942 to shareholders of record at the close of business on Friday, November 20.

By Order of the Board,

FLETCHER RUARK, Secretary.

Walkerville, Canada
October 19, 1942.

McIntyre Porcupine Mines

LIMITED

(No Personal Liability)

Dividends Nos. 99 and 100

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of McIntyre Porcupine Mines Limited (No Personal Liability) held on the 20th day of October, 1942, the following dividends were declared payable in Canadian currency:

No. 99 for Fifty-five and a half cents (55½c) a share payable December 1, 1942, to shareholders of record November 2, 1942.

No. 100 (Extra) for One dollar and eleven cents ($1.11) a share payable January 2, 1943, to shareholders of record November 2, 1942.

By Order of the Board,

BALMER NEILLY,
Treasurer.

tween 40 and 50 cents a share, but it looks now as if this will be exceeded. Gold and silver production is likely to take care of all operating charges. The management is also giving consideration to the output of iron pyrite concentrates and this could mean a considerable addition to the revenue.

A sinking fund is established for retirement of the bonds and if earnings are up to present expectations it should be possible to retire them in about a year, and start building up a strong working capital position towards dividends.

Proven and indicated ore reserves were estimated before milling commenced at 1,500,000 tons, averaging 10% zinc, 0.10 oz. gold and 4.63 oz. silver per ton, based on development to the 375-foot horizon and diamond drilling to a depth of approximately 600 feet. The shaft is to be deepened from the present depth of just under 600 feet for another 500 feet. Development to the west on the third-500-foot-level is showing a greater width and higher zinc values and deepening of the shaft may await completion of development at this point.

The authorized capital of Golden Manitou is 3,500,000 shares, of which 3,000,000 are issued. A total of $750,000, was raised for development, mill construction and working capital, half through a privately disposed of bond issue and the rest a bank loan, guaranteed by the Dominion Government. Of the 3,000,000 issued shares, 1,500,000 were paid to Quebec Manitou for part of its property which is now Golden Manitou.

MAPLE LEAF GARDENS

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Have you any information as to the current rate of profits of Maple Leaf Gardens Limited? Would you say that the company is making progress?

—*G. J. B., Toronto, Ont.*

I have no figures for Maple Leaf Gardens' earnings in the fiscal year ending October 31, 1942, but the fact that the preferred dividend of 40 cents paid on October 15 duplicates the payment made a year ago suggests that earnings for the year may not be far off the net of 61 cents per preferred share for the year ended October 31, 1941. The three previous fiscal years, when net earnings were equal to 76 cents per share, $1.02 per share and $1.10 per share, the full 70 cents dividend was paid.

It is expected that when the report for the year now ended makes its appearance, it will show that a further reduction has been made in the company's outstanding funded debt. In the previous year the mortgage, which originally amounted to $750,000 was reduced by $60,000 to $190,000. Since the start of operations in 1931 the company has progressively reduced liabilities senior to the preferred stock by a total of $685,000. There has been paid off a second mortgage of $50,000; a third mortgage of $25,000; notes re building contracts amounting to $50,000; and the first mortgage has been reduced by $560,000.

AINSWORTH

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Ainsworth Mines was reported some time ago as being refinanced to resume work but have heard nothing further. I will appreciate any information you can give me as to the present prospects as I hear there have been some developments.

—*J. L. R., Lethbridge, Alta.*

Ainsworth Mines, as you state, made an effort to secure finances in 1940, but since then there has been no word of success in the endeavor to put the property back into production. I understand that part of the property is now being operated by a private company—Ainsmore Mines Limited—which is reported having a contract for lead-silver concentrates with the Metals Reserve Corp., Washington, and to have already made shipments, which is perhaps the development you may have heard about.

Apparently the Ainsworth property needs further development and a concentrator would also have to be erected. A couple of years ago the company had debts of over $21,000, with a mortgage amounting to approximately $9,800, held by Jewel Consolidated Mines, which owns the adjoining property, and this company was planning at that time to finance development of both properties. The drastic decline in the price of lead some years ago was the cause of suspension of operations.

FOUR GOLDS

Editor, Gold & Dross:

In view of the gold mines' labor problems, will you kindly give me your opinion on the advisability of selling Malartic Gold Fields, Pickle Crow, Perron and National Malartic?

—*H. C. F., Joliette, Que.*

If you look upon the gold stocks you are holding as an investment for the long-term, I regard the future possibilities as favorable, but if not, the immediate outlook, or for the duration, is not encouraging, hence it is difficult to advise you in connection with selling your shares, as no one knows how long it will be necessary to hold them in the hope of appreciation.

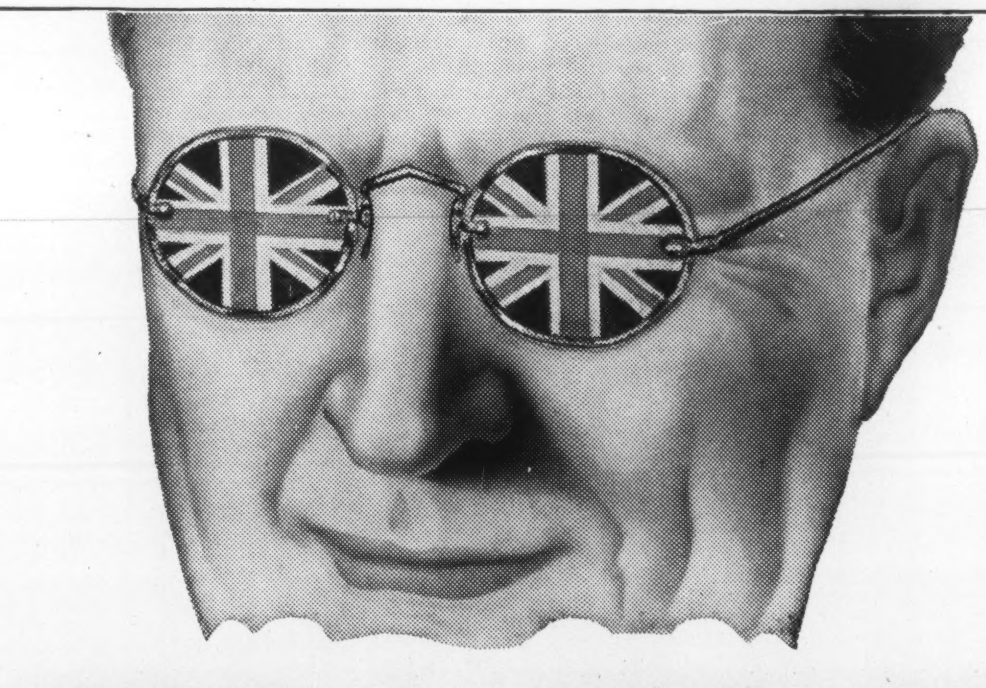
As you are undoubtedly aware, gold mines have had tough going for some time, with labor shortages, restrictions on supplies, heavy taxes, a maximum rate of production and limits to the extent of development. Now the labor troubles have been greatly intensified with the shifting of manpower by the Government to base metal mines. And the labor situation is likely to become increasingly more acute, in fact it is believed quite possible if the war lasts another two years there may not be a gold mine in production in Canada.

Earnings of gold mines have already and naturally will be further reduced, which will mean a lowering of dividends, but money represented by gold in the ground should prove a sound post-war investment. Considering the low price to which gold shares have fallen—the Toronto Stock Exchange index of 20 golds recently reaching an all-time-low—and many stocks selling below the break-up value, sale of the stocks at present would seem a sacrifice.

Malartic Gold Fields has interesting expansion possibilities when times are again normal. Eight years' ore is estimated developed for the present mill and much more indicated by diamond drilling, particularly in the western end of the property. A plant to raise capacity to 1,000 tons daily has been purchased and paid for but cannot now be utilized. Pickle Crow has no worries over ore, both the mine and liquid position having never been better. Higher grade ore from the north zone is compensating for the lower grade developed in the main zone at depth. Perron has sufficient ore to supply the mill for about a year and a half and is meeting with some encouragement in the development of the new deep levels. Earlier in the year Pickle Crow officials stated conditions would have to become much worse before the present dividend of 30 cents a share would be endangered and the Perron management is hopeful, for the time being, at least, of continuing the four-cent quarterly dividend.

As you perhaps know National Malartic suspended operations some time ago, not because of lack of ore, but due to inability to secure necessary equipment to bring the property into production. The future prospects for this property, after the war, provided nothing has transpired to change the situation in regard to gold, appear quite promising.

The appointment is announced of Walter S. Hulbig as general sales manager of The E. B. Eddy Company Limited, Hull, Canada. He is well known in the cities of Montreal and Toronto, having spent his business life in various capacities related to the paper trade.



LOOKING AT VICTORY BONDS
THROUGH PATRIOTIC EYE-GLASSES

THIS IS WAR. We are all defenders of our flag . . . we, the UNarmed forces of Canada. All of us cannot go to the firing-lines, but we can and must do our part at home. We must work, we must save, we must sacrifice.

THIS IS WAR. We've learned that courage alone won't stop tanks. We've learned that we must work as many hours making guns as our boys will work using them.

THIS IS WAR. It means doing without some of the luxuries we have come to look upon as essentials. It means fewer pleasures—fewer clothes—less entertainment. Above all it means more of the spirit of self-denial.

THIS IS WAR. That means money—your money—for Victory Bonds for the tools of Victory. That is the price of Victory.

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About Insurance

Payments by British War Damage Commission

BY GEORGE GILBERT

Some idea of the damage and destruction of buildings and other immovable property which takes place when cities and towns are subjected to air raids may be gathered from the experience in Great Britain, where aerial bombardment has been going on, at first with an increasing and then with a diminishing toll, since June, 1940.

According to the chairman of the British War Damage Commission, which administers the Government scheme for the insurance of such risks, the number of claims received up to August 28th of this year was 593,755, of which 495,151, or 83 per cent, had on that date been settled in full, showing that despite the great number of claims incurred they are being met promptly and paid.

As GREAT BRITAIN is the only country which has had War Damage insurance schemes in operation for any length of time during this war, its claim experience is of more than passing interest to other countries now entering this uncharted field.

At the present time there are four such British insurance schemes in operation: (1) The commodity scheme under the War Risks Insurance Act, 1939 (as amended) which applies to stock in trade for sale; (2) The business scheme under Part II of the War Damage Act, 1941, which applies to business goods, fixtures, fittings and plant, exclusive of property within the commodity scheme; (3) The private chattels scheme, provided also under Part II of the War Damage Act, 1941; (4) The buildings and other immovable property scheme, in accordance with Part I of the War Damage Act, 1941.

While insurance companies, acting as agents of the Government, take an important part in the operation of Schemes (1), (2) and (3), Scheme (4) is operated by the War Damage Commission direct with the public, the contributions being collected through the Commissioner of Inland Revenue.

As this war damage insurance legislation was an entirely new departure, various problems inevitably arose in the course of its administration, and it is not surprising that amending legislation was found necessary. Such an Act was passed this year, receiving the Royal Assent on August 6. One amendment extends the period of risk until terminated by an order made by the Treasury and approved by Parliament, which means practically that it is extended for the duration of the war.

Claims Received

In a recent statement made at a press conference, Mr. A. M. Trustram Eve, K.C., chairman of the War Damage Commission, gave some interesting information respecting the number of war damage claims so far received by the Commission and the number paid, and he also dealt with certain provisions of the new legislation. According to Mr. Eve, the War Damage Commission had received up to August 28th, 1942, 593,755 claims in respect of which payments of money were due from the Commission as soon as the claims could be checked.

These claims are called "live" claims, and this figure, he said, only related to cases in which repair work had actually been done by the owner, and did not take account of buildings which had been repaired by local authorities. Moreover, he said, it bore no relation to the number of individual properties covered by these claims, as it was well known that works in one building frequently involved more than one claim. On the other hand, he pointed out, many claims for repairs related to a number—sometimes a large number—of properties under the same ownership.

Of the 593,755 claims received, 495,451, or 83 per cent, had been settled in full by August 28th, 1942. By September 7th, the day he made his press statement, the Commission had passed the half million mark in number of claim cheques issued. No accurate statistics are kept, he said, of those additional cases where payments on account are made pending final settlement, since the object is to finish the claim. If these cases were added in, he said, it would bring the percentage of claims paid to claims received up to about 87 per cent.

Who Owns Debris?

Evidently misunderstanding exists on the part of the public with respect to the piles of debris which may be observed in many places on the sites of bombed buildings. Some people seem to believe, said Mr. Eve, that if a building has been bombed down or badly knocked about, the remains automatically become the property of the State. Of course, in some cases the materials lying about on the site may be taken by the authorities acting under emergency powers, but otherwise, he said, they remain the property of the owner to dispose of to the best advantage.

Frequently these remains are of considerable value as scrap or for re-use, it was pointed out, and if the owner receives or could receive money for them their value is taken into account in assessing the owner's compensation. That is provided for in the original Act, but the new legislation further provides for the situation where an owner may carry out temporary repairs to his property for which the Commission pays, and sooner or later the materials used for this purpose will, when permanent repairs are completed, become available for disposal by the owner and their value will be set off against the owner's final claim for compensation.

Where complete clearance of the site has been carried out for one reason or another, such as the public safety, to safeguard public health, to recover twisted but still valuable steel, etc., much of this work already constituted war damage under the original Act, but some did not, and any compensation to the owner in such cases would be under the Compensation (Defence) Act, 1939. The division between what falls under the War Damage Act and what comes under the 1939 Act has sometimes been very difficult, and the new legislation empowers the Commission, with the consent of the Treasury, to give owners in proper cases the benefit of the doubt and so simplify the presentation of their claims by treating the clearance as war damage.

Building Restrictions

With the prospect of considerable city and town planning after the war, it was necessary to provide with some accuracy by statute in what circumstances a reduction in value due to statutory restrictions should be paid for by the Commission out of war damage funds or by the planning or local authority out of their public moneys.

This matter is dealt with in the new legislation, the effect of which is summarized by Mr. Eve as follows: "If the statutory restriction (e.g., building line) was imposed by an Act passed before 26th March, 1941 (date of War Damage Act, 1941) and was actually in force against a particular property at the date of the bomb, its effect must be regarded in calculating the war damage value payment. But if the restriction was imposed at any time by a later Act, or, if, although under a pre-March, 1941, Act, it became effective on a particular property, after the date of the damage to the particular property, the restriction is disregarded for war damage payments. Proper compensation will no doubt be paid in the latter cases, but not out of war damage funds."

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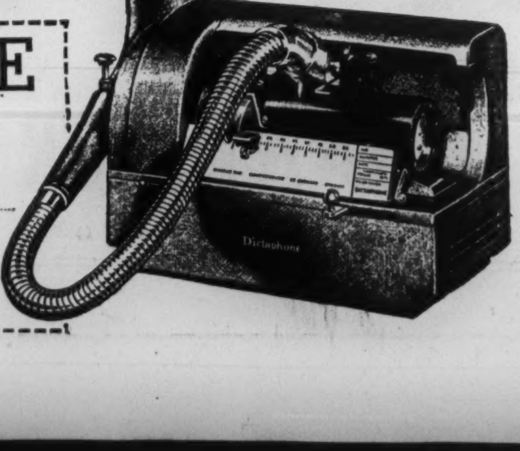

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chief rents, feu duties, and ground annuals—are brought into benefit by the new legislation. While the wording of this new provision is very complicated, its effect is to safeguard the person who has invested in a rent-charge from a real permanent capital loss. But it does not provide compensation for a temporary loss of all security or for a reduction in the "margin."

"Hybrid Payments"

Another provision of the new legislation authorizes what are called "hybrid payments." Hitherto there have been (excluding temporary works payments) only two kinds of payments—cost of works and value payments. There are cases in which the sensible thing to do would be to restore a building partially and build something else elsewhere in place of the part which it is not desirable to repair because, for example, of some dangerous process carried on in that part which would be less dangerous in some other location or in some other building. It would be in accordance with the original Act to restore the building on its original site.

Under the new legislation, the War Damage Commission is now empowered in such circumstances to pay for the cost of repair in so far as repair is carried out, and to give, in addition, a cash payment representing the difference in value, at March, 1939, values, between the factory as it has been repaired and the value it had before the bomb.

This same arrangement is also regarded as well-designed to meet those cases where a local authority steps in and acquires a property which is only partially restored. The Commission would then pay a cost of works payment for what has already been done, and a cash sum of the value of the property as it was at the time of the compulsory acquisition, the local authority acquiring the property at its value in the state in which it stands.

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Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

Re Provident Mutual Benefit Association, 736 Granville St., Vancouver, B.C.: Some years ago I purchased membership in this association on the understanding that when a member died the beneficiary received the face value of the contract, i.e., $2,500. Have heard indirectly that this is not the case; that the amount varies; and that the beneficiary only receives the amount of the assessment paid in by the members, which in some cases amounted to only $100. Have been wondering if I am wise to risk paying in any more to this association (the average yearly assessments and dues amount to about $25) on such a doubtful prospective return.

—W. D. M., Swift Current, Sask.

Provident Mutual Benefit Association, of Vancouver, B.C., is not an insurance company nor a fraternal benefit society and does not come under the requirements of the Insurance Act as to deposits, reserves, etc., but is a mutual benefit association operating on the assessment system which time and mathematics have proved to be an unsound basis upon which to predicate permanent life insurance benefits and one which is bound to result in loss and disappointment to those who depend upon it for protection.

As a rule these associations operate on the plan of charging yearly dues and of assessing members $1 on the death of each member, which assessment must be paid within thirty days from the date of mailing the notice of assessment, otherwise the member becomes suspended without formal action being taken. All that the association promises to pay the beneficiary is the amount paid in as the result of the $1 per member assessment.

That this is an entirely unsatisfactory plan upon which to depend for life insurance protection goes almost without saying. It has been tried hundreds of times in the past, and has always, without a single exception, resulted in loss to those who depended upon it for permanent protection. For a while it provides what looks like cheap protection, but as the death rate goes up and the number of assessments per annum increases, while the number of members goes down as they are squeezed out by the increasing assessments, the payments to the beneficiaries as a result of the $1 assessment per death keeps decreasing, making the cost of the so-called protection prohibitive for the remaining members.

The moral is to get out while the getting out is good, and to purchase what life insurance protection is needed from a regularly licensed legal reserve life insurance institution. Such insurance is cheapest in the long run, and you also avoid future loss and disappointment.

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Editor, About Insurance:

It would be appreciated if you would explain what constitutes total disability as part of a life insurance policy. For instance, would sickness which lasted for more than three continuous months be considered "a state of bodily incapacity as to wholly prevent the assured from engaging in any occupation etc."? If so would the sickness have to be such that there would be no probability of the patient recovering? Would total disability benefits be paid to a person sick for four months for the fourth month?

—M. S. M., Montreal, Que.

In order to recover any benefit under the total and permanent disability clause in life policies, it has been held that the insured is not required to prove that he is and will remain totally and continuously disabled from performing any kind of work for compensation for the rest of his life. On the other hand, it is clearly not intended that the insured, in order to collect, should only have to prove a total disability of a transient or temporary nature. It is somewhere between these two extremes that the intention expressed by the contract must be found.

What the decision would be in any particular case would depend upon the wording of the contract and upon the courts if the case was subject to litigation. Court decisions have not been uniform in this respect.

Under the old form of clause still to be found in many existing policies, known as the "three months clause," disability is to be deemed total whenever the insured becomes wholly disabled by bodily injury or disease so as to be prevented thereby from engaging in any occupation for remuneration or profit, and under the contract disability is presumed to be permanent after the insured has been continuously so disabled for not less than three months.

Accordingly, if you have such a clause in your policy and if you became totally and continuously disabled and continued for a period of not less than three months to be wholly and continuously disabled, you would be entitled to make a claim for the benefits provided by the policy; the waiver of premium benefit, if that is included in the policy, and also for the income disability benefit. And you would be entitled to these benefits as long as you remained totally disabled. It is advisable to read carefully the conditions which must be complied with in making such a claim.

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Editor, About Insurance:

I would like to obtain some information about the Home Assurance Company of Canada, with head office at Calgary. How long has it been in business, is it regularly licensed, with a Government deposit for protection of policyholders, and what is its financial position as regards assets and liabilities, income and expenditure?

—C. B. H., Winnipeg, Man.

Home Assurance Company of Canada, with head office at Calgary, has been in business since July 1, 1923. It operates under Provincial charter and license and not under Dominion charter and registry. It has a reciprocal deposit of $102,867 with the Government of Alberta for the protection of policyholders in the Provinces in which it is licensed, which are Alberta, British Columbia, Manitoba and Saskatchewan. It is licensed in Manitoba for the transaction of fire, automobile, accident, sickness, guarantee, boiler and machinery, plate glass, theft and live stock insurance.

Its authorized and subscribed capital is $500,000, and its paid up capital, $60,632. At the end of 1941 its total admitted assets were $273,152, while its total liabilities except capital amounted to $134,591.

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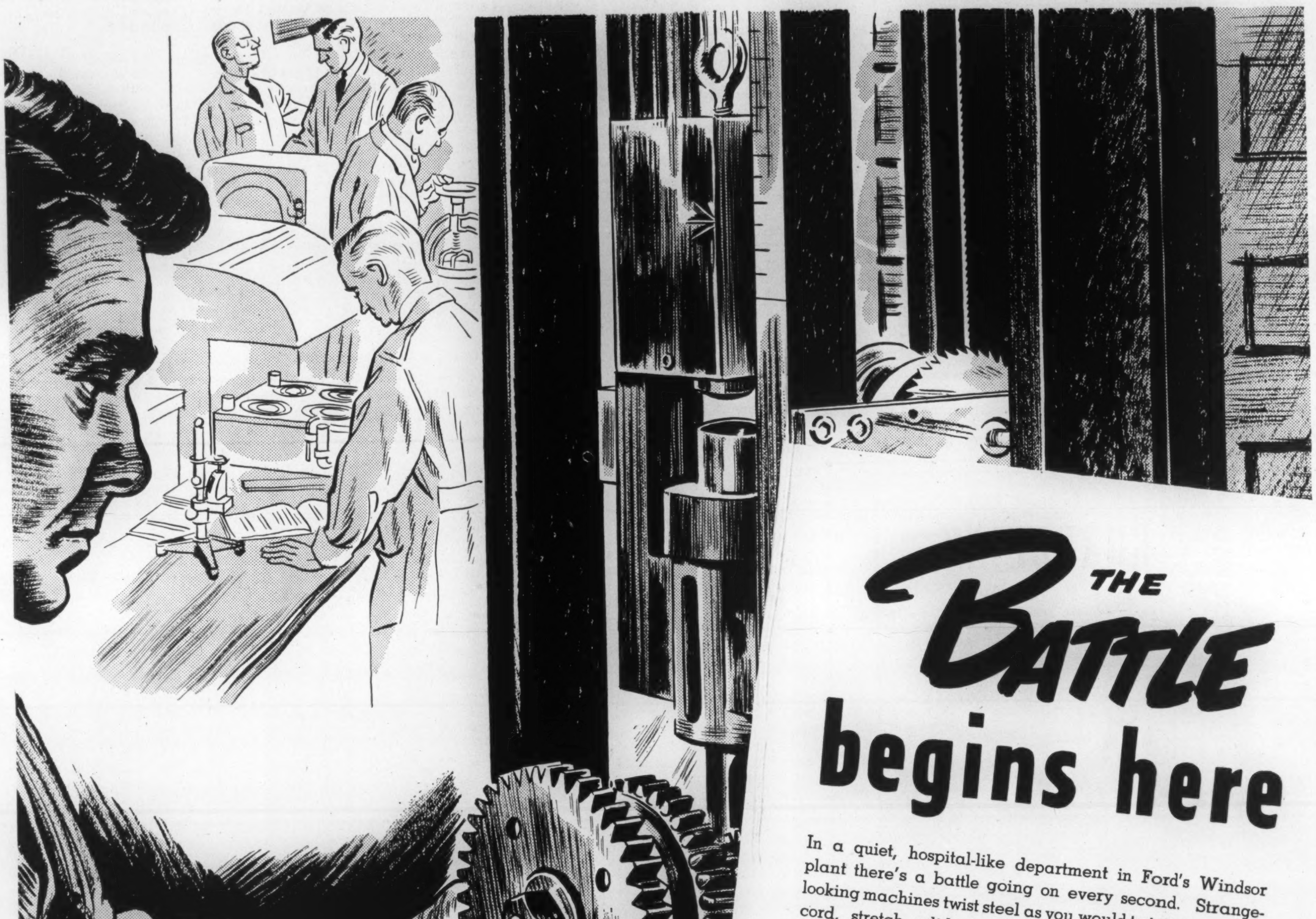

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A statement by Ford of Canada's President, Wallace R. Campbell.

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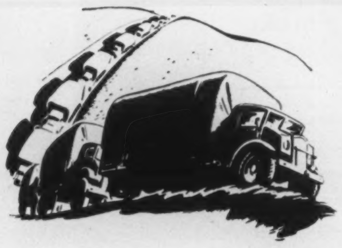

Down the winding roadway the motorized column sweeps into battle position. Huge 3-ton lorries bring up thousands of men, tons of supplies and ammunition in an endless stream. Mile after mile over rugged terrain these modern military pachyderms roll on—carrying the battle into enemy territory. That Ford gear—and every one of the thousands of parts and pieces of a military vehicle—must stay on the job. Precious time and brave men's lives may depend on it.

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